Walley Herald.

F. E. DU TOIT Proprietor. TERMS, $2 00, Per Annum.

VOLUME 5. CHASKA, MINNESOTA, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1867, NUMBER 46.

The Chaska Herald.

Published every Saturday morning, at Chaska Carver County, Minn,
BY
F. E. Du TOIT, Editor and Prop

RATES OF ADVERTISING

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Over 5 lines and under 10	7 00
Over 10 lines and under 15	10 00

Legal Advertisements per square, first insertion, 75 cents, each subsequent insertion 40 cents.

Leaded notices 10 cents per line 1st insertion, each subsequent insertion, 5 cents per line. All notices less than five lines, 50 cents.

In no case, will an affidavit of publication of legal notices be furnished, without payment of the publication fee.

The undersigned, publishers of the Valley Herald, and Carver Independent, hereby agree to adhere strictly to the above rules.

F. BELFOY.
F. E. DUTOIT.

May 30th 1866.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF DEPY. COLLECTOR OF INTERNAL REV. 10th Div., 2d District of Minnesota.

Chaska July 6th, 1867.

In pursuance of law notice is hereby given that the annual tax for Div. No. 10, comprising the Counties of Carver, Mc Leod, Kandyohi and Lincoln are now due and I will appear for the purpose of receiving said taxes at the following times and places—For the County of Carver: at my office in Chaska on the 17th and 18th instants—In McLeod County at Edson's Hotel on the 20th instant, from 8 o'clock A. M. until 4 o'clock P. M. Prompt payment is requested and thereby save costs.

T. D. SMITH, Depy. Collecteor.

LAND FOR SALE.

160 acres of Land for sale, being the North west Quarter of Sec. 17, Township 116, Range 23, in the Town of Chanhassen, consisting of Timber, opening and Meadow, well watered, it is 5½ miles from Chaska, and Shapopee, and 3½ miles from Excelsior, there has been five acres broke on it. Address,

W. H. TILTON,
St. Paul Minn.

NOTICE.

Whereas, my wife Anna Mary has this day left my bed and board, this is to forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

CHRISTIAN BARTH.

Watertown, June 10th 1867.

1867. 1867.

Minnesota Valley Railroad.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Friday May 24, 1867, Passenger Trains will run as follows:

St. Paul & Minneapolis Accommodation.

Four Trains Each Day.

	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Leave Saint Paul..	10:10	1:20	4:00	6:30
Arrive Minneapolis.	11:05	2:05	4:50	7:20
Leave Minneapolis..	8;00	12:20	2:25	5:30
Arrive at St. Paul...	8:50	1:10	3:25	6;20

Belle Plaine & Mankato Train.

GOING UP.

	A. M.	P M.
Leave St Paul	7:15	2:30
Arrive at Belle Plaine	10:25	6:10

GOING DOWN.

	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Belle Plaine	6:30	4:00
Arrive at St. Paul	9:45	7:20

Trains of this road make close connections at Mendota with trains of Minnesota Central Railway for Owatonna, Winona and all points East, and at Belle Plaine with the Northwestern Union Packet Company's Line of Steamboats and Burbands Line of Stages for St. Peter, Mankato and all points west and southwest.

JOHN F. LINCOLN.
Superintendent.

HOME ITEMS.

HERALD AGENT CARVER—G. A. Du Toit.

SINGULAR.—Among the half dozen candidates, for each of the various County officers to be nominated to-day at the County Convention, we understand there are no aspirants in opposition to the present occupants of Coroner and Judge of Probate. the one has controll of the *body* the other of the property of the *dead*

—We inadvertently omitted to mention last week, the celebration by the Catholic church of this town, of Corpus Christi. There was a large attendance present, and the procession marched through our principal streets which were decorated with trees and evergreens for the occasion, and proceeded to the beautiful Park of Father Meyers where religious exercises were held, after which they returned to the Church where additional religious exercises were had previous to the benediction. Mr. Colbert of San Francisco states that the Catholics of that and adjoining towns in Sibley Co. celebrated Corpus Christi, with over fifteen hundred persons in the procession.

PERSONAL.—We had the pleasure of meeting Hon C H. Lineau, Editor of the *Volksblatt*. in our town this week. Mr. Lineau delivered the annual Festival address We likewise had the same pleasure in meeting Capt. O. Dreher, general agent for the *Volksblatt*, who was as genial as ever.

We also cultivated the acquaintance of Mr. Sanders, of the "*Staats Zeitung*," whom we found to be a kindred spirit,—to all printers. Gentlemen call again!

BED BOTTOMS.—H. & F. Wolff, have purchased the right of sale for Carver Caunty, of Duffys' Celebrated Champion Spring bed-bottoms. We have carefully examined into the merits of this patent, and cannot arrive at, but one conclusion, that, it is one of the most useful and convenient article extant. It is also very cheap and economical. We do not hesitate in recommending it to the public. Messrs. Theis & Clapp, of our town have also purchased the right of sale, for Hennepin, Wright, Stearns and other counties.

THE RIVER.—The river began receeding slowly on Monday last It yet extends over a vast extent of Territory, as the bottoms are yet one vast extent of water. The Otter, St. Anthony and Jeannette Roberts still make occasional trips up river.

ACADEMY.—The Moravian Academy closed its spring term on Wednesday last We understand the children enjoyed a very pleasant picnic on the last day. We believe there is to be a vacation of two months, previous to the opening of the summer term

—Messrs Newcomb & Griggs barge is undergoing repairs at our levee. J. P. Torry, of Carver, the veteran boat builder is giving her a touch of his mechanical skill, and we predict that when he is through with her, that she will be as strong as ever.

THANKS.—Mr. and Mrs. Sargent, has put us under many obligations for a dish of very fine strawberries. They were very large and delicious berries, of the Wilson variety we should judge. The crop of tame strawberries is good, fully equal to that of years heretofore.

MAGAZINES.—The Riverside, Childrens Hour, Harpers Weekly, Atlantic Monthly and Gody's Lady, are received, and abound in their usual variety of interesting reading matter. From want of space we are constrained to ommit an extended notice of each this issue. We can assure our readers that they are fully as interesting as formerly.

LATE papers brings the intelligence of the condemnation and execution of Maximillian by Pres. Juarez on the 19th of June.

Those of our readers who lack a growth of hair upon the face, or those whose hair is falling out, or have become bald, would do well to try "Dr. Sevigne's Restaurateur Capillaire." This preparation has been used by thousands in this country and Europe, with the most gratifying results. Testimonials of the most flattering character have been received from the most wealthy and influential citizens of the country, and will be sent free to any one, on application, by Messrs. Berger, Shutte & Co., Chemists, of Troy, N. Y., the only agents in America for the sale of the same. Read their advertisement in this paper.

GERMAN SINGING FESTIVAL.

Saturday morning, the first day of the festival ushered in very pleasantly, and with a good prospect of fair weather during the entertainment. The people from the country began pouring in from 9 o'clock A. M., and by the time the Jeannette Roberts landed at our levee, at 4 o'clock P. M., there was some 600 persons in waiting for the arrival of the various Societies, forming the "bund" and the "Great Western Band." Upon the landing of the boat, the Societies formed in procession, with the Band in the lead, and marched to the Hall, where after congratulations, the exercises of the day began. Duetts, Quartetts, and Choruses, were sung, participated in by seven societies, viz: St. Paul, Chaska, Waconia, Benton, Minneapolis, St. Anthony, and Red Wing,

In the evening the concert drew a full house. This closed the days proceedings, which passed off pleasantly and to the entire satisfaction of all.

Sunday—Hon. C. H. Lineau delivered a very able annual address. Text was: "True Humanity. the platform we can all stand upon." It was highly spoken of by every one present, being a very able and masterly piece of composition. It was received with great applause. Upon the conclusion of the address singing for the prizes was next in order, and occupied a greater share of the afternoon. The judges awarded the 1st prize to the St. Paul Society, and the 2d prize to the Benton Society.—The Singing was beautiful, and in our ear it was difficult to discriminate between the various contending Societies, where all were so proficient. In the evening an amateur Company from St. Paul gave an operatic performance, in three acts, which was received with great applause by the audience.

Monday—A business meeting was held by the various Societies, for the election of officers &c. The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:

Pres.—H. Meyerding, St. Paul.
Vice Pres.—John Kerker, Chaska,
Chas. Backman, Benton.
Sect'y.—Jos. Geisen, St. Paul.
Treas.—John Mathias, St. Paul.

It was also voted to hold the next festival at St. Paul on the last Saturday, Sunday and Monday of June 1868.

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

At the executive session of the "Minnesota Sangerbund." at which seven societies were represented, the following resolutions were passed unanimously:

Resolved—That in the name of the Minnesota Sangerbund and in the name of all whe attend this glorious festival, we hereby tender our heartfelt thanks to the citizens of Chaska and vicinity, and more especially to the noble ladies, the Concordia and its able director, Mr. Kerker, for all they have done to make our visit a pleasant one, and to make the the festival a complete success.

Resolved—That these resolutions be published in the Minnesota *Volksblatt*, in the Valley HERALD and Minnesota *Staats Zeitung*.

Monday Evening—At an early hour in the evening, the spacious hall was filled with a pleasant company, impatient for the "merric dance" to commence.—It is estimated that there were fully 150 couples in attendance. The company enjoyed themselves in "tripping the fantastic toe" until the "wee hours of morning," after having enjoyed a most pleasant dance. By 10 o'clock most of the country people, had departed for their homes, highly pleased with what they had seen, and the termination of the Festival. We might remark here, that during the entire three days entertainment we did not observe a drunken man on the ground, nor hear of a quarrel. Everything passed off pleasantly and harmoniously. During Monday, and while waiting for the down boat, our St. Paul guests, had a merry time at the Hall. Fun, mirth, and jovialty ruled the hour, We had the pleasure of listening to a number of interesting speeches. The societies from below went down on the Otter, in the evening, very much pleased with their trip and stay in Chaska, and as the boat left our shore cheer answered cheer from boat to landing.

This ended the first Festival in Chaska, and we cannot close this short and imperfect sketch of the proceedings, without mentioning our own town Society, for it is mainly through theire efforts that everything was thus successfully arranged and carried through. They have been indefatigable in their efforts to render it a perfect success, and success crowned their efforts. therefore all honor to them.

The Valley Herald

BY F. E. DU TOIT.

CHASKA SATURDAY. JULY 6th 1867.

CARVER COUNTY DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

Notice is hereby given that the Democratic Carver County Convention will be held at Bleichners in the Town of Benton, on Saturday the 6th day of July A. D. 1867 at ten o'clock A. M. for the purposes of selecting 6 Delegates to attend the State Democratic Convention at St. Paul, on the 10th day of July A. D. 1867, at 12 o'clock M. Likewise to nominate the following County officers to be supported at the next election in November, to-wit: Judge of Probate, County Treasurer, Register of Deeds, County Attorney, Sheriff, County Surveyor, Coroner and 3 Commissioners for Dist. No. 1, 4. and 5, also to nominate Candidates for State Senator and one Representative.

The basis of representation to the said Convention, of the respective Towns according to the Democratic vote of the last general election, is as follows, viz:

Holywood	2	Chaska	6
Laketown	3	Benton	5
San Francisco	3	Camden	1
Waconia	3	Carver	3
Watertown	3	Chanhassen	3
Young America	2	Dahlgreen	3

Dated Chaska, the 17th day of June A. D. 1867.

G. KRAYENBUHL. Chairman.
Carver Co. Democratic Committee.

STATE RAIL ROAD BONDS.

Much interest is manifested and discussion elicited upon the proposition which the Legislature has submitted to the people of this State, to provide for the payment of the State bonds issued to the Land Grant Rail Road Companies, and it is perhaps proper that we should express briefly our views of the question.

That those bonds will, sooner or later, be paid by the State, we regard as a foregone conclusion. They must be paid or the State will be indelibly disgraced, and every citizen of the State will bear, wherever he goes the unpleasant and embarrassing impress of the odium of repudiation.

Those bonds were issued by the direct order of the people of the State, expressed by an almost unanimous sovereign vote. Every condition precedent to their issue was fully performed, and the evidence of it presented to the executive of the State, was such as to compel him to issue them or subject himself to impeachment. Why they were not made available to accomplish the purposes for which they were designed, we do not propose to discuss now. We may hereafter, and when we do, we shall show who and what political party are responsible for the mortifying and damaging discredit of those bonds. Those matters cannot make any difference now, for the faith and honor of the State are pledged, and the obligation which that pledge imposes on the state cannot be avoided, by the efforts of any man or set of men, whether honest or demagogical, to discredit the bonds in the hands of either the original obligees or their assigns. That pledge and its obligation are too sacred to be polluted, (as it seems quite likely to be,) by mingling it with partizan politics and subjecting it to a partizan test. The efforts of aspiring demagogues to influence the minds of the people by misrepresenting and declaiming against the proposition, may drag it into the arena of party politics and make it the bearer of just such unscrupulous and dangerous men into office. We hope otherwise, and trust that every man, whatever may be his party politics or affincities, will regard the faith and honor of the State, as much above the obligations of party, as he does his own personal faith and honor, and so regarding the question, will vote his own honest, candid judgment, as if the proposition was personally his own to adopt or reject entirely independent of politics.

We think the proposition of the Legislature both timely and wise.—After those bonds had been issued, the people of the State, under exciting and unfortunate circumstances, by a sovereign vote, adopted a declaration that neither the principal or interest of those bonds should ever be paid, unless by the authority of a vote of the people. That was virtually repudiation, It was saying the State would not pay the bonds unless it pleased, and the state could not be sued. It was a denial of the obligation to pay, and a refusal to the legislature of the power to appropriate moneys to that purpose, and *that* is repudiation. The sooner the state can cleanse itself of the approbrium of that vote, the better. It can now do it, and will do it, unless the people are willing to bear and wear that approbrium.

It is exceedingly fortunate that the state now has, almost providentially, a half million of acres of land to devote to the payment of those bonds, and the sooner they are pledged to that purpose the better. It will relieve taxation upon the people to the full extent of the value of those lands, which could otherwise be very liable. under such influences as would prevent their appropriation to their purpose, to be frittered away upon some one or more speculative and chimerical schemes.

The pledge of the receipts of the state from the Rail Road in lieu of taxes. to the redemption of those bonds, is also wise.—It manifests an honest interest to pay and gives confidence in both the integrity and ability of the State. It makes no difference to the State whether those money or moneys collected by taxing the people directly, are used for such purpose. They all belong to the state Treasury, from which the moneys to pay those lands must be drawn, if they shall be paid at all.

In every aspect in which we are capable of seeing the proposition of the Legislature, we are in favor of it, and should regret extremely to have the people, disgrace and dishonor themselves and the State by rejecting it.

Military Authority.

From the New York Times, (Repub.)

Gen. Sickles has provoked another storm in Charleston by issuing an order closing all the bar-rooms and revoking the licenses hitherto issued for the sale of liquor. The effect of this action has been to depreciate the stocks of the city ten per cent., as it cuts off the principal source of city revenue. The papers complain of the very large numbers of people thrown out of employment at a time when other employment cannot be obtained, and of the number of houses thrown upon the hands of the owners from the fact that the business for which they were leased was broken up. Military authority is not, as a general rule, very considerate about interfering with personal interest or private rights.

Wilkes Booth and the President.

The Judiciary Committee recently sent down to Nashville a confident person to ascertain the relations that existed between J. Wilkes Booth and President Johnson when both were in Nashville, during the latter part of the war. After interrogating many prominent men of both parties, nothing further was discovered than that Booth and the then military governor of Tennessee had no connection with each other whatever. Apropos of this, a Nashville paper says:—"Strange to relate, General Grant, who knew that Booth was a rank rebel, and had refused to take the oath, gave him a pass to go to New Orleans in the early part of 1864, writing and signing the document himself.

The Weather and Crops.

The Winona Republican of the 29th ult., has the following in regard to the crops:

"At the present stage of growth the crops in this State are said to be all looking well, and the promise of an abundant harvest is most flattering. Wheat has grown very rapidly within the past month, and now stands exceedingly thick on the ground—the straw being unusually heavy and presenting a very healthy appearance. The croakers, as is their custom, are predicting a too heavy growth of the straw, as a result of the continued rains; but with the present promise of drier weather this apprehension would seem to be a needless one. Corn has not attained that condition of forwardness which it sometimes has reached at this season, but it is now shooting up with marvelous rapidity—so as to almost justify the assertion that during the stillness of the night one can "hear it grow." Other crops all give promise of an abundant yield—if we except potatoes, which are being preyed upon by an innumerable army of potato bugs, against whose attacks no human ingenuity has yet been able to provide.

—Geo. H. Pendleton, late Democratic candidate for Vice President, recently entertained at a dinner party, Speaker Colfax, and Gen. Hayes, the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio.

—When in Boston Mr. Seward—the great anti-mason—did not participate in the masonic festivities, but dined with Senator Sumner and others with a distinguished friend.

—The English vessels on the coast of Africa captured 34 slaves and 1,303 slaves in 1866. One large Arab vessel from Kauzibar had 299 slaves on board of whom 28 were captured and the rest drowned.

Selected Miscellany.

—No notice taken of anonymous communications. Manuscripts should be written on one side only.

WHOM FIRST WE LOVE.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed;
Time rules all; and life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned out ere hope was dead;
And then we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which is hard to bear—
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all! who need indeed His care;
And yet I know the Shepherd loves His sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer;
He has his father's eager eyes, I know,
And they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one—Heaven help and pity me!
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago.

Who might have been—ah, what I dare not think.
We are all changed; God judges for us best.
God help us to do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear
Too cold at times, and some too gay and light;
Some griefs gnaw deep, some woes are hard to bear.
Who knows the past? Who can judge us right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,
And not by what we are—too apt to fall!
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In Heaven we shall know all.

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE IN ICELAND.

Mount Hecla, on the island of Iceland, is slightly under a mile in height. It has three peaks a little elevated above its body, and along its sides are numerous craters, the seats of former eruptions. The crater of the principal peak is about one hundred feet in depth. It is composed chiefly of basalt and lava, but slug-sand and ashes cover a great part of its surface, and obsidian is among its most remarkable products.

There have been forty-three eruptions of mount Hecla recorded within the last thousand years, five of which have been simultaneous with Vesuvius, four with those of Etna, and one with those of both.

The last eruption began Setember 2, 1845, and lasted until April 6, 1846. On the 23d of November the torrent of lava, two miles from the crater, was a mile in width, and from 40 to 50 feet in depth.

Carl Steinman visited Hecla just previous to this terrific eruption, and had one of the narrowest escapes from a horrible death that ever befel an adventurous man.

We give his narrative in almost his own words.

On the next morning after my arrival at the small village at the foot of the volcano, I engaged a guide, a faithful, honest fellow, and set out for a visit to the noted crater.

From the very first it seemed as if I had passed the confines and was entering a new world, so entirely different was the scenery.

As you press upward toward the focus of all the horror of burning stuff, you find the peril, dreariness and desolation increases, until at length, its awfulness becomes sublime; and, at length, when you stand on the topmost point of this burning world of chaos, you instinctively raise your heart to God, with a shudder of terror, to restore you to the great living world that you have left behind you.

For six mortal hours—three on horseback and threeon foot—I had been clambering upward from the lower world, and now, among the clouds and mists that rolled around me, I stood in a world of lava mountains, ice and snow, the lava black as ink, the snow of dazzling whiteness—and not in all the region the slightest brush, shrub, plant, or living creature except the guide and myself.

As far as the eye could discern, when the sweeping clouds afforded a view, was a succession of dark hills, glistening glaciers, snow-capped peaks, and frozen streams—a world devoid of life, the awful solitude of itself—filled with gaping caverns, terrific abysses and Stygian caves, which echoed only the sullen reverberations of thunder or the groanings of the troubled earth beneath.

So impressive was this scene that I felt a strange chill creeping through me, and I shouted to break the horrible stillness which was more awe-inspiring than the thunders of a thousand Niagaras. I frequently found myself imagining that I was dreaming, and I was only assured by pinching my limbs or conversing with my guide.

Drawing my blanket around me to shelter me from the chilling atmosphere, and carefully puncturing the ground with my sharp-pointed stick before me, to make sure of my footsteps, I began to pick my way over piles and heaps of lava, and pit-falls and patches of ice and snow, my guide keeping near me, and often warning me when he imagined my footsteps were leading me into danger.

Occasionally I struck the fragments of lava that rolled down behind me, and as yet discovered no signs of the crater, which, eighty years before, had vomited forth its tremendous vloume of melted black sand. At length, however, I reached the summit, and looked down into a sort of basin, open at the lower side, and having several deep seams or chasms in the centre, into which the melted snow or ice on its sides were running in small streams.

A repulsive odor, in the shape of a thin, smoky vapor, came up, and I fancied I heard a distant rumbling noise that sounded far down in the earth.

I turned to my guide, and was about to speak, when I observed he was trembling and as pale as death.

"What's the matter?" I asked, "you seem to be frightened."

"Oh, my God!" he gasped, "there's going to be another eruption."

"How do you know that? Have you ever been here before?"

"Yes; but I never saw it look like this. When I was here last there was no hollow there, but a level piece of snow and ice."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, with intense interest; "and you judge that fact to be decisive, with regard to an eruption?"

"Oh, my master," said he in the greatest agony, "what else could have caused this change? There must be fire below, or what has melted this glacier? You see the ice is nearly gone, and what is left is fast melting, and will soon follow it."

I observed at this point that my feet had a sensation of warmth, and stooping down found the ground quite hot.

"How is this?" I inquired.

He shook his head.

"All wrong; there's trouble brewing, master, as sure as you live. You had better leave."

I recalled the fact that the last eruption of Hecla occurred eighty years before, long previous to the birth of my guide, and consequently he could know as little of that as I did. This foolish thought prevented me from putting the faith in his words that I ought to have done.

"There is no hurry," I replied; "I have been so long finding my way to the top, that I am hardly disposed to leave until I have seen more of the volcano."

I observed his paleness and trembling increase, if possible, but I still felt a reluctance to retreat so ignominiously, after toiling so hard to reach the summit.

He stood a moment in silence and then ventured again:

"Let us go while there is time. I am afraid to remain here. We may be overwhelmed at any moment."

"Hold on!" said I, sensible of a curious fascination, such as sometimes comes over me when on the brink of the most appalling peril. "It is true the ice has melted, but it has done so very gradually. I have spent a great deal of time to reach Iceland, and when I started it was with the resolve to see Hecla."

"Heaven knows I have seen too much already," he replied; "more than has ever been seen before by living man."

"How do you know that?" I demanded, somewhat annoyed at the dogmatical manner of my guide.

"At least I think so."

"And I think you are mistaken. I cannot consent to go back until I have descended into this basin and looked down into one of those chasms."

"Let me beseech you, do not. It will be the death of you!"

"If you are afraid you can return," said I, with an unfeeling tone, for which there was no justification.

"Oh, no, my master, I will not desert you."

"All I ask then, is that you will merely wait for me."

I had no right to ask even that, and I consider the guide a simpleton because he heeded my request.

"I will wait," he replied; "but remember when you go down that I kept entreating you not to do so."

"I hold you blameless, whatever should occur, so have no apprehensions upon that score."

The crater was about twenty yards in depth, with sides that slope so gradually that it could be descended without difficulty if ordinary care was only exercised.

I first felt the lava, and found it quite hot, but not unpleasantly so, and using my stick with great precaution, I begun the descent. I observed the temperature of the lava beneath my feet constantly to increase, but I had thick shoes and I knew they would be unharmed.

I noticed, also, a thick, sulphurous odor, but considered this nothing unusual, although it left a thick, disagreeable taste in my mouth and gave an unpleasant twinge to my olfactories.

The rill of water made by the melting ice flowed hissing down, and was lost to view in the dark chasm, from which came puffs of hot air, accompanied by a rumbling and trembling of the ground.

The place, the scene, and withal, the sense of danger connected with it held me there by a sort of magnetic fascination, and I soon found myself strongly tempted to make a fatal plunge into the awful abyss. Conscious that reason frequently loses her power at such times, I forced myself backward a few feet, but still remained fearfully near the opening, heedless of the frantic entreaties of my guide.

Giving no heed, therefore, to his earnest solicitations, I now determined, if possible, to sound the depth of the chasm before me, and then proceed to examine the other.

For this purpose I pulled off a small piece of lava, and, stepping to the very edge of the chasm, dropped it down and listened to the hollow reverberations, as it went bounding from side to side, long after it was lost to the eye.

The depth was so immense, that I heard it for fully a minute, and then the sound seemed rather to die out from distance than to cease from the block having reached its destination. It was a terrific depth, and as I drew back with a shudder a gust of hot, sulphurous air puffed upward, followed immediately by a stream-like vapor, and a heavy, hollow boom, as if a piece of ordnance had been discharged in the bowels of the mountain.

By this time I had regained my common sense, and became impressed with the danger that hung over me. I turned to fly, when all at once there came a rumbling crash, and the ground, heaving and shaking and rolling under me, began to crumble off into the dread abyss.

I was thrown down, and on my hands and knees, praying to God for mercy, was scrambling over it, and upward, to save myself from a most horrible fate, when two blocks rolling together, caught my feet and legs between them, and without actually crushing, held them as in a vise. Then came another crash and crumble, the lava slid away from behind me, and I was left upon the verge of the awful gulf, now widened to some 15 or 20 feet, down into which I looked with horror-strained eyes, only to see death and darkness below, and breathe the almost suffocating vapors that rushed up from the seemingly bottomless pit.

Oh, the horrors of that awful realization! What pen or tongue can portray them? There, over the mouth of a black and heated abyss, I was held suspended, a helpless and conscious prisoner, to be hurled downward by the next great throe of trembling nature.

"Help! help! help!—for the love of God, help!" I shrieked, in the very agony of my despair.

I looked up and around to catch sight of my guide, but he, with a commendable prudence I could but admit, in my dire extremity, had sought his own safety in flight.

I had nothing to rely on but the mercy of Heaven, and I prayed to God as I had never prayed before for a forgiveness of my sins, that they might not follow me to judgment.

It might be a second, it might be a minute, it might be an hour that I should have to undergo a living death; but, be the time long or short, I felt that there was no escape from a doom which even now makes me grow pale and shudder when I think of it.

Above me, a clear blue sky—beneath me, a black and horrible abyss—around me, sickening vapors that made my brain grow dizzy. Rumbling and hissing sounds warned me that another convulsion might take place any moment, and another would be the last of me. Home and friends I should never see again, and my tomb would be the volcanic Hecla!

I strove with the madness of desperation to disengage my imprisoned limbs, but I might have as well attempted to move the mountain itself. There I was fixed and fastened for the terrible death I was awaiting. Oh, God of Heaven! what a fate!

All at once I heard a shout, and, looking around, I beheld with feelings that cannot be described my faithful guide hastening down the side of the crater to my relief. He had fled in terror at the first ominous demonstration, but had nobly returned to save me, if possible, by risking his life for mine.

"I warned you, master," said he, as he came up, his eyes starting, and his countenance expressive of commiseration and terror.

"You did! you did!" cried I, "but forgive and save me, for I am perishing!"

"I will save you if I can, or perish with you."

The noble fellow instantly set to work with his iron-pointed stick to break the lava around my limbs, but had scarcely made any progress when again the earth trembled, and the rocks parted, one of them rolling down the chasm with a dull booming sound.

I sprang forward—I seized a hand of the guide—we both struggled desperately, and the next moment we had both fallen, locked in each other's arms, upon the solid earth above. I was free, but still upon the verge of the pit, and any moment might see us both hurled to destruction.

"Quick! quick!—there's not a moment to be lost!" cried the guide. "Up! up! and run for your life!"

I staggered to my feet with a wild cry of hope and fear, and half carried by my faithful companion, hurried up the sloping sides of the crater.

As we reached the ridge above, the ground shook with a heavy explosion, and looking back I saw, with a horror which no pen can describe, the dark, smoking pit where we had so lately stood. Without waiting to see more, I turned and fled over the rough ground as fast as my bruised limbs would permit.

We reached our horses in safety, and hurrying down the mountain gave the alarm to the villagers, who joined us in our flight across the country till a safe distance was gained.

A few days later, when the mighty and long extinct Hecla was convulsing the Island, and pouring forth its tremendous volume of melted lava, I was far out upon the Atlantic, on my way home, where I devoutly thanked God again and again that I had lived to tell my wonderful escape from a death in its burning crater.

A Gigantic Ant Story.

At his lecture in New York, on Equatorial Africa, M. Du Chaillu told the following big ant story:

Bashikonay is the name given it by the Bakalai. There are two other varieties of Bashikonay beside the black kind. These black Bashikonay may well be called the lords of the forest. It is the most voracious creature I ever met. It is the dread of all living animals, from the leopard to the smallest insects. It is their habit to march through the forests in a long, regular line, a line about two inches broad and often several miles in length; all along this line are larger ants, who act as officers—stand outside the ranks, and keep this singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they cannot bear, they immediately build an underground tunnel, through which the whole army pass in columns to the forest beyond.

When they grow hungry, as by a sudden command, the long file spreads itself through the forest, advancing forward, attacking and devouring all living things with a fury that is quite irresistible. The elephant and gorilla fly before them; the black men run away; every animal that lives in their line of march is chased. In an incredibly short space of time those that are caught are overwhelmed, killed, eaten, and only the bare skeleton remains. They seem to travel day and night. Many a time have I been in the water to save myself from them. When they enter a house they clear it of everything. Cockroaches are devoured in an instant; rats and mice spring around the room in vain. They will not touch vegetable matter, thus they are very useful, clearing the country of many insects. When on their march the insect world flies before them, and I have often had the approach of a Bashikonay army heralded to me by this means.

Wherever they go they make a clean sweep, even ascending to the top of the trees in pursuit of their prey. Their manner of attack is an impetuous leap; instantly the strong pincers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives way. At such a time this little insect seems animated by a kind of fury which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety. The negroes relate that criminals, by which they generally mean wizards, have sometime been exposed on the path of the Bashikonay ants, tied to a tree so they might not escape, and then been devoured to the bones. They are larger than any ants we have in America. The number of one of their armies is so great that one does not like to enter into calculations, but I have seen a continuous line passing at a good speed a particular place for twelve hours. So you may imagine how many millions there may have been.

Novel Attempt to Escape.

A Sing Sing correspondent describes the ingenious method adopted by a convict to escape from the prison:

"One of the most ingenious men I ever met, I found here, by the name of James Dunn, a medium sized, middle aged, dark complexioned man. He was there for the third time, and was kept under stricter surveillance than some others in consequence of repeated attempts and contrivances to escape, the most ingenious of which was this: About three months after his second commitment, having secured a quantity of gutta percha from the contractor's agent, he made a water-tight coat, with a hood or head-dress attached to it. In the front part of the hood he securely fixed a small pane of thick glass. From each side gutta percha horns were extended upwards to the length of ten or fifteen feet; at the further end of each tube was fixed a hollow 'decoy duck.'

With this equipage he stole away to the edge of the river. Here he put a stone in each pocket for ballast, and donned his gutta percha rig, made it tight about his waist and wrists, and taking up his ducks he waded in a crouching posture out some two hundred feet and let them go. On he traveled, with the water two to four feet above his head, breathing meanwhile through his ducks, which were floating along about eight feet in his rear. The guards saw the ducks, and would have shot them had they not been on duty. With some inconvenience he reached the upper dock, where a friend met him, furnished him with citizen's clothes, a few dollars in money, and otherwise hastened his retreat, not, however, so but that he was soon overhauled and returned to his old quarters. He was here this time on a ten years' commitment but was transferred, with a company of fifty, not long since, to Clinton prison."

Greatness of Little Things.

In the course of nature there is nothing more remarkable than the stupendous results which spring from apparently insignificant causes. The oak that lives for ages was once an acorn; and the nightingale filling the groves with song was lately a tiny egg. The glorious being who, by the aid of resaon, can subdue the strongest and most ferocious of beasts, what is he at his birth? A creature made up of cries and tears, as Pliny has forcibly expressed it, *"flens animal cæteris imperaturum"*—a weeping animal who is to rule over all others. Nay, trace him to his embryo state; what is he there but a spot—an atom which this life only develops and whose destinies are endless as they are great? The long continuance of the results of slight causes is also very observable in nature. A stone cast into the sea on our coast produces a rippling displacement of watery particles, prolonged even to the Antipodes. Such phenomena lead us to conclude that, in the system of the universe, nothing is absolutely small or great, since the great issues include the small, and the small involves the great.

The course of human society presents in this respect a constant counterpart to that of nature; and the history of mankind illustrates in every page the remark of Bishop Butler, that "things, seemingly the most insignificant imaginable, are perpetually observed to be necessary conditions to other things of the greatest importance." A biography is a calendar of straws. Straws have turned the current of our lives; a word, a thought vivid as lightning, has often decided our destiny. Marc Antony sees Cleopatra on the Cydnus sitting in her barge as on a burnished throne, and if her nose had only been shorter he might have kept the world. The Prophet Mahomet conceals himself in Mount Shur, and his pursuers, according to a Moslem tradition, are thrown off the scent and baffled by a spider's web over the mouth of the cave. Thus the Koran, the Crescent, the Crusades, with their boundless consequences, depended at that moment on the filmy meshes of a spider's web. A young Athenian, named Xenophon, at sixteen years of age, is met in a narrow gateway by a man of extraordinary appearance and manners, who extends his stick across the path and asks, "How can one attain to virtue and honor?" Xenophon cannot answer, and Socrates, for the strange being is none other, bidding him follow, becomes thenceforward his master in philosophy. But for that stick, that narrow gateway, Xenophon, perhaps, would never have enriched the world of letters as he has done to this day. Look, again, at Demosthenes. He rushes from the Athenian Assembly burning with shame, for he has been hooted for his pronunciation and defective style. In the moment of his degradation he meets an actor named Satyrus. Was it chance or his good genius that threw him in his way? Satyrus teaches him the art of elocution, and amid the wild roar of waves, with pebbles in his mouth, he corrects the vices of his utterance, and acquires pungency and force which none have equalled. No grit of the pebble roughened his lip when next he mounted the rostrum, and poured on the astonished audience a flood of eloquence, impetuous and flashing as a mountain torrent.

In science, as in literature, slight causes occasion great results; nor need we go back to the ancients in order to find extraordinary incidents. When Galileo was studying medicine in the University of Pisa, his attention was attracted to the regular oscillation of a lamp suspended from the roof of the Cathedral, and the swinging lamp led to his study of the vibration of Pendulums. Brunnelleschi by accident broke an egg, which remained standing on the broken base; and the shape of the shell inspired him immediately with the idea of the Duomo at Florence. Giotto, while tending his flock, sketched a sheep on a stone, and Cimabue, passing by, detected his latent genius, and led him on to fame—to the friendship of Dante, and to having his name immortalized in the Divina Commedia. Newton—but why tell of that falling apple in his orchard, which is better known than the laws of gravitation, to the discovery of which it led. Cuvier dissected a cuttle-fish, and the comparative anatomy of the entire animal kingdom unfolded itself before him. A single remain of an extinct animal or vegetable became a stand-point from which he could infer and describe the form and properties of the creature or plant to which it belonged; and the subsequent discovery of further remains of the same species often proved the accuracy of his deductions. This use of fossil fragments is another illustration of the importance of little things and isolated inductions. Kepler resolved to fill his cellars from the Austrian vintage but doubting the accuracy of the wine merchant's measure he, worked out one of the earliest samples of what is now called modern analysis. What suggested the embossed alphabet for the blind? A sheet of paper sent from the press, with the letters accidentally raised. What called forth the most learned book on diseases of the heart? A physician's lying awake and listening to the beating of his own. Giotto is not the only genius whom a chance visit has rescued from obscurity. Evelyn was sauntering one day along a meadow near Say's Court, when he looked in at the window of a thatched cottage, and saw a man carving one of Tintoretto's cartoonn. He entered, admired the work, and soon recommended the artist to Charles II. Thus the name of Gibbons became known. Milton sees a wretched "mystery" in Italy, and conceives the plan of "Paradise Lost." The plague breaks out in London, he retires to Chalfont, and the simplest question of a Quaker friend calls forth "Paradise Regained." Gibbon muses among the ruins of Roman Grandeur; and the Decline and Fall of the mighty Empire breaks in long perspective on his view. A Welsh harper thrills the chords at Cambridge, and Gray, fired with sudden emotion, writes the conclusion of the "Bard." Lady Austin points to a sofa, and Cowper creates the "Task." Opie bends over a companion's shoulder when he is drawing a butterfly, and rises up a painter himself.

The Bewitching New Fashions.

"Mark Twain" admires the present fashion of women's walking dresses, and he thus eloquently sings their praise:

"Who shall describe the exquisite taste and beauty of the new style of ladies' walking dresses. Taken as a class, women can contrive more outlandish and ugly costumes than one would think possible without the gift of inspiration. But this time they have been felicitous in invention. The wretched waterfall still remains, of course, but in a modified form; every change it has undergone was for the better. First, it represented a bladder of Scotch snuff; next, it hung down the woman's back like a canvas-covered ham; afterward it contracted, and counterfeited a turnip on the back of the head; now, it sticks straight out behind, and looks like a wire muzzle on a gray-hound. Nestling in the midst of this long stretch of head and hair reposes the little batter-cake of a bonnet, like a jockey saddle on a race-horse. You will readily perceive that this looks very unique, and pretty and coquettish.

"But the glory of the costume is the robe—the dress. No furbelows, no flounces, no biases, no ruffles, no gores, no flutter-wheels, no hoops to speak of—nothing but a rich, plain, narrow black dress, terminated just below the knees with long saw teeth (points downward), and under it a flaming red skirt, enough to put your eyes out, that reaches down only to the ankle bone, and exposes the restless little feet. Fascinating, charming, seductive, bewitching! To see a lovely girl of seventeen, with her saddle on her head, and her muzzle on behind, and her vail just covering the end of her nose, come tripping along in her hoopless, red-bottomed dress, like a churn on fire, is enough to set a man wild. I must drop this subject—I can't stand it."

Lincoln and Lager.

The following good temperance story has just found its way into print: "Many years before Mr. Lincoln was President, it happened, at the close of a matter of business at some hotel in which several gentleman were engaged with Mr. Lincoln, that a Mr. Whitney asked the circle to take something to drink. All assented except Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Whitney urged him, but he declined on the plea that he never drank. "Come, Mr. Lincoln, and take a glass of lager; that's a harmless beverage, and it will do you good"—to which urging Mr. Lincoln finally in the kindness of his heart assented. The lager made him *very sick.*

It was the first and last time that the two men met until Mr. Whitney joined the throng on one public reception day to shake hands with the beloved President. Imagine his surprise as he drew slowly near in the procession that passed in front of the President, to see that long arm stretched out to him and hear this recognition: "How do you do, Mr. Whitney? I have never drank a glass of lager since!" Is not that a good temperance story?

AMERICAN FEET.—The New York *Hide and Leather Journal* notices a few of the differences in the shape of the pedal extremities of people in various sections of the country. Shoes made for one locality are not adapted for all. For instance, a broad shoe, wide in the shank, is best adapted to the Eastern trade, a narrow sole meeting with but little favor. Rhode Island, though the smallest State in the Union, can boast of some of the biggest feet that ever trod sole leather. The Middle States require slimmer shoes and higher in the instep than the East. The instep grows higher as we progress Southward, commencing with Virginia, and the foot shorter and more plump. Rarely, at the North, does a full grown man wear less than a No. 6, running up in the scale of sizes to No. 11, but at the South, many a full sized man wears fours and fives, and seldom over nines. The ladies of the South, adds the Charleston *Courier*, have confessedly always had the smallest and prettiest feet in the world.

—A new color in Paris is called "Bismark angry." It is of a fiery hue.

An Evening at a London Pawnbrokers.

The author of "A Night in Workhouse," which created considerable interest in England at the time of its appearance, has published in the February number of *London Society* an account of a Saturday evening passed by him in the shop of a London pawnbroker. This description is full of mournful interest, as our mind wanders from the actual scene and follows the retiring guests to their homes of misery and vice: "It is a corner house, and the shop, which faces the high street is an innocent jeweler's shop, and nothing more. There are neatly written cards in the window, variously inscribed, 'jewelry repaired,' 'watch-glasses fitted,' 'ladies ears pierced,' ect.; so that even though one should happen to be seen entering Mr. Gawler's shop—nay, even though an inquisitive brute should be mean enough to spy from outside, and see one hand his 'Dent' to Mr. Gawler, and receive in exchange for it a neatly folded bit of pasteboard—the evidence of the pawning would be anything but complete; watch-glasses will come to grief, and watch works need repair, and it is the commonest thing in the world for the watchmaker to give the owner a memorandum, as security for his property." But it is not on watch and trinket pawners that Mr. Gawler relies for his business. "Up the street, by the side of the innocent looking jewelry shop—a longish way up the street—is a mean looking doorway that might be the entrance to a back yard. That it is something more than this, however, may be at once perceived by the stone threshold worn through to the bricks beneath, and the door post, paint-rubbed and grimy of elbow grease. This is the poor pawners' entrance. On Saturday night, when the laborers receive their pay for the week's work, this shop becomes a scene of unusual activity. Many of the articles pawned during the week are redeemed, to be again pawned when the earnings of the week shall have been expended. In a long line of little boxes the applicants stand concealed from view, save their hands, which are thrust through small apertures to deliver the tickets and receive the goods. It was an odd sight to see this long row of grimy fists and tattered gown and jacket and coat cuffs all poked toward the shopman and beckoning him coaxingly. Beginning at box number one David began the collection of the little squares of pasteboard with both his hands, and 'hand over hand' as one may say, with a dexterity only to be acquired by constant practice, crying out, 'Tickets! tickets! tickets!' all the while. By the time he had perambulated the length of the shop, and called at all the boxes he had gathered as many tickets as his fists could hold and at once turned to a back counter where stood John (the other shopman). The tickets were then sorted and the heavier articles brought from the cellar, the lighter from the garret, and jewelry from the strong room, and delivered to the applicants as speedily as possible. Redemption was the order of the evening; still there were numerous cases in which it was necessary to barter rather than by ready money payments. As, for instance, Mrs. Brown, being a laundress, has found it necessary to pawn the table-linen belonging to one of her customers, and not having money at her command to redeem the same, she feels it convenient to 'put away' the shirts of another customer, and thus make matters square. On Monday she will redeem the shirts of customer number two by pawning the sheets of customer number three. Or, again, as, for instance, the Browns are are asked by the Greens to come and have a bit of dinner to-morrow, and have accepted the invitation; but Brown has made a bad week; has not earned enough, indeed, to 'get out' his Sunday coat and the children's frocks. Brown is a man who doesn't like 'to look little.' He won't want his working clothes till Monday, and as they will be from home they won't miss the hearth-rug. Again, there are exceptions to the rule altogether. Saturday night is a ticklish time for poor mother. No work this week—last week—the week before. Not a single penny. No dinner to-morrow—no dinner on a *Sunday!* Mother does not care. Father does not care—much; but the children! It is all very well to rub along all the week with bread and treacle for the mid-day meal, or, at a pinch, with nothing between breakfast and an 'early tea,' but it is difficult on Sundays. *Everybody* has dinner on Sunday, even in a Whitecross street alley; the atmosphere is hazy with the steam of 'bakings,' and by 2 o'clock you won't find a little pinafore that is not dinner stained. 'It's of no use,' says poor mother, 'a bit of hot dinner must be got *somehow.*' So she waits till dusk and then, slipshod in old slippers, carries her sound shoes to Mr. Gawler's and places them on the counter. Still, in flocked the customers, until there was no more door slamming, for the boxes were crammed and brimming over into the passage, and the number of ticket grasping fists that threatened over the counter was enough to appal any but such tried veterans as Uncle Gawler and his crew. Then the uproar! Small-voiced women, of the better sort, begging and entreating of David to take their tickets, at the same time pouring into his adler ears the various domestic business on which their need of haste was based. Shrill-voiced women of the worser sort, dirty-faced, baby-bearing, gin-hiccuppy slatterns, brawling, pushing, driving their elbows into other people's eyes, and trampling on their feet.'

Always turn out for a Hog.

Thirty-five years ago, or more, a young man, then pastor of a rural church in the State of New York, was driving through the parish village in his buggy, having at his side the "senior deacon"—a very portly, heavy, good old gentleman, known *par excellence*, as "the Squire." He was a very prudent man, rather timid and careful of his life and limbs, all of which were of signal benefit to "the church and to the society." Having ascended a slight elevation in the road the deacon observed about a hundred yards ahead, stretched on his broadside, right across the narrow wagon track, basking in a mud puddle, a huge, fat, lazy hog, weighing probably more than three hundred pounds.

"Look there, elder," said the deacon, nervously, "see that old hog across the road. Turn out."

"I see, sir," said the elder. "I can't turn out."

"But you must, or we shall be turned over."

"Can't do it, sir, I have the right to the road. The hog must give way."

Pony trotted on. They drew high the hog.

"I tell you," said the deacon, now nervously excited, "turn out or we are gone."

"Never fear, sir, the hog must clear out." By this time they were nearly to a stand-still, the elder presuming that could he arouse the attention of the sleepy beast, he would at once rise and clear the track.

But no, his hogship just raised his head, gave a slight glance at the little buggy, and with a short grunt laid down in the mud.

The end was, the elder had to make a short turn out, and take a circuit round, while the hog remained "master of the situatson," the elder having regained the track, and the squire his composure (the driver rather crest fallen). "Elder," said the deacon, "when I am on the road (and he drove much) I never stop to contend with a hog. I think it is better to turn out."

The deacon ended, and the elder sat for some minutes, silently revolving in his mind the deacon's rule about hogs, and his obvious moral. And the rule "never to stand in the road to contend with a hog," has been one of the most useful rules of his life.—*National Baptist.*

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK.

General News.

Telegrams from New Orleans announce the appearance of the yellow fever in that city.

It is alleged that the brother of Lord Napier, arrested on a charge of defrauding a Baltimore firm, has disappeared, after being bailed. It is said he has gone to Europe.

The so-named Southern Orphans' Gift Enterprise Relief Association, of Baltimore, which has robbed the public of many thousands, has at length gone up, leaving its patrons in the same boat with Kelly's victims.

The third week of the Surratt trial opened on the 24th, with an attendance larger than on any previous day. Among the spectators in the morning was General Grant, who has been summoned as a witness in the case.

The Merchants' Union Express Company have made a call upon stockholders for 10 per cent., or $10 per share, one-half payable June 23d, and one-half September 3d. This, when paid, will make $35 per share paid in. The stock sold in New York last week as low as $7 on $25 paid in, and closed Saturday at $9.75.

The business of the money order branch of the Post Office for the fiscal year ending June, 1866, was about four and a half million of dollars; for the fiscal year ending this week it will be about eleven millions. The number of money order offices is now a little over seven hundred, and four hundred new ones will be opened next Monday. It is estimated that the business of the next fiscal year will be at least twenty-four millions of dollars.

It is announced that enough Congressmen have been heard from to insure a quorum at the July session, so that a short summer term may be considered a fixed fact. Beyond the settlement of the reconstruction question and Messrs. Johnson and Stanberry's new rebellion, it is not probable that much will be done. An effort will no doubt be made to open the impeachment question, however, and it would not be surprising if it were successful.

Foreign Intelligence.

The Emperor of Russia has returned from Paris to St. Petersburg.

The Queen of Prussia is about to visit Queen Victoria. She is expected at Windsor Castle on Tuesday next.

It is reported that the agents of the French Government continue the purchase of large numbers of horses in Hungary for the use of the French army.

The capture of Santa Anna is confirmed. The cause thereof is reported to be the proclamation he sent ashore to create a pronunciamento in his favor.

Out of 524 American exhibitors at the Paris Exposition, 262 have been awarded prizes, including 4 grand, 17 gold, 62 silver and 103 bronze medals.

Late advices from Russian America have been received by way of San Francisco. There was much activity in business at New Archangel, in consequence of the transfer of the country to the United States.

The West.

The Union Pacific Railroad is now open to Julesburg, 376 miles west of Omaha.

On the 17th and 18th, Cincinnati had four suicides and two shocking murders.

A fire at Council Bluffs, on the night of the 24th, destroyed buildings and goods to the amount of nearly $300,000. The *Nonpareil* newspaper office was entirely consumed.

It has been determined to locate the transfer grounds of the Union Pacific Railroad at Council Bluffs, on the Iowa side of the Missouri river. This will be regarded as a severe blow by the Omahas.

By a conflagration in Chicago on the 20th, fifteen frame houses were totally destroyed, and a woman, who had heroically saved several children, was burned to death in attempting to rescue another.

The residence of Mr. Joel K. Wells, in Walworth county, Wisconsin, was struck by lightning on the 22d, and burned to the ground. Mr. Wells is editor of the *Commercial Express*, of Chicago, and he had bargained for the sale of the property, but no writings had been drawn.

The Iowa Union State Convention at Des Moines have made the following nominations: for Governor, Samuel Merrill, of McGregor; for Lieutenant Governor, Col. Scott, of Story county; for Attorney General, Henry O'Connor, of Muscatine; for Superintendent of Public Instruction, D. F. Wells, of Johnson county; for Supreme Judge, J. M. Beck, of Lee county.

The California Democratic State Convention nominated H. H. Haight for Governor; Wm. Holden, Lieutenant Governor; Henry L. Nichols, Secretary of State; Robert Watson, Comptroller; Antonio F. Cronell, Treasurer; John W. Dost, Surveyor. The Convention adopted resolutions condemning the reconstruction policy of Congress, imposing impartial suffrage, recognizing obligations as to the payment of the national debt, in favor of the Eight-Hour law, and opposing coolieism.

Lincoln, the new State capital of Nebraska, is located in Lancaster county, about fifty miles west of Nebraska City. The first stake is yet to be driven in this pretentious city, but we shall soon, probably, see advertisements of eligible corner lots for sale on "Capitol Square," or "University Hill," or "Asylum Place," or one block from the "State Prison." Half the State land grant is devoted to the construction of a railroad from Nebraska City to and through Lincoln westward. A railroad is being surveyed through Northern Missouri from Alexandria (just below Keokuk) to Nebraska City, as an extension of the Toledo, Peoria and Warsaw Road, which terminates opposite Alexandria. The Nebraska City people are in great glee. They consider these paper promises and this paper victory the death blow to Omaha.

The East.

Broadway, New York, is to be re-paved, and the work has been commenced.

General Cole, who shot Hiscock at Albany, has been indicted for murder in the first degree.

Maurice Laborgan, the wife murderer, has been sentenced to be hung at New York on the 9th of August.

The gentlemanly rogue who robbed Mr. Lord, of New York, of so many millions in bonds, has lately returned $1,200,000 of it, keeping himself in the dark, however.

Captain Fritz, of San Francisco, who died June 6th, by a clause in his will bequeaths $20,000 to the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, the interest to be applied to canceling the National debt.

The Grand Lodge of Free Masons in session in New York have passed a resolution laying an injunction on some persons who are now engaged in a gift enterprise under the name of the Masonic Fraternity.

Col. J. J. Speed, who was engaged in the construction of the first telegraph line in the country, and more lately President of the Independent line between New York city and Bosron, died at his residence in Brooklyn on Saturday night, June 15.

The injured cable of 1866 which has been repaired, continues to work perfectly, and may be considered as reliable as though no damage had occurred. It was found to be absolutely crushed, notwithstanding its heavy iron armor, for a distance of 120 feet.

The people of Boston had a grand celebration, on the 24th, on the occasion of dedicating the new Masonic Temple. The President and Secretary Seward were present. The public offices and places of business were closed, and the city was draped in flags.

The American Varieties Theatre, on Walnut street, above Eighth, Philadelphia, under the management of Mr. Fox, was entirely consumed by fire on the night of the 19th, with much of the surrounding property. By the falling of the front wall, thirteen persons were killed outright and thirty more were wounded. "Fattie Stewart," the well-known actor, is among the missing. Several of those hurt were firemen.

On the 22d, at Boston, the President was serenaded and made a brief speech. Secretary Seward also responded to the calls of the assemblage. In the course of his remarks he said: "Give me the assurance that in twenty, thirty or forty years there shall not be an unlawful resistance by an armed force against the President, bearing the authority of the United States, and I will give you the contract of an American Continent and control of the world." Both the President and Mr. Seward were vociferously applauded.

The New York *World* says: "Many readers of this article will probably within a period of less than three years from to-day, take the cars at Jersey City on a Monday morning, cross the Mississippi forty-eight hours after, scale the Rocky Mountains early Thursday morning, sup comfortably with the Saints at Salt Lake City the same evening, cross the realms of perpetual snow among the peaks of the Sierra Nevada within the next thirty-six hours, and arrive in time for 5 o'clock dinner at the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, on Saturday, a little stiff in the knees for want of pedestrian exercise, perhaps, but still fresh, and flushed with the excitement of an unbroken steam ride of over 3,000 miles."

Art and Science.

—A young lady who had been languishing for several years in St. Louis under a mysterious disease which baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians, it has been ascertained by a dentist, was dying from a slow poison distilled through the system by the amalgam with which two of her teeth had been filled.

—At the last session of the Academy of Sciences, says the *Courrier du Havre* of May 21, M. Delaunay read a paper, by M. Flammarion, on the subject of a recent change in the moon's surface. A crater, well defined and perfectly well known to astronomers, has disappeared within a year, and its place is now marked by a large white spot in the middle of a plain. It is the first time that any change in the moon's surface has been noticed. Mr. Chacomar made a like observation, which confirms that of M. Flammarion.

—At the Royal Palace at Berlin forty thousand wax candles are instantaneously lighted by one match. The mode of proceeding is simple enough, the wicks being all previously connected by a thread spun out of gun-cotton, on lighting one end of which all the candles are lighted simultaneously, and thus the whole of the seven hundred apartments are illuminated at once. The process is so easy that the wonder is that it is not more extensively known and generally practised. In Russia the same ingenious method is employed for lighting up the churches on grand occasions.

—A new road locomotive has just appeared in the streets of Paris. The motive power consists of a two-and-a-half horse engine, attached to a car made to contain about twenty-six persons. This little locomotive was a few days ago out on a sort of a pleasure trip, and appears to have had a merry race up hill and down dale, and anon on a dead level, at a speed of about eight miles per hour. It is claimed that no difficulty was experienced in guiding or turning this new steed, and as a result of this successful experiment, it is already intimated that lines of steam stages will be established through the French provinces.

—A distinguished German professor recently announced that if a drop of human blood was placed under a microscope capable of magnifying it twenty millions times larger, it would show all the kinds of animals that ever have existed, or now exist, on the earth. In the blood of a healthy person the animals are quiet; in that of a sickly person they fight. From this he draws the conclusion that man has within him all the elements from which the universe was created. He further says that if a dead cat was flung in a pool of water and left to decompose, the drops of water would show, when under a microscope, all the animals belonging to the cat species.

—An enormous balloon confined by a cable which unwinds from a drum, is to make hourly ascensions from the middle of the Exhibition, carrying up twenty or twenty-five persons to a hight of three or four hundred feet. It is to be supplied with hydrogen from the decomposition of water by red-hot charcoal, at a cost not over $2.75 per 1,000 feet. The balloon is reported to be a perfect sphere of a diameter of 21 meters (nearly 70 feet!), composed of two very fine and close tissues, cemented together with several coats of caoutchouc varnish and covered with linseed oil. It is calculated that the vast ascensional power will resist material deflection by the wind. The author of the scheme is Mr. Henry Giffard, the inventor of the injector.

—It is a master stroke in "bearing" petroleum stock that a paragraph should be going the rounds widely, showing how petroleum can be safely and has been used for steamboat fuel, combined with vapor from a boiler heated by the furnace thus fed; a mechanical triumph only equaled by that of the boy who held himself aloft by the hair of his head. We can only say that the use of petroleum as fuel in domestic apparatus, either for heating or cooking purposes has, demonstrated the fact that none of its advantages compensate for the infernal stench incident to its combustion. Sea sickness is prevalent enough already, but its ravages will be multiplied ten-fold, especially in steamers going South, when to the odor of bilge water is added the pungent perfume of *bouquet de kerosene.* Such vessels will find their traffic limited mainly to freight, for passengers will avoid all craft pervaded by the aroma in question.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS.

Personal and Literary.

JOHN TYLER, Jr., son of the late ex-President, is lecturing.

ROBERT H. NEWELL (Orpheus C. Kerr) is dangerously ill in New York.

CHARLES SHORT, for the last four years President of Kenyon College, Ohio, has resigned.

TWO VOLUMES of the newspaper contributions of Artemus Ward are to be issued by Carleton, of New York.

IRA ALBRIDGE, grandiloquently announced as "the African Roscius," is coming to this country to perform next fall.

GEN. JO. LANE (formerly of Breckenridge and Lane) still lives, says the *Oregonian*, and is making a new dash at politics.

DR. JOHNSON in his dictionary describes a garret as "a room on the highest floor in the house," and a cockloft as "the room over the garret."

THE Prince of Wales is writing a book about what he saw in the United States. As he frequently saw double, the narrative will be interesting.

H. B. CLAFLIN is said to purchase gold to the amount of $100,000 each day, in Wall street, New York, for the purpose of carrying on his immense business.

JENNY LIND's husband has written an oratorio entitled "Ruth," for the coming musical festival at Hereford, in which Jenny will sustain the leading part.

BISHOP E. THOMPSON, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is about to start on a professional tour to California, Nevada, Oregon, and possibly Idaho and Utah.

GEN. MCCLELLAN and family will return to this country next fall, passage for them having been engaged, in advance, on board the Scotia, which is to sail from Liverpool on the 3d of November.

HORACE GREELEY, Albert Brisbane, Josiah Warren, Ed. Howland, and other philosophers, have issued a call for a meeting in New York July 4th, to discuss the foundation of a School of Social Science.

THE *Bankrupt Reporter* is the title of a periodical soon to be established in New York, which, as its name indicates, will chronicle all the proceedings under the Bankrupt act which may transpire in the North and South.

JOHN SAVAGE HUNT, son of Ward Hunt, Jr., of Utica, has won a silver cup from the class of '64 of Hamilton College, by being the first father of a baby since the class graduated. He had eight other young married men as competitors

A STRANGE man who committed suicide by throwing himself before a locomotive in the Cleveland depot, a week ago has been traced out and found to have been William Woodward, of Taunton, Mass., who has spent several months at Adrain, Mich.

FORNEY has heard Spurgeon preach, and writes home to his "two papers, both daily," that he "would rather be Charles H. Spurgeon, surrounded with the love of the rescued souls of the working people of the parish, than the Lord Bishop of a thousand churches of England."

THE latest story of Bancroft and an outraged grandson, told by a New York correspondent, may be founded on fact or fancy. The historian, as is well known, roughly handled General Schuyler, of Revolutionary fame. "Not long ago," the correspondent says, "Mr. Bancroft met Colonel Hamilton, who is a grandson of Schuyler, and offered him his hand, which Hamilton refused, saying, 'I do not associate with slanderers.'"

ISAAC NEWTON, Commissioner of Agriculture, lately deceased, was born in Burlington county, N. J., on the 31st of March, 1800. He was engaged in agricultural pursuits all his life, and at the time of his death was the owner of a fine farm in Delaware county, Pa. In August, 1861, Mr. Newton was appointed Chief Clerk in the Bureau of Agriculture, then under the protection of the Patent Office. In 1862 he was appointed to the position which he held at the time of his death.

Domestic Paragraphs.

—The total Indian population of the United States consists of between 300,000 and 350,000 souls.

—There are now on the Kansas Pacific Railroad twenty-five good locomotives, seven passenger cars, and four hundred and fifty freight cars.

—An exchange says that there are thirty odd brides now at Niagara Falls. But are the brides odd from eccentricity, or from having been abandoned by their grooms?

—The Postmaster General will, July 1st, establish in various parts of the country 400 new money order Post Offices, which will make the whole number 1,196.

—The New York City Railroads conveyed in 1866 nearly a hundred millions of passengers (93,907,682): an increase of over twelve millions from the previous year.

—Delmonico, who addresses the palate of New York, returns an income of $200,594. Dr Bushnell, who addresses the intellect of the country, returns an income of $400.

—A spring of clear, cold and sparkling water burst up in one of the streets of Paterson, N. J., lately, and still continues to flow away in a limpid stream down the gutters.

—The Bristol (R. I.) *Phœnix* contains an account of private stables just erected in that town for Mr. Samuel Pomeroy Colt, at an expense of $7,000. The hostler's room has a Brussels carpet.

—It turns out that "the drummer boy of the Rappahannock" never crossed the Rappahannock at all at the time of the battle of Fredericksburg, and that he consequently ran away with the rich young woman under false pretenses.

—It is expected that one mile of the railroad up Mount Washington will be completed about the middle of July, and that cars will then run that distance to a place calle Waumbeck Junction, two miles from the top. The average grade of the road is 1,300 feet to the mile.

—An Eastern exchange says: "The 'Athens cut-off' is in the full tide of successful experiment. At least two-thirds of the passengers arriving at Schenectady from the West take the train for Athens. The other third about equally divide themselves between Albany and Troy.

—The electric submarine cable for the contemplated line to Cuba from the coast of Florida is now complete, and will leave England on the 20th inst. July 15 it is expected to be in full working order. Gen. W. F. Smith, of New York, is now in Havana, in furtherance of this important enterprise.

—Since the war a strong Catholic sentiment has been growing up in New Orleans. Hundreds who attended the Episcopal church before the war are now Catholics in sentiment, if not regular communicants, and many attend the Catholic churches who were mildly opposed to them, by force of habit and education, six years ago.

—General Sherman has issued general orders stating that the Union Pacific Railroad shall be well guarded in future, that no Indians will dare to interfere with it. All passengers and freight must be forwarded to the end of the track, and from there will be guarded by sufficient escorts specially provided by him for that purpose.

—Railroad men in California have decided to cover the cuts in the mountains on the Pacific Road, to prevent their being filled up with snow in winter. According to the design adopted, the roofing will have a double support of stout timbers at the eaves and the peaked top, so as to be strong enough to sustain the weight of many tons of snow.

—It is stated that a large business is done in selling revenue and postage stamps which have been already once used, the cancelation of them being washed off in some way. An individual who had offered a stamp of this kind for sale, was brought before the United States Supreme Court in New York a few days ago, and pleading guilty, was fined fifty dollars.

—During May, the aggregate losses in the United States, caused by fire, each involving a loss of at least $20,000, were $2,120,000. The aggregate losses during the year, thus far, have been $16,528,000. From 1859 to 1864, inclusive, the average losses by fire in the United States were about eighteen millions of dollars per annum, while in 1865 they rose to $43,000,000, and in 1866 to $100,000,000. It is supposed that $50,000,000 insurance was paid during the last year for incendiary fires.

—It has long been a matter of wonder with many what becomes of the immense amounts of gold produced in the United States and Australia. The Asiatic continent seems to absorb a large portion of it. It appears from Mr. Taylor's report to the Secretary of the Treasury that since 1851 there has been exported to the East $800,000,000 of silver and $320,000,000 of gold; making a total of $1,120,000,000 of the precious metals which has found that destination within sixteen years. Within the same period the net exports of specie and bullion from the United States have amounted to $670,000,000, while the production of Australia is estimated at $750,000,000, making a total supply from both sources of $1,420,000,000.

Incidents and Accidents.

—The New York *Times* predicts that boys of 18 will be admitted to vote before women are.

—On Sunday, June 16, there were forty funerals at one time waiting, in New York to cross the Brooklyn ferries.

—It is asserted in a New York paper that there are in that city at least seven thousand people who wear false eyes.

—In Franklin county, Mass., the State constables seized a lot of elderberry and rhubarb wine, and locked up the owner.

—Dr. Holmes says that easy-crying widows take new husbands soonest; there is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

—A daughter of Squire Murry, of Olney, Ill., aged 11 years, committed suicide by hanging herself on Thursday afternoon, the 20th.

—The Japanese jugglers in Boston were shown a trick, the other night, when their rooms at the hotel were broken open and robbed of $180 in gold.

—Jackson Benhare, who shot a Mr. Shepherd in Franklin county, Iowa, last summer, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for four years. He is but seventeen years of age.

—A vote of the citizens of Vineland, Cumberland county, N. J., was recently taken on the proposition to license the sale of intoxicating drinks, resulting in a unanimous verdict against license.

—A young fool, named Allen, employed in the Atlantic Iron Work, in Norfolk, Va., nearly lost his life a few days since by the explosion of a shell, into the fuse-hole of which he had thrust a red-hot wire.

—A few days ago, a verdant youth, with his blushing bride, arrived at a fashionable hotel in New York. The head of the family immediately registered his name as "Mr. C—— L—— and lady, Vermont, on a *bridal tower*."

—The vigorous blowing of the steam-whistle upon a North river steamboat, the other day, attracted a swarm of bees, which alighted on the end of a board, which was sawed off, and the whole swarm transfered to a tight box.

—The sharper who sells greenbacks at a discount, and then sell jewelry and refunds the money, and then sells a lot at $5 apiece, and then "lights out," has been operating in Goshen, and took in the folks beautifully.

—A man and his wife in North Brookfield, Mass., have been caught in cutting the hair from their neighbors' cows' tails, for hair to sell to the tin peddlers. The good people of that town think it rather mean, especially as fly-time is at hand.

—In Newcastle, Del., recently a colored man who had killed his brother in a drunken rage was publicly pilloried, then whipped with sixty lashes forced to pay a fine of $5,000, and then taken to prison to be confined for life.

—A gentleman, who was relating an accident he had met with in Cambridge from a fall, was asked by a surgeon if it was near the vertebræ that he had been hurt. "No, sir," was the reply, "it was near the observatory."

—David Clum, of Sand Lake, New York, assigned all his property to his wife some months ago. Recently he wanted to "occupy and possess" it again, on his own account, but the partner of his joys refused; wherefore he went to his barn and hanged himself.

—A man engaged in blasting in Summit county, Ohio, had an iron tube three feet long, blown into his head, where it became firmly imbedded! It entered the forehead and passed through the back of the head, a foot of the tube protruding from each side. He is yet alive.

—The Boston *Advertiser* says that the "blacklegs" invade New England cars to the inconvenience of quiet travelers. A clergyman who seated himself in a smoking car found it almost impossible to resist the importunities of a sharper to hazard a few dollars on "three-card *monte*."

James Brown, aged eight years, while fishing in the river at Poughkeepsie, a few days since, was dragged into the water and drowned. When found his hands still clasped the fish-pole, while upon the hook was a huge eel, which had probably dragged the little fellow overboard.

—An elderly female in Springfield recently set an injured husband on the track of an erring wife, who had "gone off with a man." On catching up with the couple the man was found to be the lady's brother! So the husband was not an abandoned man nor was the wife an abandoned woman.

—A man named August Beck was suffocated by the heavy gas in a deep well in East Brooklyn, yesterday. Simon Groesbeck and August Richie, who attempted to save him, were also suffocated. Another man, named Reuben Barley, escaped with his life. Groesbeck and Ritchie each leave a wife.

—The immense herds of cattle that now roam at will through the wilds of Florida and Georgia, are proving a serious inconvenience to the railroad trains. Scarcely a train runs at night without more or less destruction of stock, and not unfrequently half a dozen at a time are hurled from the track and destroyed.

—On the plantation of Mr. W. C. Turner, of Adams county, Miss., Friday week, Colwell Voss, formerly of the 6th colored infantry, was struck by lightning and killed. He had a steel hoe on his shoulder and was conversing with Mr. Turner. His hair was set on fire, and Mr. Turner burned his hands in extinguishing it.

—There is a lady in Cuba, Alleghany county, N. Y., who is the wife of two peaceable husbands. Her first she thought had been killed in the late war whereas he was only a prisoner. When he returned home and saw that his wife was happy with her second husband, he concluded to let them alone as long as the man behaved well to her.

—The Meriden *Visitor* tells of a suicide at Hanover, in that town, lately, in which a man named Perkins cut his throat and fell dying in the barnyard. We quote:—"In this condition he was found by one of the ladies of the house. 'Oh! is this you, Henry Perkins?' she exclaimed. He lifted his wilting eyes from his weltering gore, and faintly though measurably replied, 'THIS IS HENRY PERKINS,' and expired immediately.

—Says the Meriden *Recorder*: "One murder in Meriden, the past week, and a second man with his brains nearly beaten out, and not expected to live. Rum did it. There were four public prosecutions for drunkenness, in this town, last Monday. And yet the hellish traffic goes on—our eighty-three gin mills run on full time, night and day—and new cribs for the sale of the devil's tipple are constantly being fitted up!"

—A certain negro was so convinced of the lowliness of his race that he was indifferent as to his future state, believing that "dey'll make niggers work even in heaben!" A clergyman tried to argue him out of this opinion, by representing this not to be the case, as there was no work in heaven for him or any one else to do. His answer was, "You gwo 'way, massa; I know better. If dere's no work for the cullud pussons up dar, dey'll make 'em shub de clouds along!"

—A shooting affray occurred at Memphis on Main street, Monday afternoon, between David M. Philp, city editor of the *Bulletin*, formerly a reporter of the Chicago *Times*, and Attorney General Wm. Wallace. Some sharp threats had been made by both sides, it seems, and when they met the affray was inevitable. One or two shots were fired, and some harmless snaps did not fire. Nobody hurt, but both parties were arrested and taken to the station house.

—The Tennessee papers tell a funny story of the exploits of a negro who, a short time since found a bag of gold in a hollow log. He converted his gold into five-twenties, and had over $4,000. He went to New Orleans, worked in a barber-shop, studied evenings, acquired a good knowledge of English and French, and in March last went to Europe as an attendant of an ex-Confederate General, and now turns up as the proprietor of a first-class American restaurant in the Paris Exposition.

—An Eastern paper indulges in the belief that many young men marry various scraps and bits of a wife, instead of the genuine article. It says: "Some young men marry dimples; some ears; some noses; the contest, however, generally lies between the eyes and hair. The mouth, too is occasionally married; the chin not so often." A caution is then given to heedless youth to beware of marrying a curl, however natural-looking; a neck, however swan-like; or a voice, however melodious.

—During the last winter's snow storms the road from Syracuse to Oswego was heavily obstructed. A train which was blocked up on the road had to offer its passengers the usual amount of starvation and impatience in the place of progress. Among the passengers was a lady with a little boy, for whom she had paid half fare. The conductor on his ninety-ninth round—taken, probably, for the purpose of passing away the time—stopped in front of this lady, and looked at the tickets and looked at the boy. "This boy is too large to travel for half fare," said he. "He wasn't when he started!" retorted the mother.

—E. P. Harrington, the Detroit diver, came near losing his life last Wednesday, 19th. He was at work under fifty feet of water, when the air-pipe burst with a loud report. His assistants in the boat immediately drew him up, but the weight of his dress, and the necessarily cramped and inconvenient place in which the men worked, rendered them unable to lift him out or give any further assistance, until a tug-boat came to their relief. Harrington received prompt medical assistance, but was at last accounts in a precarious condition. His neck and face were badly swollen, and shortly after his dress was removed he vomited blood and water.

—I have, says an exchange, seen a woman professing to love Christ more than the world, clad in a silk dress costing $75; making up and trimmings of same, $40; bonnet (or apology for one) $35; velvet mantle, $150; diamond ring, $500; watch, chain, pin and other trappings, $300; total, $1,100—all hung upon frail, dying woman. I have seen her. at a meeting in behalf of homeless wanderers in New York, wipe her eyes upon an expensive embroidered handkerchief at the story of their sufferings, and when the contribution box came round take from a well-filled porte-monnaie of costly workmanship twenty-five cents, to aid the society formed to promote their welfare. Ah, thought I, dollars for ribbons and pennies for Christ.

—Another chapter in the Norwich child-starving case has appeared in the form of a letter from Sarah A. Mann, the alleged paramour of Williams. Miss Mann denies that she practiced free-loveism with Williams, as charged, although, she says, she expected to marry him. She denies the story of cruelty to the child, whom she accuses of testifying falsely against its father. She makes out that a great wrong has been done Williams; that he never was an unkind parent; while his daughter is full of deception and iniquity. Still Miss Mann thinks Williams has gone crazy from placing a "too child-like trust in invisible intelligences." We shall know more about this case soon, as Miss Mann is under $2,000 bonds to appear for trial in September.

—The Red Bluff (Cal.) *Independent* offers this new contribution to the comic literature of telegraphy: A burly Irishman called at the telegraph office during the heavy storm of last week, and desired to send a message to Shasta. Lyon told him he would have to wait a few hours before it could be transmitted, as the line was temporarily disarranged by the storm. "What difference does that make?" asked Pat. "Why, the wire is down—under the water—and we have to wait till it is put up," says Lyon. "Undher wather, is it?" said the Fenian; "that don't hinder it at all, at all. Shure it's only forty miles from here to Shasta, an' its five thousand miles from here to ould Ireland. An' be gorra, I read in the Sacramento *Union* yesterday a whole lot of late news from Dublin and Cor-r-k about the Faynians, an' more about Louis Napoleon writin' to the O'Donohue to borry the loan of Brian Born's blackthorn sthick, to bate Garibaldy and restore the Poap. An' that kem all the way *undher the wather*, so it did. To the divil with yer ould fresh wather telegraph that can't spake forty miles!"

Foreign Gossip.

—A schoolmaster's salary in Prussia averages $30 a year.

—Ten thousand people died of small-pox in Great Britain last year.

—Baron Brisse, the Paris epicure, commends grilled mackerel with truffles.

—Gambling is on the increase in England. The upper classes are the most playful.

—Three thousand Brazilians have died of cholera at Curuzu. Curuzu is evidently not curative.

—The metaphorical soft side of a pine board is realized in flannel blankets made from white pine, which are used in the Vienna hospitals.

—The people of Central City, Col., have subscribed $5,000, to be paid for Indian Scalps "with the ears on," at the rate of $20 a piece.

—The Princess of Prussia gave her brother, Alfred of England a hearty kiss upon suddenly meeting him in the Exposition. The smack astonished the crowd like a pistol shot.

—A railway is almost finished over Mount Cenis. It is promised to be completed by the first of September, when the trip from Paris to Turin will be reduced to twenty-two hours.

—About the Paris Exposition, the latest report is that it is a failure pecuniarily. A daily attendance of forty thousand is necessary to pay the running expenses, and it has thus far fallen short of that.

—Sir John Pakington asks Parliament to pay £63,000 for billiard tables for the use of the officers in the army. The British papers recalcitrate against it. They say it is unprecedented and absurd.

—What a mellifluous language is the Italian! In that sweet tongue the celebrated composer of "Il Trovatore" is known as Il Signor Guiseppe Verdi. In English he would be plain Joseph Green.

—Speaking of the pious uses of the turf, *Punch* asks who, after this year's Derby, will dare say that racing is a sinful amusement? Think of £100,000 carried off from a Rake by a Hermit for the benefit of a Chaplain!

—An Englishman lately sold his child, in an ale house, to one Runcum, for eight pence. The mother of the child protested against the bargain, but Runcum refused to surrender the child until compelled by a magistrate.

—A pretty little Jewish prima donna in Brussels was courted by a young lawyer and finally married him in consideration of his embracing the Jewish persuasion. Such persuasion as she offered he was only to willing to embrace.

—The proposed London aqueduct to bring water from the Westmoreland lakes, as estimated, will be one hundred and thirty-eight miles long, and deliver 83,000,000 gallons a day, and cost over $22,000,000.

—The Viceroy of Egypt, it is said, has lately been enriched by the discovery of about $10,000,000 in ingots and gold coin, buried in the garden of a Coptic Convent. Agreeably to a promise made to the finder, in advance, the latter was to keep a third of what he might dig up.

—The *Allgemeine Zeitung* says that a merchant of Trieste, who has been for some time in Egypt and made the Suez canal the object of his particular study, reports that at least ten years must elapse before the first large ship can cross from the Red sea into the Mediterranean.

—A diamond, weighing between 21 and 22 karats, it is reported, has been found on the Orange river, in Southern Africa. The government at the Cape of Good Hope has taken the matter in hand, and we shall soon know whether that is to be, as predicted, one of the diamond-producing countries of the world.

—A naturalist traveling in a railway car in England, was required by the guard to send a small and playful monkey into the dog-van because he was a dog. Taking a tortoise from his coat pocket the naturalist asked the guard if that, too, was a dog. After minute inspection he replied, "No, sir—them's all right—*them be hinsexs!*"

—The Spaniards are trying to bring their national game—bull-fights—into fashion at the Paris Fair. No permission as yet has been granted. Spain possesses now one hundred circuses of solid stone masonry—thirty-five in the capitals, and sixty-five in the provincial towns. The largest circus in Valencia has room for 16,816 persons.

—When Mons. Ratazzi took possession of the Italian ministry he found 40,000 petitions, 35,000 from Venetia alone asking for the order of St. Maurice and Lazere. People of Europe think themselves undressed if they have not a bit of ribbon in their button-hole. It is the fig leaf of continental civilization.

—The Corsican journals give an account of a duel which lately took place in that country. Three brothers on one side against three others of a different family, met in a wood, armed with axes and poinards, and an indiscriminate *melee* took place. None of them were killed, but all were wounded and some are maimed for life.

—The Prussian journals are indignant because the ex-queen of Hanover (so 'tis said) has entered into a "conspiracy" with certain Hanover bankers to send the ex-king, her husband, $40,000 dollars of money which was once his own. They call this an abuse of Prussian hospitality The bankers have been arrested and the money confiscated.

—A boy who joined the Phœbe, a British steam corvette, as a midshipman, was seized by his fellow-middies, lashed to a gun-carriage, and the "broad arrow" of the navy, with which Her Majesty's stores are usually marked, was indelibly tattooed on the unoffending victim's nose. The ringleader in the outrage, who ought to have been doubly tattooed, was only dismissed the ship as a punishment.

—A correspondent of the London *Cosmopolitan* notes the fact that at the laying of the first stone of the Hall of Arts by the Queen recently, the flag of every nation, except that of the United States, floated from the building. As the flags were provided by the Admiralty, it may be pertinent to say that perhaps the American ensigns captured and lodged at the Admiralty are so few that they don't like to risk them out of their custody.

—The Emperor of Russia seems to have made the most of his time in Paris. He telegraphed in advance for a private box at the well-known theatre, Varieties, of the Boulevard Montmartre, and went to see the buffoonery of that play-house on the very evening of his arrival in Paris. On Sunday, like a good Greek, he went to church in the morning, in the Russian church; in the afternoon, like a bad Frenchman, he regaled himself at the races, in company with the French Emperor.

—Jerusalem, in 1866, contained a population of 18,000, of whom 5,000 were Mohammedans, 9,000 Jews, and 4,000 Christians of various denominations. Two lines of telegraph connect Jerusalem with Europe, and the chief business of the people is the manufacture of soap and what is called Jerusalem ware, consisting of chaplets, crucifixes, beads, crosses and the like, made principally of mother-of-pearl and olive wood, and sold to the pilgrims who annually repair to the Holy City to the number of from 6,000 to 8,000.

—The shortest passage yet made across the Atlantic has been made by the new German steamship Cimbria. She left Hamburg at the same time that the Persia left Queenstown, and came into New York harbor but a short distance behind the Persia. She made the run of 3,491 miles, from Hamburg to New York, in ten days and seventeen hours, which is equivalent to nine days seven hours from Southampton, or eight days and seven hours from Queenstown. The Cimbria thus beats the Persia, once the crack ship of the Cunard line, about two days. The average speed of the Cimbria was 326 miles a day.

—The island of Ratatea is ruled over by a King who is a son of the well-known Queen Pomare. Having been persecuted by his people on account of his fondness for alcoholic liquors, he determined to have his little weakness constitutionally guaranteed. At the recent session of the Parliament, he drew up, and presented for them to pass, a law by which he was authorised to get drunk whenever and wherever he wished. The Parliament modified it, allowing him to get drunk whenever he wished, but not outside of his palace. The King, not liking the law as amended, vetoed it, and some of his subjects began to rebel. The King called upon a French Governor of one of the neighboring islands to interfere in his behalf.

—The following extremely civil note, picked up at sea in a bottle by some Kroomen off Grand Dollah, west coast of Africa, was evidently written by one of that class of persons who do not forget their politeness even under the most trying circumstances:—

"SHIP DOVER CASTLE, Jan. 13, '67.

"Mr. Alfred Dawes begs to inform his friends at 23 East Cliff, Dover, that the ship is about to go down; he begs that his friends will pay all his bills, and trusts that Nora will get over it in time. The ship is two days' sail from the Line, outward bound. Anybody who gets this will oblige Mr. Dawes by putting it in the *Times* newspaper. And now, as I have not much longer to live, believe me, yours,

"A. DAWES."

—Among Messrs. Schneider & Co's 10,000 workmen, 500 have within the last six years become proprietors of the comfortable model cottages erected by the firm. They form altogether quite a large town, of not less than 23,000 inhabitants, whose natural increase proves by statistics to be four times the average of France in general, the mortality of children being remarkably small. There is no poverty from sickness, accident or death, for the unfortunate are amply provided for by the provident fund to which all able to work pay 2½ per cent. of their wages. The fund now amounts to $60,000, and there are also $50,000 of the workmen's wages in the savings banks. There is no magistrate, no lawyer, and no policeman in the community, and the number of crimes is less than the average proportion of the country at large.

—Among the numerous experiments which may be made with Ruhmkorff's machine, there is a remarkable one imagined by M. Chautard, professor of natural philosophy at Nancy. A quantity of flowers of sulphur is mixed with a small proportion of iron filings, or better still, with iron reduced by hydrogen, in which case it is in quite an impalpable state; zinc and copper filing may also be added in small quantities. The mixture which must be as complete as possible, is then thrown on a pane of glass or a dry brick, so as to form a heap two or three centimetres in height, and much longer than it it is broad. If the ends of the wires of Ruhmkorff's machine be now inserted into the heap, so as to be two or three centimetres' distance from each other, and the current made to pass through, a violent explosion of the mass takes place, a sort of crater is formed, whence magnificent sheaves of fire will be seen to issue, much resembling the bouquet of fireworks, and, like it, displaying different colors. It is in reality a miniature volcano with subterranean noises, and ejections of boiling water.

Even in France they do not manage the title to railway seats to the complete satisfaction and peace of travelers. Mme. Doche, the actress, was returning to Paris from the provinces. She got out at a station and placed her shawl in her seat to show she put in continual claim to it. Upon her return she found it occupied by an old lady. Mme. Doche insisted the place belonged to her. The old lady declared railway law to be first come first served. Mme. Doche went to call the railway officials, but by the time she could summon them the starting bell rang, and she was obliged to take refuge in the first carriage open—it was the smoking-carriage, and she detests tobacco. The next station was two hours distant, for it was an express train. Suffocated even more by anger than tobacco smoke, Mme. Doche leaped from the carriage, ran to her old carriage, opened the door, and screamed at the elderly lady: "Will you give me my seat now?" "No." "Well, we'll see!" Mme. Doche opened the door and sat herself in the old lady's lap, screaming: "I shall go to Paris in this way unless you give me my seat." The passengers leaped from their carriages thinking there must be an assassination, and when they saw the cause of the scandal they laughed heartily. The old lady fainted, and Mme. Doche took possession of her seat.

Farm and Stock.

THE Dutch Government has ordered 7,000 head of cattle to be shot and buried in a single week to prevent the spread of the cattle disease. The owners resisted in some instances, and men were killed and two wounded by the soldiers.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *American Agriculturist* says that rats dislike coal tar very much, and that he is in the habit of daubing it about their holes and runs, with good results coal tar mixed with sand to the consistency of thick mortar, is an effectual stopper to rat-holes.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* tried a number of experiments in potato planting, from which it seems that small potatoes are not desirable to be used, giving a less yield, but in all cases, there seemed be difference in size of the potatoes produced from large, small or medium seed.

THE *Rural World* recommends, where one has a cow that has grown old and it is desired to fatten her, that the fattening process begin in the Spring after the cow has calved. Feed with meal, good hay, cut grass, corn fodder, and by Fall the cow will make fair beef after giving a good supply of milk.

W. M. MERWIN, of Milford, Conn., who has tried nearly all the said-to-be leading varieties of grapes, give his preference for the Concord. He says: "For all places and under all circumstances it will be a hard matter to find the grape that will take the preference over the Concord. In my opinion it has yet to be introduced."

THE varieties of the tomato should be grown as remote from each other as the extent of the ground will admit of, for the reason that their fructifying influences when they are in bloom, injure each other, and make the varieties impure, just as cucumbers and muskmelons destroy each other's flavor when growing close together. Cucumbers will taste of melons and melons taste of cucumbers.

A FARMER in Iowa destroyed the grub-worms that were destroying his corn by catching moles and putting them in his corn field. The moles may be caught by the use of cows' horns with the pith out. So says an exchange, but we think those farmers who have tried to rid their fields of moles would have little confidence in that kind of trap. There is no doubt that moles destroy a large number of insects and grubs.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE correspondent sends the following to the New York Farmers' Club: "Aunt Chloe was famed the country round for her johnny cakes. A lady being delighted with one she had made for breakfast, requested her to tell her exactly how she made it. She replied as follows: 'I took I don't know just how much milk, perhaps a pint or more—like's any way it 'ud ben better ef I'd had more—then I put in meal enough to make it just right for thickness—don't want it too thick or too thin, but I hadn't quite meal enough, and I was too confounded lazy to get any more, so I took the flour box and poured it right in, about half a box full, and that made it just right for thickness. Then the saleratus—I guess I know justly how much there was of that, for I took it up three times on the end of a spoon, and when I put it in, it was all of a foam, and then I jerked it into the oven.

◆

TOBACCO.

The Doctor leans back on his old settee,
  A-puffing a rank cigar,
And he grins a grin, so pleased is he
  To puff the smoke afar;
And he snuffs and snuffs, and puffs and puffs,
  Like a man with a bad catarrh!

His boon companion beside him sits,
  And a stale old quid he chaws;
And a plug of weed, which he bites into bits,
  He holds in his dirty paws;
And he sits and sits, and squirts and spits
  The slime from his juicy jaws.

And happy are they as a pair of twins,
  A-spitting and slobbering there,
With a dirty spittoon between their shins,
  Which they hold with the greatest care,
Forgetting their debts and forgetting their sins,
  And forgetting the need of prayer.

Items Comique.

—An exquisite divine put the finishing touch to a marriage ceremony when he concluded by saying: "I now pronounce you husband and lady."

—It's rather remarkable that while several thousand feet are required to make one rood, a single foot, properly applied, is often sufficient to make one civil.

—A country editor, describing the bonnets now in fashion, says: "They have a downward slant that reminds one of a vicious cow with a board across her eyes."

—A darkey preacher was telling how Adam was the first man created, and set against the fence to dry. An old brother who sometimes had lucid ideas, interrupted him and said: "If dat am true, who made de fence?" Pass around de sasser.

—The other evening, a gentleman's button caught hold of the fringe of a lady's shawl. "I am attached to you," said the gentleman, laughing, while he was industriously trying to get loose. "The attachment is mutual," was the good-humored reply.

—An old lady who was about to breathe her last received a call from an acquaintance ignorant of the mortal illness The answer sent down from the chamber of the departing sufferer was memorably unique: "Madame —— sends her compliments to Madame ——, but begs to be excused, *as she is engaged in dying!*"

—An absent minded professor, in going out of the gateway of his college, ran against a cow. In the confusion of the moment he raised his hat, and exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, madame." Soon after he stumbled against a lady in the street; in sudden recollection of his former mishap, he called out: "Is that you again, you brute?"

—A publisher of a paper made arrangements with a man in a neighboring town to furnish him with news items from that locality. The result of the arrangement was as follows, and was rather startling to the editor: 'There iz not much noos arond here yit, but there iz a littul. A man had hiz hed cut in a fite last nite, the docktur says if he don t git well before mornin, that he will hev to die sartan he leves 1 small wife and family. Another man iz sick and I gess he'z got the kolery but sum people say hiz wife pizened him; the docktur kant tell yet, but when he dies they air goin to hold a *post morting* over him, and find out whats the matter. Another mans horse dide last nite. He cood eat moar then enny 5 cattul round, and since he dide oats hev gone down tu sents on a bushell. This iz all the noos here now. Don't forgit to send a papur. YOUR KORRESPUNDINT."

—Mr. Smithson (an improvement on the celebrated name of Smith,) wished to take Miss Browuly (another improvement) to the opera. He had been on terms of intimacy with the family for about five years, but "never spoke of love;" on the contrary, he had frequently declared his intention of leading a bachelor's life. Once he put his hand to the bell-handle and was admitted. "Oh! James," exclaimed Miss Jane, "where have you kept yourself so long?" This took Smithson a little aback, for he had spent the preceding evening with the family. Before he could answer, however, Jane's brothers and sisters (eight or ten in number,) had gathered about him. Summoning all his courage, he said: "I have come to ask you——" "Not here, James; not—now—oh!" "That is," stammered Smithson, "if you're not engaged——" "Oh! oh! water—quick!" "What's that?" inquired her father; "who says engaged?" "I did not mean——" said Smithson, in conclusion. "Of course not," continued Mr. Browuly, "you've always been our favorite!" Then advancing and taking poor Smithson's hand, he said: "Take her—she's a good girl and loves you to distraction. May you ever be as happy as the day is long!" Thereupon father and mother and children crowded around Smithson and wished him joy, and company coming in at that moment, the affair was told to them as a profound secret. So Smithson got a wife without popping the question, and almost before he knew it himself. But we cannot help thinking he was hurried into matrimony.

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AN OLD AXE.—A few days since, Nathan Salisbury, Esq., living in East Scott, Cortland County, found a very peculiar axe. The circumstances are as follows: At an early day, when Mr. Salisbury, in company with others, was chopping and clearing the forest of his newly acquired farm, they came upon a very large hemlock standing near the stream. After cutting the tree down, Mr. Salisbury discovered that what appeared to be the heart of the tree, was really a separate tree from the one just fallen. On examination, it was found that this tree within a tree had been girdled at some previous time, leaving a small portion uncut so that the sap had continued to traverse the trunk until its growth had completely overgrown the girdling, and another tree was formed, growing to enormous dimensions.

A few days since, near the trunk of that tree about twelve inches below the surface, was found this peculiar axe. It is about ten inches in length, by three and one-fourth inches on the cut or edge. It is made of iron. Now, what is remarkable about this tree and axe, is this—that the girdling or packing of the inner tree corresponds precisely with the axe found, and counting the concentric rings of the growth of the outer tree, is found the remarkable fact that the inner tree was girdled about one hundred years before the landing of the Pilgrims. Who was in that locality using an axe three hundred and fifty-seven years ago?

◆

—It is related as a singular instance of ignorance in our own resources in naval warfare, that while the Monitor's 15-inch guns were used originally with only thirty-five pounds of powder, since the war a charge of one hundred pounds has been safely used; while at the recent trial of the 20-inch gun at Fort Hamilton, the charges were gradually raised from one hundred and twenty-five pounds of mammoth-grain powder at the first shot to two hundred pounds at the fourth shot. It was only a short time since that it was considered quite a feat when a hundred pounds were fire in a 20-inch gun, in an experiment in New York harbor, although the charge was so small in proportion to the bore that the artillerists had to ram it in with a cushion of hay to bring it up to the vent. With the knowledge of the real power of the gun, our means of demolishing enemies' vessels and forts is vastly increased. It is certain that a ball weighing 1,080 pounds, propelled by the explosive force of two hundred pounds of powder, is sure to make the splinters fly wherever it hits.

◆

—The most curious idea has recently been patronized in the very highest quarters—namely, mourning bouquets chiefly composed of sombre leaves and weeping, head-hanging flowers of dull colors.

◆

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 28, 1867.

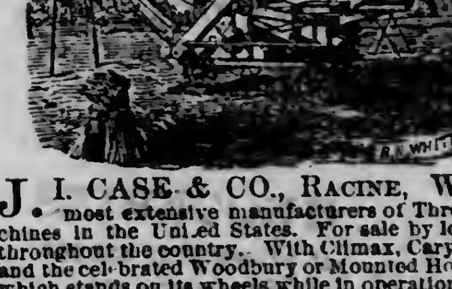
FLOUR—Trade Brands	$11.30	@	$12.70
WHEAT—No. 2 Milwaukee Spring	2.18	@	2.20
RYE—Western	1.20	@	1.35
BARLEY—Western	1.15	@	1.18
CORN—Sound Western Mixed	1.10	@	1.12
OATS—New Western	.78	@	.80
PORK—Western Mess	21.00	@	21.25
BEEF CATTLE—Fair Western Steers	16.00	@	17.00
GOLD—1.38⅜.			

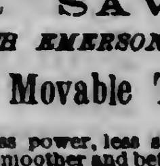
CHICAGO, June 28, 1867.

BEEVES—Medium to Fair	6.25	@	7.25
BUTTER—Good Tub	.12	@	.16
FLOUR—Winter White	14.00	@	15.00
Spring Extra	8.75	@	10.50
GRAIN—Corn No. 1	.82	@	.88
Oats—Nos. 2	.58	@	.59
Rye No. 1	1.05	@	1.06
WHEAT—New Spring No. 1	2.20	@	2.25
" " No. 2	1.83	@	1.84
Barley—No. 2	.90	@	.92
HOGS—Live Medium	5.25	@	5.50
HOPS—Western	50	@	.55
LARD—No. 1	.11½	@	.12
PORK—New Mess	20.75	@	21.00

CINCINNATI, June 28, 1867.

FLOUR—Family	11.50	@	13.00
WHEAT—No. 1 Winter	2.70	@	2.75
CORN—Shelled	.76	@	.78
OATS—Nos. 1@2	.64	@	.66
RYE—No. 1	1.20	@	1.25
BACON—Shoulders and Sides	.09	@	.11
PORK—Regular Mess	20.55	@	21.00
LARD	.11½	@	.12





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AND

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT

TIN WARE

A Good Assortment

OF

Knives, Axes, Saws, Files, Lock Joiners Tools, Shovels, Picks, Fork &c, &c.

ALSO

MANUFACTURERS

AND

Dealers in Sheet Iron and Tin Ware, Stoves, Hollow Ware and House Furnishing Goods.

☞ All job work done in the best style, and warranted.

At the New Store, opposite Henry Young's, 3d Street.

Chaska Minn.

FABER & CO.

Dealers in

GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS

DRY GOODS

CLOTHING

Hats, Caps, Boots & Shoes:

HARDWARE.

Highest Cash price paid for farmers produce.

Old Stand, Brick Store corner of Walnut & Second street

CHASKA, MINN J1stlyr

NEW GOODS,

Just received a large and very fine stock of new and seasonable

DRESS GOODS

Which will be sold at lower prices than for the past four years.

ALSO

Standard Sheetings,

Shirtings, Denims, Stripes, Ticking, Drilling, and a good assortment of cloths for men's summer wear

GROCERIES

at prices that cannot fail to give perfect satisfaction.

C. A. WARNER & CO.

Chaska, May 6th.

PELOUBET ORGANS

AND MELODEONS,

Unanimously awarded the First Prize, A Gold Medal,

"As the Best Cabinet Organs,"

American Institute, New York, Oct. 1865.

Being pronounced superior in quality, Power, and variety of Tone, and in number of comb nations.

"As the best instruments of America were there contending, whichever won the battle would have nothing left to conquer."—American Art Journal, (edited by a well-known musical critic.)

They have also taken the first premium wherever exhibited this season.

Pedal Organs, one, two, and three banks of keys—six sizes—$250 to $1,500. Without pedals, single and double bank, in great variety, $65 to $350. These Organs, with their smooth pipe-like quality of tone, beautiful solo stops, strength of chorus, unequalled pedals, and general organ-like effects, are superior for Churches, Halls, Palors, and Schools. They are put up in cases of solid Walnut, fancy veneered Walnut (new and unique styles,) and elegant Rosewood, of splendid designs and finish, and of the best workmanship!—in being intended that each instrument shall be a model of its class. All instruments, down to a fine octavo portable Melodeon, have the beautiful Tremolante stop, without extra charge.

A large assortment constantly on hand at our General Wholesale and Retail Warerooms, 841 Broadway.

Our Illustrated Circular and Price Lists, with our new styles, are now ready. Send for a circular.

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Manufacturers, No. 841 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Empire Shuttle Sewing Machines

Are superior to all others for

FAMILY AND MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

Contain all the latest improvements; are speedy; noiseless; durable; and easy to work.

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PHOTOGRAPHS FOR THE MILLION ! !

I will send, post-paid, 50 Photographs of the most celebrated Actors for 50 cents; 50 Actresses for 50 cents; 50 Union Generals for 50 cts; 50 Rebel Generals for 50 cents; 50 Statesmen for 50 cents; 50 beautiful young Ladies for 50 cents: 50 fine looking young Gentlemen for 50 cents; 6 large Photographs of French Dancing Girls, in costume, beautifully colored, exactly as they appear, for 50 cents; or for 50 cents, 6 of the most beautiful Ladies of the Parisian Ballet Troupe, as they appear in the play of the Black Crook, at Niblo's Garden, New York.

Send all orders to P. O, Box 177, Troy, N Y.

may 25 1y.

FUN FOR ALL!

Full instructions by which any person, male or female, can master the great art of Ventriloquism by a few hours' practice, making a world of fun, and after becoming experts themselves, can teach others, thereby making it a source of income. Full instructions sent by mail for 50 cents. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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BALM OF MYRRH!

Is a sure remedy for the curse of bad breath, no matter from what source the disease may arise. What young lady or gent will not make an effort to remove this disagreeable evil when it can be done for One Dollar, sent to your address post paid, by mail, and a speedy cure guaranteed, or money refunded. All orders must be addressed to H. DORR, Albany, N. Y., sole Agent for the United States,

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FALSE WHISKER

AND

MOUSTACHE.

A Beautiful Pair of False Moustaches and Whiskers, of French Manufacture, so perfect they cannot be detected from the genuine, will be sent post pale by mail to any address. Great attention is paid in the manufacture of these articles by one of the best artists in Paris, M. L. FOUCHE, who is the best manufacturer in Europe. Moustaches, $1.00; Side Whiskers, $3,00; Full Beard, $5.00 Address,

H. DORR.

Albany, N. Y.

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GREAT

WATCH SALE!

2000 Watches. Patent Lever Movements, full jewelled, Hunting Cases, Sterling Silver, Beautifully Engraved and in every respect first class Timers. To be sold at six dollars each, being less than three-fourths the cost of manufacturing. These watches are retailed by Jewellers at from $15 to $18, the actual cost to the manufacturer being $9 each. This stock of watches was purchased at a Bankrupt Sale in London, and are now offered at such extremely low figures, that all may possess a correct Time-keeper at a merely nominal sum. Every watch warranted for 2 years. Parties ordering them sent by mail must enclose 36 cents extra to prepay postage. Money enclosed in a well sealed letter may be sent at my risk. Address all orders to

MARTIN CONNOR

may 25 1y Albany, N. Y.

ONE DOLLAR A PIECE!

A Good Gold Pen And Ebony Holder

For ONE DOLLAR.

Manufactured by the American Gold Pen Company. These pens are now being used extensively throughout the Eastern States and are warranted in each and every case. Parties purchasing who are not satisfied can return them and receive their money back. All orders must be accompanied with the cash as we send no goods C. O. D.

Address all orders to

E. M. CONNOR,

Agent American Gold Pen Company,

may 25 1y Troy, N. Y.

PETER ILTIS,

DEALER IN

Groceries & Provisions,

Farmers Produce,

Sugar, Teas, Coffee, &c.

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—FOR THE—

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—AND—

ILL. CENT. RAILWAYS.

FORWARDING & COMMISSION

GENERAL

Transportation Agent.

OFFICES AND WAREHOUSES—The NEWTRANSFER HOUSE of the St. Paul & Pacific railroad and Simpson's Block, Lower Levee.

LEGAL NOTICES.

State of Minnesota }
County of Carver } S. S.
In Probate Court. }

At a special term of the Probate Court held in and for said County of Carver Minnesota on the 20th day of June 1867 in the matter of the estate of Michael Wasserman late of said County deceased, on reading and filing the oath and petition of Mary Wasserman widow praying for reason therein set forth that letters of administration issue to Henry E. Wolff, It is ordered that Monday the 15th day of July 1867 at 11 o'clock A. M. at the office of the Judge of Probate in said County, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and all persons interested in said estate are required to appear at the time and place aforesaid and show cause why said petition should not be granted, and it is further ordered that said petitioner give notice of the pendency of said petition by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Valley Herald for three successive weeks previous to the said day of hearing.

Dated Chaska June 20th, 1867.

J. A. SARGENT, Judge of Probate.

NEW

HARNESS SHOP

THIRD STREET, CHASKA, MINNESOTA.

Dealer in

Saddlery Hardware,

WHIPS, BELLS, BUFFALOES, TRIMMINGS, &c.

AND

Trunks, Valises, &c. &c.

I am also prepared to repair all kinds of work in my line,

ALSO

Carriage Trimming

AND

Upholestering.

Keep constantly on hand a good assortment of new Harness, for both fancy and for work teams.

The best of workmen only employed. Give me a call and I guarantee satisfaction.

E. ELLSWORTH.

Manhood: How Lost, How Restored.

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure (without medicine) of Spermatorrhoea, or Seminal Weakness Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance.

☞ Price, in sealed envelope, only 6 cents.

The celebrated author, in this admirable essay clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerers use of internal medicine or the application of the knife—pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, to any address, in a plain sealed envelope, on the receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Also Dr. Culverwell's "Marriage Guide," price 25 cents. Address the publishers.

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MARVIN is selling CROCKERY and GLASS WARE at

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With the largest stock of Goods ever kept in the State he is able to supply every demand in his line of business.

Importing his goods direct from Europe, and personally selecting them he is able and willing to sell CHEAP No necessity exists for Merchants to go further, as there is not a larger nor better selected stock in the North-west.

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Books, Stationery,

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☞ Retail Dealers supplied at lowest rates.

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Dealer in, Notions, Toys and

Fancy Goods,

of every discription.

WITH D. D. MERRILL AT,

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S. L. BAILEY, & CO.,

Are now prepared to offer an entire new stock of

Furniture,

Consisting of

Wardrobes, Sideboards, Bureaus Bedsteads, Wash Stands, Breakfast. Desert, Dining and Extension Tables, Lounges, Cribs, Walnut cane-seat Chairs, flag & wood-seat Sofas, Tete-a-Tetes, Easy and Parlor Chairs, Marble-Top Tables, Gilt and Rose Wood Mouldings, Varnish and innumerable other goods belonging to the

FURNITURE BUSINESS.

VARNISHES

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OVAL FRAMES, PICTURES &c.

To those wishing to buy for cash we, would solicit an examination of our stock and prices.

Upholstering Done to Order.

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Respectfully,

S. L. BAILEY, & CO.

J. DELAMATER.

U. S. ASSISTANT ASSESSOR.

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Hartford, Con,—Assets 4,067.455.80

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CHARTER OAK LIFE INS.

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Hartford, Conn.—Assets 1,501,867,24

Policies of Insurance issued against loss or damage by fire and perils of Inland transportation.

Losses Adjusted and Paid promptly at the place where the *Policy* is *Issued.*

Will attend promptly, to Collections, Paying of Taxes, &c.

OFFICE, IN THE COURT HOUSE.

CHASKA MINNESOTA.

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JUST RECEIVED

BY

G. RUDOLPH,

A Fine and Large Stock of

FURNITURE,

FOR THE

Parlor, Dinging Room, and Chamber

Consisting o

Rockers, Chairs, Tables, Bureaus, Stands, Beadsteads, Lounges, Looking Glasses, Picture Frames and Mouldings furnished, &c. &c.

He manufactures and repairs all kinds of work skillfully, and can therefore offer better inducements to patrons than those being obliged to sell second-handed.

Give him a visit. Nov 8 1y.

YOUNG MEN,

The experience of the past ten years has demonstrated the fact that reliance may be placed in the efficacy of

Bell's Specific Pills,

for the speedy and permanent cure of Seminal weakness, Emissions, Physical and Nervous debility, Impotence, or want of power, the result of Sexual Excess, or Youthful Indiscretion, which neglected, ruins the happiness, and unfits the sufferer for Business, Social Society or Marriage, and often terminates in an untimely grave. Make no delay in seeking the remedy. It is entirely vegetable and harm less on the system, can be used without detection or interference with business pursuits, and no change of diet is necessary while using them. Price One Dollar

If you cannot get them of your druggist, send the money to Dr. J, Bryan, 819 Broadway, New York, and they will be sent free from observation by return of mail.

Private Circulars to Gentlemen sent free on application.

TO LADIES.

If you require a reliable remedy to restore you, and remove Irregularities or Obstructions, why not use the best? Thirty years experience has proved that

Dr. Harvey's Female Pills

have no equal for Removing Obstructions and Irregularities, No matter from what cause they arise. They are safe and sure in every case. Price, One Dollar, per box.

Dr. Harvey's Golden Pills

Is a remedy four degrees stronger than the above, and intended for special cases of long standing. Price, Five Dollars per Box.

A Ladies' Private Circular, with Engravings, sent free on application.

If you cannot get the Pills of your druggist, send the money to Dr. J. Bryan, 819 Broadway, New York, and they will be sent free from observation by return of mail.

AVOID THE QUACKS.

A gentleman who was a victim to the Indiscretion common to Youth, which resulted in Seminal Weakness, Nightlo Emission, Nervousness and Physicial Incapacity, and came near ending his days in hopeless misery, but who is now fully restored to health, will send free of charge, the simple prescription that cured him after the failure of many other remedies. Address.

EDGAR TREMAINE, Station D, New York.

New Advertisements.

CRISPER COMA.

Oh! she was beautiful and fair,
With starry eyes, and radiant hair,
Whose curling tendrils soft, entwined,
Enchained the very heart and mind.

CRISPER COMA,

For Curlidg the Hair of either Sex into Wavy and Glossy Ringlets or Heavy Massive Curls.

By using this article Ladies and Gentlemen can beautify themselves a thousand fold. It is the only article in the world that will curl straight hair, and at the same time give it a beautiful, glossy appearance. The Crisper Coma not only curls the hair, but invigorates, beautifies and cleanses it; is highly and delightfully perfumed, and is the most complete article of the kind ever offered to the American public. The Crisper Coma will be sent to any address, sealed and postpoid for $1.

Address all orders to

W. L. CLARK & CO., Chemists,

No. 8 West Fayette Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

m30 1y.

Reaparator Capilli.

Throw away your false frizzes, your swithes, your wig—
Destructive of comfort, and not worth a fig;
Come aged, come youthful, come ugly and fair,
And rejoice in your own luxurant hair.

REAPARATOR CAPILLI.

For restoring hair upon bald heads, (from whatever cause it may have fallen out) and forcing a growth of hair upon the face, it has no equal. It will force the beard to grow upon the smoothest face in from five to eight weeks or hair upon bald heads in from two to three months. A few ignorant practitioners have asserted that there is nothing that will force or hasten the growth of the hair or beard. Their assertions are false, as thousands of living, witness (from their own experience) can bear witness. But many will say, how are we to distinguish the genuine from the spurious? It certainly is difficult, as nine-tenths of the different Preparations advertised for the hair and beard are entirely worthless, and you may have already thrown away large amounts in their purchase. To such we would say, try the Reparator Capilli; it will cost you nothing unless it fully comes up to our representattions. If your Druggist does not keep it, send us one dollar and we will forward it, postpaid, together with a receipt for the money, which will be returned to you on application, providing entire satisfaction is not given.

Address,

W. L, CLARK & CO., Chemists,

No. 8 West Fayette Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

m30 1y

Wonderful but True.

MADAME REMINGTON, the world-renowned Astrologist and Somnambulistic Clairvoyant, while in a clairvyant state, delineates the very features of the person you are to marry, and by the aid of an instrument of intense power, known as the Psychomotrope, guarantees to produce a perfect and lifelike picture of the future husband or wife of the applicant with date of marriage, occupation, leading traits of character, &c. This is no imposition, as testimonials without number can assert. By stating place of birth, age, disposition, color of eyes and hair, and enclosing fifty cents, and stamped envelope addressed to yourself, you will receive the picture by return mail, together with desired information.

☞ Address in confidence, Madame Gertrude Remington, P, O. Box 297, West Troy, N Y.

m30 1y.

There cometh glad tidings of joy to all,
To young and to old, to great and to small;
The beauty which once was so precious and rare,
Is free for all, and all may be fair.

By the use of

CHASTELLAR'S

WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL,

For Improving and Beautifying the Complexion.

The most valuable and perfect preparation in use, for giving the skin a beautiful pearl-like tint, that is only found in youth. It quickly removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Moth Patches, Sallowness, Eruptions, and all impurities of the skin, kindly healing the same leaving the skin white and clear as alabaster. Its use can not be detected by the closest scrutiny, and being a vegetable preparation is perfectly harmless. It is the only article of the kind used by the French, and is considered by the Parisian as indispensable to a perfect toilet. Upwards of 80,000 bottles were sold during the past year, a sufficient guarantee of its efficacy. Price only 75 cents. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of an order, by

BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists.

m6 1y 285 River St., Troy, N. Y.

EXCELSIOR! EXCELSIOR!!

CHASTELLAR'S Hair Exterminator!!

For Removing Superfluous Hair.

To the ladies especially, this invaluable depilatory recommends itself as being an almost indispensible article to female beauty, is easily applied, does not burn or injure the skin, but acts directly on the roots. It is warranted to remove superfluous hair from low foreheads, or from any part of the body, completely, totally and radically extirpating the same leaving the skin soft, smooth and natural. This is the only article used by the French, and is the only real effectual depilatory in existence. Price 75 cents per package, sent post-paid, to any address on receipt of an order, by

BERGER, SHUTTS, & Co., Chemists

m6 1y 285 River St., Troy, N. Y.

Free to Everybody.

A Large 6 pp. Cirular, giving information of the greatest importance to the young of both sexes.

It teaches how the homely may become beautiful, the despised respect, and the forsaken loved.

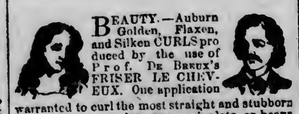
No young lady or gentleman should fail to send their Address, and recive a copy post-paid, by return mail.

Address P. O. Drawer, 21,

m30 6m Troy, N. Y.

WHISKERS and MUSTACHES forced to grow upon the smoothest face in from three to five weeks by using Dr. SEVIGNE'S RESTAURATEUR CAPILLAIRE, the most wonderful discovery in modern science, acting upon the Beard and Hair in an almost miraculous manner. It has been used by the elite of Paris and London with the most flattering success. Names of all purchasers will be registered, and if entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail, sealed and postpaid, $1. Descriptive circulars and testimonials mailed free. Address BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists, No. 285 River St., Troy, N Y., Sole agents for the United States.

may4 1y



BEAUTY.—Auburn Golden, Flaxen, and Silken CURLS produced by the use of Prof. DE BREUX'S FRISER LE CHEVEUX. One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair of either sex into wavy ringlets, or heavy massive curls. Has been used by the fashionables of Paris and London, with the most gratifying results. Does no injury to the hair. Price by mail, sealed and postpaid, $1. Descriptive Circulars mailed free. Address BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists, No. 285 River St., Troy, N. Y., Sole agents for the United States

may4 1y

EDWARD H. BIGGS,

SADDLE, HARNESS AND TRUNKS

WAREROOMS.

SADDLERY HARDWARE

ALSO, ALL SORTS OF LEATHER TRAVELING CONVENIENCES

Trunks of all descriptions, Harness and

Saddles made to order, and constnly for sale.

REPAIRING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Agent for HENRY'S and BALDARD'S Rifles and Cartridges.

Corner Third and Robert Sts,

ST. PAUL - - - - - - - MINNESOTA.

EDWARD H. BIGGS,

Wholesale Druggist

No. 131, Presley's Block, Third St., SAINT PAUL MINNESOTA

VITES the attention of purchasers to the *LARGEST* and *BEST* select of west of Chicago, consisting of

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Turpentine, Window Glass

PATENT MEDICINES,

and in fact every article appertaining to the DRUG business and will guarantee satisfaction both in quality and prices of goods.

SAINT PAUL IRON STORE.

NICOL, DEAN & Co.

DEALERS in

Iron, Nails, Steel,

plows, axes, springs, ax les, anvils vises, bellows and heavy hardware generally.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

VULCANIZED PUR BER AND LEATHER BELTING, GRINDSTONES COAL, &c., &c.

Third street St. Paul Minn.

AGENTS FOR

Threshing and Reaping Machines.

Also **Herring & Co's** celebrated fire proof Safes.

J. NICOLS B. DEAN. P. KELLY.

POLLOCK DONALDSON & OGDEN.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

China, Glass & Earthen Ware

CARBON OIL AND LAMPS,

PLATED WARE,

AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS

NO 115, THIRD STREET, CORNER OF ROBERT,

St. Paul, Minn.

Jan. 16th, 1867.

THE GREAT

RETAIL DRY GOODS HOUSE.

OF MINNESOTA.

THE BEST GOODS SOLD AT THE LOWEST MARKET PRICE

Country Merchants supplied at Eastern Prices

D. W. Ingersoll & Co.

SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

Feb 6 1867 1

Valley Herald.

F. E. DU TOIT Proprietor. TERMS, $2 00, Per Annum.

VOLUME 5. CHASKA, MINNESOTA, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1867. NUMBER 47.

The Chaska Herald.

Published every Saturday morning, at Chaska Carver County, Minn,
BY
F. E. Du TOIT, Editor and Prop

RATES OF ADVERTISING

1 Square one time	$ 00
Each subsequent insertion	50
One column one year	70 00
Half " " "	40 00
Fourth " " "	25 00
Business cards not over 5 lines	5 00
Over 5 lines and under 10	7 00
Over 10 lines and under 15	10 00

Legal Advertisements per square, first insertion, $5 cents, each subsequent insertion 25 cents.

Leaded notices 10 cents per line 1st insertion, each subsequent insertion, 5 cents per line. All notices less than five lines, 50 cents.

In no case, will an affidavit of publication of legal notices be furnished, without payment of the publication fee.

The undersigned, publishers of the Valley Herald, and Carver Independent, hereby agree to adhere strictly to the above rules.

F. BELFOY.
F. E. DUTOIT.

May 30th 1866.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF DEPY. COLLECTOR OF INTERNAL REV. 10th Div., 2d District of Minnesota.
Chaska July 6th, 1867.

In pursuance of law notice is hereby given that the annual tax for Div. No. 10, comprising the Counties of Carver, McLeod, Kandyohi and Hutchinson are now due and I will appear for the purpose of receiving said taxes at the following times and places—For the County of Carver: at my office in Chaska on the 17th and 18th instants—In McLeod County at Edson's Hotel on the 20th instant, from 8 o'clock A. M. until 4 o'clock P. M. Prompt payment is requested and thereby save costs.

T. D. SMITH, Depy. Collecteor.

AUDITORS OFFICE, CARVER COUNTY, July 9th 1867.

Notice is hereby given that the February penalty charged on the Taxes for 1866 will be refunded by the County Treasurer, upon application to him by persons who paid such penalty.

P. WEEGO.
County Auditor.

LAND FOR SALE.

16 acres of Land for sale, being the North west Quarter of Sec. 17, Township 116, Range 23, in the Town of Chanhassen, consisting of Timber, opening and Meadow, well watered, it is 5½ miles from Chaska, and Shapopee, and 3½ miles from Excelsior, there has been five acres broke on it. Address,

W. H. TILTON.
St. Paul Minn.

NOTICE.

I hereby warn all persons against harboring or trusting my wife, Charlotte Herman, on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting from and after this date.

GEORGE HERMAN.
Benton July 9th 1867.

1867. 1867.

Minnesota Valley Railroad.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Friday May 24, 1867, Passenger Trains will run as follows:

St. Paul & Minneapolis Accommodation.

Four Trains Each Day.

	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Leave Saint Paul..	10:10	1:30	4:00	6:30
Arrive Minneapolis..	11:05	2:05	4:50	7:20
Leave Minneapolis..	8:00	12:20	3:25	5:30
Arrive at St. Paul...	8:50	1:10	3:25	6:30

Belle Plaine & Mankato Train.

GOING UP.	A. M.	P M.
Leave St Paul	7:15	2:30
Arrive at Belle Plaine	10:25	6:10
GOING DOWN.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Belle Plaine	6:30	4:00
Arrive at St. Paul	9:45	7:20

Trains of this road make close connections at Mendota with trains of Minnesota Central Railway for Owatonna, Winona and all points East, and at Belle Plaine with the Northwestern Union Packet Company's Line of Steamboats and Burbands Line of Stages for St. Peter, Mankato and all points west and southwest.

JOHN F. LINCOLN,
Superintendent.

HOME ITEMS.

HERALD AGENT CARVER—G. A. DuToit.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE 4th AT CARVER.—The citizens of Carver celebrated the fourth, by a public procession headed by Goetze brass band, and under the command of Capt. Groetsch and Lieutenant Weinmann. The procession formed on Broad Way about 10 o'clock A. M. and marched to the beautiful grounds near the village where arrangements had been made for a picnic. The declaration of Independence was read by F. Warner Esq., and a short interesting extempore address was made by Joseph Weinmann Esq., after which some of the party joined in the merry dance, others in a delightful walk in the beautiful grove, others indulged themselves in an occasional draught of the 'genial beverage' from the brewery of Keller & Hartz, everything passed off pleasantly and satisfactory to all.

We noticed a couple of gentlemen of african descent, celebrating in high style, whether they were the real simon pure africans or white gentlemen in disguise we could hardly tell, a wag at our elbow stated that they were really white, but believing in the superiority of the ethiopian race were sailing under false colors, one of them was riding the celebrated blind horse of L. H. Griffin Esq. some thought the rider was Levi himself, but his hair was rather straight for Levi's. The last we saw of the gentlemen they were making a bee line down Broad way, at the rate of one mile in two hours and forty seconds for the "*Freedmans Buro.*"

BRICK.—Messrs Gregg & Co. opened their kiln Tuesday last. It was found that they had been very successful in burning, as the brick are mostly all of a light cream color, and as hard as a stone. We do not exagerate when we say, that they have no equal in the U. S. The kiln contains 200,000. They retail in our market at $9 per thousand.

Howe & Son are burning a kiln of 100,000. It is their intention to ship most of them below.

BARGES.—Messrs. Newcomb & Griggs' barge, loaded down to the waters edge, with wood and bricks for St. Paul.—They left on Tuesday evening.

Commodore Dunklees, boat, loaded 100,000 bricks for Hudson, Wis. The boat left on Thursday evening. The brick were from the yard of Gregg & Co.

—Our Hoop-pole dealers, have let the contract of splitting and shaving them for market, to our coopers, who have a large force of men at work preparing them for "ready use." The price paid for this work is 40 cents per hundred.

—Mud is fast disappearing, a short time since, the lower part of our town wore a rather muddy aspect, but the warm pleasant weather of the past week has worked wonders, in this respect.

POTATOE BUG.—It seems that a very destructive potatoe bug has made its appearance in our midst. We hear complaints from all sides that this bug is completely ruining the potatoe crops.

ATTENTION.—We would call the attention of our farmers to the notice of the County Auditor, to be found in another column, relating to the refunding of the February penalty of 5 per cent. which was subsequently abolished by the Legislature.

MILL AND FLOUR.—The water Flouring mill of Mack & Co, situated back of town, turns out the best flour manufactured in this section of the country. We know this from experience for we have tried several brands, but found that *all were* behind in quality. Be sure and purchase flour manufactured by Hineline, Mack & Co.

Those of our readers who lack a growth of hair upon the face, or those whose hair is falling out, or have become bald, would do well to try "Dr. Sevigne's Restaurateur Capillaire." This preparation has been used by thousands in this country and Europe, with the most gratifying results. Testimonials of the most flattering character have been received from the most wealthy and influential citizens of the country, and will be sent free to any one, on application, by Messrs. Berger, Shutts & Co., Chemists, of Troy, N. Y., the only agents in America for the sale of the same. Read their advertisement in this paper.

A Card of Thanks.

The members of the undersigned Society return their sincere thanks to John Walter, builder of the "Singing Hall," for the substantial building erected, and the mechanical skill displayed in construction of the Hall. Mechanical inspectors from St. Paul pronounce the work well planned and executed and we cannot but add our testimony in his favor.

CHASKA CONCORDIA.

McCORMICK REAPERS.—This "world" renowned reaper, has gained new laurels. by being awarded the first prize of a Gold medal, for their unrivalled mowers, at the Paris Exposition. There has been a little contention lately between the Wood Mower and the McCormick, and to settle the matter, to the entire satisfaction of our farmers, Mr. Sawyer and Mr. Rhodes, General Agents for the McCormick Mowers, in this State, are instructed "to fight it out" on this side of the Atlantic, confident that he can satisfy the American public. as well as the French exhibitors, that it stands pre-emently in the vain of all rivals.—We would recommend this machine to our farmers and its General agent at Minneapolis and Hastings—Messrs. Rhode & Sawyer.

HAY.—Our farmers inform us that they still entertain the hope of being able to cut a crop of hay on the bottom lands late in the fall. The continued high water has killed the present crop, so early in the season, that they confidently expect a second crop in September.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL—For July. being the first number of a new volume, contains a beautiful Temperance Story entited "Madge, or the Broken Wine Cup." by Mrs. Julia M. Thayer; "Pictures in the Fire," by Olive O. Ferris; "The Little Missionary;" "The Fisher Boy." by Felicia H. Ross; "A Letter," by Mrs. Frances D. Gage; "Two Tears," by Faith Lattimer; "Camp Bruce, a sequel to The Bear's Den," by Emily Huntington Miller; "Science for Children," by Prof. Hooker; articles from Lucia Chase Bell, Mrs. Bughee, Mrs. Julia C. R Dorr, Luella Clark, Una Locke, and others. Music by Geo. F Root; Private Queer's Knapsack, with Picture Stories; a rich table of Contents.

Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller is to be associate editor after this month.

Terms of The Little Corporal $1,00 a year. Address

ALFRED L. SEWELL. Publisher.
Chicago, Ill.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, FOR JULY 1867.—This the first number of volume 75 and the 38th year of the Lady's Book, and we do not feel that we are saying too much when we pronounce it a superb one. The beauty of the engravings, selection of fashions, ornamental work, and literary matter cannot be excelled. The embelishments in the July number consists of the following:—Old letters, one of those highly finished steel engravings which make the magazine so attractive, Colored fashion plate, five figures.—A pleasure party, tinted plate, no magazine but the Lady's Book gives such pleasure this. The work department contains twelve designs for bead trimming for clocks, sacks, necklaces, belts, etc; a knitted cape; an ornament for the neck; knitted jacket; needle case; corner for a handkerchief, etc. The novelties contain patterns for bonnets, dresses and children's garments. The preserving receipts in this number are alone worth the price of the book to any housekeeper. The reading matter is made up of articles written by the best writers of our country.

Rev. C. B. Shultz's Farewell to the Pupils of Chaska Academy.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

I have avoided a public leave-taking from you all, because such scenes are very disagreeable to me. Still I wish to bid you, one and all, an affectionate Good-Bye. I pray God may bless you all—may He influence you to be good children—studians and well behaved.—May you learn so to value your time and apportunities as to make good use of them, and then be prepared to fill whatever position in society may be assigned to you in life, well; but above all, may you learn the true object of life, to live to God's glory and earn a place in Heaven, to all eternity. May he guide you, and lead you safely to the end. Do not forget me, as I shall ever remember you; I endeavor so to live, that you may never be ashamed to meet me, should we ever happen to meet hereafter, on earth; and so as to be sure to meet me after death, in Heaven. Try by Gods' grace, to be true boys and girls; never doing or attempting any thing without asking Gods blessing, nor anything of which you may feel ashamed, or afraid to do. Always trust in God altogether; learn to do so while you are still children, for such a trust is child-like, and you then ever be able to do so. Love God above all things and persons, and love one another. And so Good Bye and God bless you all.

Your true friend,
C. B. SHULTZ.

The above letter was unavoidably crowded out of our last issue.

The Valley Herald

BY F. E. DUTOIT,

CHASKA SATURDAY, JULY 13th 1867.

CONGRESS.

The gentlemen composing the Congress of the United States assembled at Washington July 4th pursuant to a call of the Republican Committee. The object of the session at this time, we believe is to remodel the re construction act—to impeach, or hang the President—and to pass resolutions excluding democrats from Maryland, Kentucky and Connecticut from taking their seats in Congress, considering that they are not "loil" although some of them fought in the Union Army, surely democrats "have no rights that republicans are bound to respect." Bad and wicked men can always find an excuse for their wickedness and tyrany. In this, they argue that Rebels should not be allowed representation in Congress, Democrats are Rebels, therefore democrats should not be allowed official position. It is strange, passing strange, that men of the nineteenth centuary, those who believe in a God, in Christ and his teachings. a Heaven and Hell can be found, who would exclude democrats from participating in the affairs of Government, but such seems to be the case, but such acts serve more to confirm our belief in the divine autenticity of the scriptures which represent that mankind in his natural state is totally depraved. O! "Tell it not in Gath nor publish it in the streets of Askelon" that the American Eagle has sunk so low.

Democratic County Convention.

We publish below the proceedings of the Democratic County Convention, which assembled at Bleichners,' in Benton town on Saturday last. The Convention was one of the largest ever held in Carver County, every town being represented by a full delegation, and that delegation being based upon the Democratic vote cast at the last election; increased the representation, almost one third, more than that of last year.

The utmost enthusiasm prevailed, and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the occasion. Most of the old officers were renominated, which all concede to be a most excellent selection. We shall find occasion before the campaign to present more fully and favorably the names of our candidates. The Democracy of Carver County, can rejoice in having so good a ticket to support at the ensuing election, and they must roll up a tremendous majority.

Pursuant to the call of the Democratic County Committee, the delegates of the several towns in said County met in Convention at Bleichners' in Benton town.

Meeting called to order by the Chairman G. Krayenbuhl. The Convention then organized for business, by chosing Fred E. Du Toit, as Pres. and Patrick Colbert, as Secty.

Upon motion, a Committee of five was appointed by the chair, on credentals. Committee reported that every town was correctly represented, but Camden and Young America, who each had an excess of one delegate, over the call. Which were accorded them by a vote of the Convention.

Moved and seconded that the candidate receiving the highest number of votes, should be the nominee of the Convention.

It was upon motion, moved that the Convention proceed to the nominations of officers by ballot. The following gentlemen receiving the highest number of votes were declared the nominees of the Convention.

J. A. Sargent, Judge of Probate.
John Dunn, County Treasurer.
Frank Warner, County Attorney.
Chas. Johnson, Sheriff.
H. Chever, Surveyor.
Chas. Basler, Coroner.
Col. C. W. Griggs, Senator.
Dr. Louis Gothelf Representative.

It was voted to hold the next Convention at F. Oberlees.

The basis of representation for future Conventions is to be calculated from the Democratic vote of the preceding year.

G. Krayenbuhl was unanimously chosen Chairman of the Democratic County Committee.

The Convention adjourned *sine die.*

F. E. DU TOIT, Pres.
PATRICK COLBERT, Secy.

The Crops.

Reports from all parts of the State in regard to the wheat crop, continue highly favorable. Since the cessation of heavy and continued rains, it has been found that this staple has not been injured in the least, and the frequent showers have prevented the ground from becoming baked by the hot sun. In the low level prairie districts, where it was feared the roots were washed out. we have the most encouraging prospects of an abundant yield. The farmers everywhere are in high spirits, and will not be discouraged even if we have three or four showers each week. The same remarks may be truthfully made in regard to oats, rye and barley. Corn, especially on low lands, is very backward, and potatoes in in some localities have been injured by bugs. The indications now point to a full average yield of all products which are profitably exported, and a sufficiency for home consumption of all others.

Indian Fraternization.

Mr. Thomas Fuller, clerk of the steamer Chippewa Falls, just returned from Red Wood, learned that on Monday last about 160 Chippeways and 250 Sioux accidentally met near the mouth of Red Wood river, just below Yellow Medicine, and, for the first time within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, met in harmony, celebrating the event with dancing, feasting, etc.

Santa Anna.

The report of the shooting of Santa Anna is confirmed. He was shot at Sissi on the 25th. He lacked only a few months of being seventy years of age, as he was born at Jalaps, Feb. 21, 1798. He first appeared on the stage in the war of independence in 1821, and in 1822 he was appointed to the command of Vera Cruz; in 1835 he was named Dictator of Mexico; in 1848 he fled the country; in 1853 returned and was received with enthusiasm; in 1855 he abdicated, and again left the country; in 1867 he returned for revolutionary purposes, and is shot. Such, in brief, is a history of this remarkable man.

Death of Judge Swayne

NEW-YORK, July 5.—Judge Swayne of the Supreme Court, died at Washington this afternoon of Typheid fever.

Edward Given was robbed on the 4th Avenue car on Wednesday of $27,000 of stock and money.

The Indian War.

The New York World very truthfully says:

We can not see that General Sherman is thus far, to blame for not accomplishing, with five or six thousand troops, the task that has been ignorantly expected of him by people who know nothing about the country, or the difficulties he has to deal with. The forces that might enable him to protect travel on the main overland routes are still employed to sustain the military tyranny in the Southern States; and the people of Territories are too naturally and selfishly excited to act in the systematic way he desires.

Horace Greeley's Compliments to the Grand Army of the Republic.

From the New York Tribune.

We denounce this new secret association as inimical to the Constitution and the Union. It will be a sad day for our party when soldiers find no better work than to prowl over the battle fields of the past, and dig up the bodies of the slain. The country wants peace, and rest, and harmony, and justice. These men want a distracted country, that offices may be gained. They would make America a Mexico, peace would be sent to sleep with Turks and infidels, and, instead of Union, they would "the woefullest division make that ever fell upon this cursed earth."

FROM MONTANA.

Drowning of Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher.

VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA, July 5.—General Thomas Francis Meagher, Secretary and Acting Governor of this Territory, accidentally fell from the deck of the steamer Thompson, at Fort Benton, on the evening of the 1st instant and was drowned. He had been absent for the past fortnight on public business and had succeeded in procuring arms for the troops engaged in defence of the Territory and transacting other military business demanded by our present emergency. His death is greatly lamented and the public demonstrations in honor of his distinguished character and services are generally felt. At last accounts, his remains had not been found. The darkness of the night and the rapidity of the current prevented any rescue.

—Two old friends met, not long since, after a separation of thirty-five years. "Well, Tom," said one, how has the world gone with you, old boy? Married yet?" "Yes, and I've got a family too can't match—seven boys and one girl." "I can match it exactly," was the reply, "for I have seven girls and one boy."

Selected Miscellany.

No notice taken of anonymous communications. Manuscripts should be written on one side only

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night! I have to say good night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good night unto that fragile hand
All queenly with its weight of rings;
Good night to fond uplifted eyes,
Good night to chesnut braids of hair,
Good night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there—
The snowy hand detains me, then
I'll have to say good night again!

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by the porch
With my adieus. Till then, good night!
You wish the time were now. And I,
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own as much a year ago—
What? both those snowy hands? ah, then
I'll have to say good night again.

— *T. B. Aldrich.*

A MINER'S LOVE STORY.

From Temple Bar.

Nelly Glover was the prettiest lass in the pit village. Her eyes were of the sweetest blue; her cheeks were like a rose; and you might have thought her brown hair was of the finest silk. Then she had a figure like a fairy, it was so trim; and with a waist you could almost span. I loved Nelly, but, as for that, all the young chaps of the village were of the same mind, and she might have had her pick of us. The worst of it was she treated us all alike, and wouldn't look at one more than another. She had a smile for everybody, and was always good tempered, but there it ended, and, somehow, none of us could screw up courage to try her further. I don't know how often I thought it over. It came into my head the first thing in the morning, and there it would remain the last thing at night, when it either kept me awake or haunted my dreams. At last it quite took possession of me. No matter where I was, digging, or blasting, or tunneling; above ground or down in the pit; my thoughts turned on Nelly, and from being the merriest fellow in the village, I just came to be the dullest. One morning there was no work in the pit for my gang, because the viewer wanted that part of the seam shored up, and it struck me, all at once, that I would have it out with Nellie, so I made myself smart, and set off, walking as brisk as if it was a wager. You may think it conceit in me, but I can see that I was then as clever a chap to look at as you would often see—and I knew it! For all that, I began to walk a bit slow as I caught sight of Mrs. Glover's cottage, and I felt a dread at my heart. But I went on, and I just got up to the cottage, when who should come out but Nelly herself. She never looked prettier than at that minute; but appearing so suddenly, she dashed my spirit, and I hadn't a word to say to her.

"Why, Charley, what is the matter?" she cried, in a frightened sort of way.

"Well, it is just this," I said. And there I stopped.

"Is anything wrong with Jack," she cried, quickly.

"Jack!"

"Yes, he is down in the pit, and they say it is foul, which makes mother and me uneasy. You haven't heard anything?" And she looked in my eyes as if she would search me through.

"No, no!" I answered, steadying, now that I thought I could comfort her. "He is all right. You mustn't mind what the old women of the village say, or you'll be looking for a blow up every day in the year, when there's nothing more than common. I haven't come to tell you about Jack, Nelly; it's about myself."

She gave me another look now; then her cheek flushed up like a flame, and her eyes turned away.

"Do you know what I want to say, Nelly; I went on. "I wish you did, for I cannot tell it. It is more than I have got words for. How I love you, how you are always before me, how I am crazed and mad about you! But though I can't say all I want to, here I stand, and I wouldn't change with a king if you'll take me as I am!"

"Ah, Charley I, you don't know how you pain me," she answered.

"Don't say that, Nelly. I doubted about speaking to you, but now that I have done it, now that I can go on deceiving myself, if you have any pity in your heart, show it to me, and I will cherish you to the day of my death."

"It's no use," she replied, "I can never marry a pitman. I gave the promise to mother and Jack, when we walked up the village at the funeral of my poor father and brothers, all three killed in the mine—our great sorrow, which I can never think of without crying.'

And the tears, it is true, were running down her cheeks, though, for the minute, she seemed to me to be harder than stone. And I seemed turned to stone myself. I had no recollection, no feeling, and no sense, and I couldn't have moved a step to save my life. Then it all flashed upon me like lightning. I took a last look at Nelly, dropped my head on my head on my breast, and, without a word more, walked out of the gate.

Our village seldom looked bright no matter how the sun shone, and now I felt as if the sun would never shine again for me, so, as my eye fell on the line of cottages, with the clouds hanging down from above, and nothing round but a waste, I thought I might as well be in my grave as continue to live there. Besides, I should always be meeting Nelly, perhaps lurking about her mother's cottage, and making her as miserable as myself. Why shouldn't I go away to Yorkshire, or Derbyshire, or to the diggings in Australia for that matter? The notion, if it was good for nothing more, gave me a little spirit. It turned my thoughts and I stepped out brisker, going straight home. I hadn't much to settle there, only to bid good-by to the folks I lived with, and I soon came out, pack on back, and began my tramp.

I stopped at the moor, and looked back, remembering I might never see the place again, and, dismal as I now thought it, with its gaping walls and shakened roofs encumbering the blackened ground, I had been happy there. Not one of those tumbling cottages but would open its door to me; not one where I wouldn't meet a friend. And there I had been born; it was the spot on earth that, even in the hour of bitterness, I loved best, and I didn't turn away without dashing my hand over my eyes.

I was walking on, when, suddenly, the air rang with a crash that shook the ground. I knew what it signified; such sounds denote but one result in the black country, and, throwing down my pack, I darted off to the pit, with the feelings that animate every miner on such occasions.

It didn't seem a minute before I came to the dust-heaps round the pit's mouth, but some were there before me, and the offmen and the women were rushing up from the village in a stream. The smell from the pit a'most knocked me down as I came up, and I had to get my breath a little, when three or four of us crept on to the mouth and looked down. The explosion had destroyed the cage, not leaving a stick of it, but it hadn't injured the signal rope; hence a means of communication remained for any one immediately below. As soon as I saw this, I set to work to rig a crossbar, and presently had it ready.

"Just lower me gently," I said to two banksmen. "I may pick up one or two, if there's any near."

"You can't go down yet," cried the viewer. "How many are in the pit?"

"Half an hour ago there was fifty," replied the timekeeper; "but I am thankful to say they all came up but ten."

"And they are all lost," said the viewer, "for there will be another explosion directly."

"I'll go down, anyhow," I said, doggedly, "and if nobody will lower me, I'll jump down."

A good many were on the heaps now—men and women—some of the women crying and some praying; but when I spoke out that way there was a dead silence. Then two or three called out: "Good by, Charley; God bless you, brave lad." The banksmen lowered me down, and I sank through the pit's mouth. A Davy-lamp was tied round my waist, and I held a rope in my hand, so that I might signal to be hoisted up if the air became too foul. But I had no intention of going back till I had searched the pit, and seen if there were any alive. One thing, I didn't care about my life; and another, I would have been ashamed to face the folks above without doing something, so I felt impatient that they lowered me at such a snail's pace, and I kept looking up and down to measure the distance yet to be traversed. The shaft had never seemed so deep to me before. I strained my eyes into the darkness below, and saw no bottom; I glanced up, and the gleam of light grew smaller and fainter. I scanned the walls of the shaft, and marked only their black bound. But my progress was notified by the increasing density of the air, which began to affect my breathing, and, as I went on, I had to shift my face from side to side to make a little current. At last my feet touched ground.

I looked round, as I jumped off the straddle, and saw the furnace was out, which put a stop to the ventilation of the mine, as far as it depended on the brattices, and no air entered but by the shaft. The stench was overpowering, and, from this and the silence, I guessed the worst. It was plain that the explosion had killed the horses, for not a sound came from the stables, which were close to the shaft; and what hope could there be for human beings in a distant part of the pit? You may be sure I didn't stand to make these reflections; they floated across me, and I was working forward before they had got through my mind. I knew the old mine blindfolded; but what with the foul smell, and what with the gloom and my shortness of breath, I was some minutes scrambling to the top of the incline, keeping my arms stretched out, as I went along, to feel for anything in the way. And it was lucky I did, or I should have dashed my head against some empty trucks, and, in the state I was in, that would have finished me. Thus I reached the first gallery, which you could only enter stooping. I pushed open the trap and went on a few steps, though my Davy-lamp was what pitmen call "afire"—the flame being all blue—and I knew that the atmosphere was so much gunpowder. But I stumbled along; if I wasn't to save anyone, it didn't matter what became of myself, and I pleased myself with the thought that Nelly would hear I had died in the attempt. And then, all at once it came into my head what she had said about her brother Jack being in the pit. This gave my heart such a turn that I quite staggered, and the perspiration poured from my forehead like water. I rushed forward as if I was mad; my foot struck something; I bent down over what seemed a corpse, and the gleam of the lamp fell on its face. It was Jack Glover. I didn't know whether he was alive or dead, but I caught him in my arms, and with the strength of a giant, and the speed of a deer—hardly conscious, hardly breathing—I made a dash for the shaft.

It was easier work going back, when you were once in the main, or horse road; for now the shaft is before you, instead of behind; and, though you wouldn't think it, this made a wonderful difference in the light. Dark as pitch it still was, though not to a pitman's eyes, and I had found out that Jack breathed when I reached the shaft. The discovery nerved me afresh, and kept all my senses at work without my seeming to know it. I only felt that there would soon be another explosion. So I placed Jack on the straddle, and, taking the cord from my Davy-lamp, tied him hand and foot; then pulled the signal rope, and as the people above hauled the tackle, and lifted the straddle from the ground, I hung on by my arms; thus we began to mount the shaft.

It wasn't till we had got twenty feet up that I felt the strain of standing on nothing; but, from that moment, it became just terrible. My hands seemed ready to snap; the ache in my arms spread through every muscle; my head spun round, and my feet kicked about in an agony. I watched the mouth of the pit till my eyes swam, and as I reckoned the space between, while my strength waned and my misery deepened, I thought I must drop before I reached the top. Then they began to hoist faster. I mustered all my strength; I tightened my grip of the straddle, though my fingers were growing numb; I steadied my feet, and hardly trusted myself to breathe. I could see the walls of the shaft; I could feel the purer air; I heard voices, and presently the tackle swung; strong arms caught me round, and I was landed on the bank.

They had Jack Glover off the straddle before you could look round, and he was carried away, while they raised my head and poured a little brandy in my mouth. I called out for the viewer.

"What is it, Charley Batson?" he asked, bending over me.

"Everybody away from the pit, sir," I said.

"You are right," he answered; "it will come in a minute or two."

They got me to the top of the bank, when I heard a scream, and there was Nelly, trying to throw herself on her brother Jack, but kept back by the other womenfolk. She never glanced at *me!* I wished then that I had stopped in the pit, or let myself drop from the bar, as I came up, and so escaped seeing her again. But I made up my mind that I had looked on her for the last time. I told my helpers that I could walk now, and, when they let go my arms, I turned towards the moor, intending to pick up my pack and drag on—at least to the next village.

But I could no more walk five miles than I could fly. When I came to my pack I sank down by it, and felt that I must give up. I was so beat that, though there was now another explosion at the pit, as I had expected, and though it shook the ground under me, I didn't lift my head. All I thought of was stretching out my arms and legs and lying quiet. How long I lay there I never knew. But, by degrees, I recovered a little strength, and my thoughts took more shape, when I decided to return to my old lodging, and have a day's rest before I set out on my wanderings.

The day passed, and the night, and the next day, and I was still in bed, and good folks tending me like a child. My limbs, which had been racked with pain, now felt easy, and I was ready for a start again. But I thought there would be opposition, so I got up very quietly, and was putting on my things, when the room door opened, and, to my wonder, in came Jack Glover.

"Hilloa, Charley, here we are!" he cried, seizing my hand, and giving it a hearty squeeze. "Who would have thought of us two being alive to-day?"

"Well, Jack," I answered, "I am glad for you, but I shouldn't have cared for myself."

"How's that?" he asked.

"Because I have something on my mind."

"You!" he said, laughing, and giving me a little push. "Here, sit down and have a pipe, and it will all go off like the smoke."

"I don't care if I never smoke a pipe again," I said, savagely.

"Now, I'll tell you what it is," said Jack, "You have been having a tiff with our Nelly."

"I havn't," I answered my cheeks burning.

"Well, you know best about that," continued Jack; "but it's what I guess, because you were seen talking with her, and she had a crying fit directly after. And when she heard from me that it was you who brought me up from the pit she fell on my neck and fainted."

"Didn't she know it before?" I asked, relenting.

"No."

"Then I'll just tell you all about her and me," I said.

I was a long time telling it, but Jack set up as if he was listening to a play or a sermon at chapel. I gave him a description of Nelly that would have done for the *Hue and Cry*; went into all the feelings she had raised in my breast, told him how I had watched for her, thought of her, and dreamt of her; and finally, recounted our last colloquy. Jack never moved a muscle, and not till I stopped for breath did he put in word.

"Don't you think you've been a little fast, Charley?" he then said dubiously.

"How do you mean?" I answered.

"Why in giving up so. Suppose, when Nelly said she couldn't have you, you had put your arm around her waist, and said she must?"

This view had never struck me, and rather took me aback.

"But there was her promise to you and her mother never to marry a pitman," I urged.

"So there was but did you never hear that promises were made to be broke?"

"I can't say but I have," I muttered clapping on my hat.

"Where are going?" said Jack.

"You wait here a minute," I replied

With that I took two strides down the stairs into the road and hurried off to Mrs. Glover's cottage. I stood outside a minute when I opened the door, and the first thing I saw was Nelly, sitting by her mother, and looking like a ghost—only ghosts never look pretty. She gave me one look, then started up and sprang into my arms. My heart was so full I couldn't speak at first, but I thought I must do something, so I slipped my arm round her waist, as Jack recommended. Her I felt sure of her, and of all the happiness the world could give, and, as my breast swelled proudly, I began to bear a little malice.

"Ah, Nelly! if you had only loved me!" I said.

Nelly tightened her arms around my neck.

"How happy we might have been!" I continued.

"Then we can be, Charley," she murmured.

"How, Nelly? We can never marry, you know."

The little fingers unlocked, and I felt Nelly falling away, but I remembered Jack's counsel, and held her by the waist.

"There's your promise to your mother and Jack," I continued; "how are we to get over that?"

"I forgot that," faltered Nelly, as white as a sheet.

"And what do you say to it mother?" I cried to the old lady.

Mrs. Glover got up, and took Nelly's hand and put it in mine.

"That's what I say to it," she said, heartily; "and I know Jack is of the same mind."

"And this is what I say to it," I cried giving Nelly a kiss.

You won't be surprised to hear that we were married the next week. And now I am the viewer of the colliery; and as for Nelly, she will tell you that, though she has married a pitman and has her roughs and smooths, like other women, there is no happier woman in the kingdom.

A New Letter by Artemas Ward.

The following letter by Artemas Ward has been published in the "Savage Club Papers":

I was sitting in the bar quietly smokin' a frugal pipe, when two middle-aged and stern lookin' females, and a young and pretty female entered the room. They were accompanied by two umbrellas and a negro gentleman.

"Do you feel for the down-trodden?" said one of the females, a thin-faced and sharp-voiced person in green spectacles.

"Do I feel for it?" ansered the lan'lord, in a puzzled voice; "do I feel for it?"

"Yes; for the oppressed and benited?"

"Inasmuch as to which?" said the lan'lord.

"You see this man?" said the female, raisin' the umbrella to the negro gentleman.

"Yes, marm, I see him——"

"Yes," said the female, risin' her voice to an exceedin' high pitch, "you see him, an' he's your brother!"

"No; I'm darned if he is!" said the lan'lord, hastily retreating to his beer casks.

"And yours!" shouted the excited female, addressin' me. "He is also your brother!"

"No; I think not, marm," I pleasantly replied. "The nearest we come to that color in our fam'ly was the case of my brother John. He had the janders for sev'ral years; but they finally left him. I am happy to state that at the present time he hasn't a solitary jander."

"Look at this man!" screamed the female.

I looked at him. He was an able-bodied, well-dressed, comfortable looking nigger. He looked as if he might have three or four good meals a day into him without a murmur.

"Look at that down-trodden man!" cried the female.

"Who trod on him?" I inquired.

"Villains! despots!"

"Well," said the lan'lord, "why don't you go to the willains about it? Why do you come here tellin us negroes is our brothers, and brandishin' your umbrellers round like a lot of lunytics? You'r wuss than the sperrit-rappers."

"Have you," said the middle-aged female No. 2, who was a quieter sort of person; "have you no sentiment, no poetry in your soul, no love for the beautiful? Dost never go into the green fields to cull the beautiful flowers?"

"I not only never dost," said the lan'lord, in an angry voice, "but I'll bet you five pound you can't bring any man as says I durst."

"The little birds," continued the female; "dost not love to gaze onto them?"

"I would I were a bird, that I might fly to thou," I humorously sung, casting a sweet glance at the pretty young woman.

"Don't you look in that way at my dawter," said female No. 1, in violent voice; "you're old enough to be her father."

"'Twas an innocent look, dear madam," I softly said. "You behold in me an emblem of innocence and purity. In fact, I start for Rome by the first train to-morrow, to sit as a model to a celebrated artist, who is about to sculp a statue to be called Sweet Innocence. Do you s'pose a sculper would send for me for that purpose onless he know'd I was overflowing with innocency? Don't make an error about me."

"It is my opinyun," said the leading female, "that you're a scoffer and wretch. Your mind is in a wusser beclouded state than the poor negroes we are seeking to aid. You are a groper in the dark cellar of sin. O sinful man!

'There is a sparkling fount,
Come, O come and drink.'

No; you will not come and drink."

"Yes, he will," said the lan'lord, "if you will treat. Just try him."

"As for you," said the enraged female to the lan'lord, "you're a degraded bein', too low and wulgar to talk to."

"This is the sparklin' fount for me, dear sister!" cried the lan'lord, drawin' and drinkin' a mug of beer. Having uttered which goak, he gave a low rumblin' larf, and relapst into silence.

"My colored fren'," I said to the negro, kindly, "what is it all about?"

He said they were trying to raise money to send missionaries to the Southern States in America to preach to the vast numbers of negroes recently made free there. He said that they were without the gospel; they were without tracts.

I said:

"My friend, this a seris matter. I admire you for trying to help the race to which you belong; and far be it from me to say anything agin carrying the gospel among the blacks of the south. Let them go to them by all means. But I happen to individually know that there are some thousands of liberated blacks in the South who are starvin'. I don't blame anybody for this; but it is a very sad fact. Some are really too ill to work, some can't get the work to do, and others are too foolish to see any necessity for workin'. I was down there last winter, and I observed that this class had plenty of preachin' for their souls, but skurce any vittles for their stummux. Now, if it is proposed to send flour and bacon along with the gospel, the idea is really an excellent one. If, on t'other hand, it is proposed to send preachin' alone, all I can say is, that it's a hard case for the niggers. If you expect a colored person to get deeply interested in a in a tract when his stummuck is empty, you expect too much."

I gave the negro as much as I could afford, and the kind-hearted lan'lord did the same. I said:

"Farewell, my colored fren, I wish you well, certainly. You are now as free as the eagle. Be like him and soar. But don't attempt convert an Ethiopian person while his stummick yearns for vittles. And you, ladies—I hope you are ready to help the poor at home, as you seem to help the poor and unfortunate abroad."

When they had gone the lan'lord said "Come into the garden, Ward." And we went and culled some carrots for dinner.

A Monster.

The columns of late papers from Germany are filled with the particulars of a most horrible tragedy, scarcely to be paralleled in criminal history. A son kills his father and mother, his sister and four brothers, and a servant, burns the house and barn where he slew them, and for fully nine months succeeds by the most astonishing dissimulation, in evading all suspicion against himself. The massacre was committed in Gross Campen a large farm in the neighborhood of Itzehoe, in Holstein, according to the Hamburg *Reform* from which we translate the following terrible tale:

"The farm was owned by Mr. John Thode, a wealthy peasant of fifty-six years of age, his wife Margaret was about the same age, and his children, Anna, Martin, John, Kniers and Timm, were all over twenty. A fifth son, Reimer, was only fourteen years old. They were all robust, healthy people. Besides the family there was a hired girl in the house. Timm excepted, all the members of the family had the reputation of upright, industrious, thrifty people. The neighbors spoke less favorable of Timm. He was often away from home, and in latter years he worked in a flour mill at Brummendiek. The mill burned down; he returned home, but could never agree with his family. Old Thode, at the time of the catastrophe, had some ten thousand marks in cash, the contents of the savings box of the younger children. The lightning, only a few weeks previous to his death, had struck the house and the very chair in which the old gentleman sat, though without hurting him. The next neighbor, Mr. Jacob Schwartzkopf, lived in a house about one hundred yards distant from Thode's dwelling.

"On the night of the 7th of August, 1866, that neighbor was awakened by the repeated cry of *fire* and *murder!* When he and his son left the house to assist their neighbors they found Timm lying in front of their window in a perfect state of insensibility. At his side lay a small box with some silver ware, and the above named stocks and a little money. They first carried the young man into the house, called the servants to attend him, and then ran to the burning house of their neighbor. All was silent at the house, and they thought the inmates were engaged at the burning barn. But there, also, they did not find a living soul. They then returned to the dwelling, and, receiving no answer inside, the broke the windows out and entered a room where the father, the mother, the daughter and the youngest son slept. They found a bundle of straw on the floor, and the bed slowly burning, and all the occupants of the room murdered. The house and barn burned down, yet the brave neighbor at the risk of his life brought the corpses of these four victims out of the house. The second of his sons was discovered dead in his bed, his head hanging over the edge. The bodies of the two others were found in the barn. The hired girl was burned to a crisp, but evidently was murdered before she was burned. The two boys in the barn had been killed with one stroke of a heavy spoke; the father, the mother, the youngest son and the servant by blows given by an ax while sleeping in their beds. The daughter, a girl of seventeen years, must have had a fearful struggle with her murderer, for one of her arms was cut off, her skull was fractured, and she had thirty-four wounds on her body.

"The horrified population of the neighborhood, and with them the judicial officers, in vain looked for the murderer. Timm was the only surviving member of the family he, alone might, perhaps, know something of the perpetrators. But, for fully two days, he laid in a state of insensibility, raving at times, and uttering incoherent phrases. When he finally awoke he felt very sick, and complained that his parents did not come to see him, wondering why he was not in his own house, but at his neighbors.

"Suffice to say that he played his part so ingeniously well that he duped the members of the judicial committee of inquiry so perfectly that he was not arrested, and no suspicion even was entertained against him in their councils. The Government offered a reward of 1,000 thalers for the discovery of the assassin. Timm himself promised 1,500 thalers to the discoverer. but when, after eight months, not the least trace could be found of the murderer, the judges of inquiry dropped the case. Timm in the meantime prepared himself for emigration to the United States. He sold his father's farm, and was ready to start, when the higher court of Glucksburg ordered a new investigation and commenced it with Timm's confinement in a solitary prison. He at once felt that he was lost, and on the third or fourth day after his arrest made a full confession. In order to come into the possession of his father's estate he had murdered a whole family of eight persons in less than two hours, and then set fire to the house and barn, destroying thereby, as he thought, all traces of his crime, which possibly might be used as proof against him. But the barn commenced to burn first, whilst the fire at the house made so slow progress that the corpses of most of his victims, with the marks of bloody murder upon them, could be removed. When he foresaw that result he commenced to play insensibility, so that he might hear what the bystanders had to say; and according to what he heard, he expected to shape his own explanations.

"During his late confinement, which took place at the end of May last, and after he had made a full confession, he again commenced the old game of simulating fits of insensibility. A few buckets of ice water thrown upon his head very soon brought him to his senses, and now the monster, fully aware of the fate that awaits him, shows a degree of hardened indifference as revolting as the deed itself. Even among assassins and murderers there is a gradation. On the lowest step, where hell approaches the threshold of the human family, stands the monster, who invites with smiling lips one of his brothers to take his supper, and who kills him with one stroke from behind; who then entices a second brother to come to the stable, and kills him at its entrance; who then seizes an ax, and murders his sleeping father and mother and a young brother of 14 years; who, after a struggle of half an hour, kills his sister, whilst she constantly cries for mercy; who then hurries to the bed of the female servant and assassinates her; then washes himself, arrays himself with all the leisure of perfect tranquility in another suit of clothes, takes possession of what is valuable in the house; lays in their beds again those of the assassinated who during their short struggle had fallen from their beds on the floor; for he will convey to all the idea that a son and a brother can never be so fiendish as he was."

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK.

General News.

The first lot of new wheat was received in Richmond on the 1st day of July.

Judge Wayne, of the Supreme Court, lies at the point of death in Washington.

General Grant, accompanied by a party of friends, intends to visit Lookout Mountain the latter part of the present month.

It is reported that the Treasury statement will show a decrease in the aggregate receipts for the fiscal year of forty million dollars.

The letting of the mail routes in the Southern States, and miscellaneous routes in other States, took effect on Monday, the 1st. The contracts already executed are coming in at the rate of a hundred per day at the Post Office Department.

A deplorable account is given of the destitution in Wake county, North Carolina. At least three hundred families have not four days' supplies; some have had no meat for weeks, no bread for days, or flour for months, and no sugar or coffee for years.

The President and party returned to Washington on the 29th, having visited Boston and other intermediate cities. They were received with enthusiasm at Annapolis on the return trip, where both Mr. Johnson and Mr. Seward made short speeches in reply to the addresses of welcome.

William P. King and Abram Owens were hanged on the 28th, at Frankfort, Ky., for the murder of King's brother. King spoke thirty minutes, Owens fifty minutes. As in common upon such occasions, both declared their innocence, and appeared confident of going direct to Heaven.

Advices from portions of the South say that there is a great scarcity of currency, there being not nearly enough greenbacks or bank notes to transact the ordinary business. Their banking system fell into ruins during the war, and Congress has thus far refused to extend the national banking system sufficiently to provide a remedy.

On the afternoon of the 22d, the miniature yacht, the "John T. Ford," measuring only two and a half tons, took her departure from Baltimore, pursuant to previous announcement, for Europe. On board were Capt. C. W. Gould, her commander, and his crew, Messrs. B. D. Riddle, John Shaney, and a boy named Ed. Murphy.

Hereafter the postage upon all letters exchanged through British mails, whether via England, via St. Thomas, or via Panama, will advance by a single rate for each half ounce, or fraction thereof, instead of charging, as heretofore, two rates for every ounce, or fraction of an ounce, when the letter or packet exceeded *one* ounce in weight.

The *Tribune's* Washington special says a careful analysis of information received by the Agricultural Department from all the States, shows that the total number of acres in wheat is from ten to fifteen per cent. greater than last year. It is too early to estimate the final result of the harvest, but, with average success in ripening, the crop ought not to be less than 200,000,000 bushels. An average acreage of winter barley has been sown in a majority of the States. The condition of clover is good throughout the country. The average of oats is larger than usual in the West.

Mexican Affairs.

The New York *Tribune's* Washington special says the following dispatch was received by the Austrian Minister, Saturday evening, the 29th ult.:

"SOUTHWEST PASS, LA., *via* NEW ORLEANS.
"To Count Wydenbruck:

"I came from Vera Cruz to telegraph you of the condemnation and death of the Emperor Maximilian on the 19th instant. President Juarez refuses to deliver up the body. (Signed) GROLIER TEHIEFF,
"Captain of Austrian Sloop."

Count Wydenbruck is absent from the city at present. To-day his Secretary of Legation sent a dispatch by cable to the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, and the Emperor Napoleon, announcing Maximilian's execution. The event has produced a great deal of excitement here among the foreign Ministers.

The residence of the Austrian Minister has been visited to-day by nearly all of those officials who call to condole and obtain the latest intelligence.

The following dispatch was received by the Secretary of the Navy to-day, giving news of the event:

"UNITED STATES STEAMER TACONY,
VERA CRUZ, June 25th.
Via NEW ORLEANS, June 30th.
"Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

"Maximilian was shot on the 19th inst. I begged hard for his corpse for the Austrian Captain, and was refused.

"The City of Mexico was surrendered on the 20th. Vera Cruz holds out on account of the foreign legion. Diaz orders no acceptance of surrender. I am moored between Nelva and North Bastion, Jason in company. Letter by mail.

(Signed) "F. A. ROE,
"Commander."

Information received here yesterday, from what is regarded as a trustworthy source, is to the effect that by a decree of the Juarez Government Maximilian was shot on the 19th inst., at 7 o'clock, in the morning, and that the friends of Maximilian asked the privilege of removing his body for the purpose of sending it to Europe, but the request was refused. General Grant also received a private telegram from General Sheridan last night, containing substantially the same statement. It is believed that Juarez reluctantly consented to the execution of Maximilian.

When the messenger bearing dispatches from our Government relative to sparing the life of Maximilian delivered his package to Juarez, the latter informed him that he was disposed to spare the life of Maximilian, but the pressure from the Mexican leaders and people for his execution was so great that it would be almost impossible to resist it.

The Mexican schooner Atlas arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi having on board several Imperialist Mexicans who have been peremptorily banished. Among them were several military officers. They confirm the report of the capture of Santa Anna at Sisal. They add that when they captured the Virginia they were told by the Liberals that they must take Santa Anna by force. As his vessel was not armed, he spread the American ensign in the gangway. The Mexicans trod on the flag, and seized Santa Anna, thrust him into the boat, took him to Campeachy, and confined him as a prisoner of war. At Campeachy, the Liberals were shooting, hanging and expelling Imperial sympathizers.

Foreign Intelligence.

The natal day of the Dominion of Canada was celebrated with much spirit in the leading cities, on the 1st inst.

A cable dispatch from Gibraltar, June 30, announces the arrival of the steamer Quaker City, with the excursionists to the Holy Land on board. All were well.

The late Reform Convention at Toronto, composed of 700 delegates, closed on the 29th. Among the resolutions adopted was the following:

Resolved, That it is the duty of the Canadian people to cultivate friendly relations with the people of the United States, and offer every facility for the extension of trade between the two countries, and the Convention regards it as the duty of the Canadian Administration to meet frankly and cordially any overtures from the Washington Government for a new treaty and commercial reciprocity between Canada and the Republic, on equitable principles, consistent with the honor of both countries.

The distribution of prizes at the Paris Exposition on Monday, the 1st, was accompanied by great pomp and ceremony. Seventeen thousand persons were present, representing all nations of the civilized world. In front of the throne were members of the diplomatic corps in uniform. The galleries were filled, and in the east end of the building was an orchestra of twelve hundred musicians, with an organ and musical bells. The roof was gay with streamers. The nave of the building was hung with the flags of all nations that contributed to the Exhibition. The French Minister of State, with the Legislative Chambers, was seated near the throne The Mayor and several Aldermen of London were present. The roll of drums announced the approach of the Imperial cortege, and the French Emperor, the Sultan of Turkey, with his son and two nephews, the Prince of Wales, the Prince Imperial of France, the Empress, Prince Napoleon, and other princes and many princesses, made up the Imperial procession. The Emperor being seated on the throne, the Minister of State read to him the report of the awards, and Napoleon responded in a speech. At the close of the Emperor's remarks, those who were to receive grand prizes marched to the front, and, as each name was called, the recipient ascended the steps of the throne and received the gold medal from the Emperor's hand. After the distribution of grand prizes, the Emperor decorated the recipients with the Legion of Honor.

At Rome, on the 27th, the Pope held a public consistory at which over four hundred Catholic Bishops, from every port in the world, assembled. The Pope delivered an allocution to the assembled prelates, in the course of which he praised their great zeal in coming to Rome from such distances, and thus evincing their attachment and devotion to the Holy See. On the 29th, at the eighteenth centenary anniversary of the martyrdom of St. Peter, there were present four hundred and fifty Archbishops and Bishops, with about three thousand clergymen and members of the different religious orders, in the Eternal City. From the United States are noticed Archbishops Spaulding, of Baltimore; Kendrick, of St. Louis; Odin, of New Orleans; Purcell, of Cincinnati; and Bishop Wood, of Philadelphia, with twenty-two Bishops from other American Dioceses in British territory and the Union. When the Pope received the American prelates and clergy at the audience, they presented him with $200,000 in gold coin; also the model of the American yacht Henrietta, in silver. The yacht was laden below with gold pieces to the amount of $50,000, contributed by the members of the Archepiscopal Diocese of Cincinnati. The presentation of the model was made by Bishop Wood, of Philadelphia. The Pope, lifting the model of the Henrietta from the case, said, with a gracious smile, "*non eun vapore.*" It is not a steamer, or, more freely translated, it is not all vapor or steam, alluding to the golden cargo. To the clergy His Holiness said he had only pleasant words to say to the Americans present and absent. He complimented them on their progress, religious and civil, and most cheerful manners, and spoke in the very highest terms of General Rufus King, Minister from the United States, in Rome, and of his father, Professor King, who now lies at the point of death.

The cable adds that two interruptions occurred. The curtains of one window took fire, but it was promptly extinguished. A man became crazed by the splendor, and cut his throat. The Pope at once reconsecrated the church, stained with the blood of a suicide.

The West.

A quantity of new flour was received in Chicago, on the 1st, from the Union Mills, at Dongola, Union county, Illinois, being the first arrival of the season.

No information has been received at the headquarters of the army, or at the Indian Bureau, tending to confirm the reported death of General Custer.

On the 1st, a mutiny occurred among the crew of a schooner lying in the Chicago harbor. One of the mutineers was struck over the head with a belaying pin by his captain, and now probably lies at the point of death.

The Groendycke divorce case has had a new trial which has just resulted in a bill being granted to the husband, although the wife brought the suit. Within twenty minutes after the decree was granted, the late Mrs. Groendycke procured a license to re-marry her second husband, French.

The Iowa Democratic Convention has put in nomination a State ticket as follows: Hon. Geo. Gillespie, of Wapello, for Governor; D. M. Harris, of Guthrie, Lieutenant Governor; Thomas S. Wilson, of Dubuque, Supreme Judge; W. O. Barker, of Dubuque, Attorney General; M. L. Fisher, of Clayton, Superintendent of Public Instruction.

The trial of Page, the murderer of his wife and mother-in-law, terminated on the 2d, at Laporte, Ind. The jury was out about twenty-four hours, the contest being between the friends of the death penalty and those who were in favor of imprisonment instead. The latter carried the day, and a verdict was agreed upon condemning the murderer to imprisonment for life.

Late Colorado papers state that the railroad connection between the Pacific Railroad at Crow Creek, and Golden City, in the mining regions of Colorado, will be completed in May, 1868. The calculated approximate distance from the Union Pacific Railroad, Omaha Branch, on Crow Creek, to Golden City, by the first route is about eighty-four miles; and by South Platte and Clear Creek valleys to Golden City, about ninety-eigth miles. The length of the proposed branch to Denver is about seven miles.

The East.

General Cole, who shot Hiscock at Albany, has been indicted for murder in the first degree.

Rear-Admiral George F. Pearson died on the 1st, at Portsmouth, N. H. He was 63 years of age.

Hon. Charles Denison, member of Congress from the Twelfth District of Pennsylvania, died on the 29th.

It is stated that Fernando Wood has gone to England on behalf of the Fenians of New York to try and procure the liberation of Col. Burke.

The steamer Iowa arrived at New York on the 29th, having among her passengers Tom. Thumb and wife, Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren. Barnum pays Tom Thumb $10,000 for five weeks engagement.

On Tuesday, the 25th, in Oneonta, Otsego County, N. Y., Victor Beach, son of the late Samuel B. Beach, murdered his mother by shooting her first in the head and then in the body. He next shot himself, the ball entering his right eye and passing out of the ear.

General Grant will leave on the 7th inst. for West Point, New York, to attend the sessions of a Board that has been ordered to meet there on the 9th to settle the question as to whether the army needs a change in tactics, and if so whether the new form originated by General Emory Upton is worthy of superseding those o Hardee.

A Smart Colt.

The *Elyria Democrat* is responsible for the following "hefty" story:

"Last Wednesday a colt about six or eight weeks old, belonging to Mr. Phipps, in this township, performed a feat that we venture to say was never paralleled by the horse kind in this or any other country. It was witnessed by several persons, and is no fiction. P. A. Bishop, Esq., gives us the facts as an eye-witness. Mr. Phipps was coming to town with the colt, following his mare, and when about twenty rods from the railroad crossing at Mr. Bishop's residence, the Sandusky freight train came thundering along at its usual speed. The colt, greatly frightened, ran toward the crossing, but the train got there first, and one or two cars had passed when his coltship arrived. Nothing daunted, he leaped the cattle pass at one bound, upwards of twelve feet across, and ran toward the high bridge, by the side of the train. He crossed the stone abutment about thirty feet long, ran across the iron-covered bridge to the east abutment, which is upwards of seventy feet long, and, crossing that safely, ran nearly to the village before giving up the chase, and was found by his owner unharmed. To understand the character of the feat, it must be remembered that between the cars and the edge of the abutment there is a space of only twenty inches, and after crossing the bridge, which is much wider than the abutment, how the colt managed at full speed to strike the narrow space on the east abutment, and run seventy feet safely, is almost a miracle. The bridge and abutments are almost forty feet high. This is a well-attested fact; and if any person thinks he has a smarter colt let him trot him out."

ALWAYS WORK WITH NATURE.—This sounds like Emerson: You have seen a carpenter on a ladder with a broad-axe chopping upward chips and slivers from a beam. How awkward; at what disadvantage he works. But see him on the ground, dressing his timber under him. Now, not his feeble muscles, but the force of gravity brings down the axe; that is to say, the planet itself splits the stick. The farmer had much ill-temper, laziness and shirking to endure from his hand-sawers, until one day he bethought him to put his saw-mill on the edge of a waterfall; and the river never tires of turning his wheel; the river is good-natured and never hints an objection.... I admire still more the skill which, on the sea shore, makes the tides drive the wheels and grind the corn, and which thus engages the assistance of the moon like a hired hand, to grind, and wind, and pump, and saw, and split stone, and roll iron. Now that is the wisdom of a man, in every instance of his labor, to hitch his wagon to a star, and see his chore done by the gods themselves.... We cannot bring the heavenly powers to us, but, if we only choose our jobs in directions in which they travel, they will undertake them with the greatest pleasure. It is a peremptory rule with them *that they never go out of their road.* We are dapper little busybodies, and run this way and that way superserviceably; but they swerve never from their foreordained paths, neither the sun, nor the moon, nor a bubble of air, nor a mote of dust.

—A correspondent writing from Indianapolis, Ind., says: "While passing through the Union Depot a few days ago, I was accosted by a one-armed man in faded army blue. Fourteen years ago I first saw him at a windlass in the gold diggings of Australia. He and his three partners hoisted by that windlass, from a single shaft, more than $800,000. A few months later I bade him good bye, as he sailed from Melbourne for New York with $200,000 in bills of exchange in his pocket. I next saw him a wounded rebel soldier, lying on the field of Antietam. A little more than a year later I saw him a Union soldier, lying in a hospital in Tennessee. To-day, he is a helpless wanderer, dependent on public charity for a dinner.

Lives of all great men remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time—
Footprints that, perchance, another,
Sailing o'er life's troubled main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

—What particular facilities had the ancient Egyptians for the manufacture of Kossuth hats? Darkness that was felt.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS.

Personal and Literary.

Samuel Boyd Tobey, Chancellor of Brown University, died on Sunday, the 23d.

At a grand army festival at Richmond, Ind., Miss Jenny Prescott was voted to be the handsomest girl in America.

Sterling Coyne is writing a farce for Barney Williams, who will probably reap a good many sterling coins from it.

Madame Ristori is living quietly in Paris. She realized a quarter of a million of dollars in gold from her American trip.

Ex-President Geffrard, of Hayti, has arrived in Paris. He is distinguished by a snow-white moustache on a dark background.

General Joseph E. Johnston has been appointed President of the Charleston, Memphis & Topeka Railway, *via* Atlanta and Decatur.

W. H. Langley, the Gallipolis, Ohio, flour merchant, who lately failed, has an insurance on his life of $300,000—more than any man in the country.

Rev. George T. Williams has been honorably acquitted of the charge of picking a lady's pocket in a New York omnibus. Mr. Williams has returned to his home in Virginia.

Mr. Seddon, the ex-Confederate Secretary of War, is working his fine farm in Goochland county, Va. He does not meddle with public affairs, and says he is out of the political ring.

Albert Pike has performed one great achievement. In a recent editorial he produced a single sentence of two hundred and ten words without any other stop than a few commas. It is said that Henry A. Wise fainted away on reading the sentence.

A curious old German lately died, who had collected over 1,000 editions of Don Quixote, including a copy of every one which had been published in Europe since the book first appeared. Spain furnished 400 editions, England 200, France 168 and Russia 4.

Moses Mather and his wife Sally, of Darien, Conn., received eighty-one of their descendants, whose united ages were two thousand four hundred and twenty-eight years, on Thursday, and a family reunion of great enjoyment was held. The aged couple was eighty-five years old, and have been married sixty-six years.

The New York *Times* denies that the Rev. George T. Williams, of Suffolk, Va., has been acquitted of the charge of picking a lady's pocket in a Broadway stage. It says the case was passed over because the District Attorney was notified that Mr. Williams had gone crazy, and was an inmate of a lunatic asylum.

The Emperor of Austria, on the occasion of his formal coronation as King of Hungary, issued a decree of amnesty to all political offenders, including the once celebrated Kossuth. Kossuth is now advanced in years: the best portion of his life, that in which he might have been of service to his country, has been passed in exile. Eighteen years have elapsed since he fled from Hungary.

The New York *Evening Gazette* says that a new paper, called *The Lash*, a weekly journal of satire and bad jokes, is soon to be started. The contributors include, the proprietors state, John Broughan, John G. Saxe, Wrangle Fillips, George Disgustus Snarler, and Joe Bloward, Jr. The editor's preparatory note is:

> "Come rouse ye, then, my merry, merry men,
> For it is our oh-punning day!"

Mr. Spurgeon has the gout, and in a recent sermon alluded to his illness. He had the gout in his left leg, and he had preached standing on the other. He had not had the gout in his tongue, and he was not aware that people preached with their legs. He supposed that he should have the gout pretty often, for he was his father's eldest son, and inherited his good qualities. He was thankful to say that the gout had not caused him to relinquish a single ministerial duty.

"Josh Billings'" new lecture, which he has been engaged to read before several societies and associations next winter, bears the unmeaning title of "Milk." His list of engagements is not complete, it seems, for he has issued a circular in which he says: "I am prepared to read it before Literary Associations the coming fall and winter. The price of the 'Lektur' is $88 40. I might possibly be induced to discount the eighty-eight dollars, but the forty cents I must invariably have, as I pay all my own expenses."

Some of the Western papers are copying in sober earnest a joke in a Brooklyn paper to the effect that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher usually commences his day's labors with potations of ale. It is proper to contradict this story for the sake of those who know no better. Mr. Beecher presents to young men the rare example of a man who has arrived at middle age utterly ignorant of the taste of spirituous or fermented drinks in any form except as used for sacramental purposes, and has never used tobacco in any form.

Many an old farmer in Blandford tells a little reminiscence of Daniel Webster that has never before found its way into print. While on a fishing excursion among the hills, the great expounder came to the village one day when the people were gathered for some public occasion, and entered the tavern, where were assembled between thirty and forty of the principal men of the community. To each one he was presented by name, and in those ante-constabulary times invited all to drink with him, which they did. After half an hour's general conversation, in which all took part with perfect good will, the great man in leaving passed around the whole company, shook each by the hand, and without stammer or hesitancy called each by his name, thus binding them all by that delicate compliment to life-long allegiance, and at the same time performing a feat of memory almost without parallel.

Domestic Paragraphs.

—Pipes made of grass have made their appearance in New York. Quite Arcadian.

—Champaign county, Illinois, is a great strawberry bed, with fifty bushels of berries to the acre.

—A she Blondin, who calls herself Rosa Celeste, is going to walk across Niagara on a tight rope next month.

—The waters of Lake Ontario are higher than they have been known before for years—fully four feet above last years' mark.

—There are two sisters and a brother named Fisher, in Memphis, Tenn., whose united ages amount to three hundred and ten years.

—The Mount Holly (N. J.) *Mirror* speaks of a strawberry, raised somewhere near that place, measuring seven and a half inches in circumference.

—If you cannot have what you like, it is best, in a finite world, to like what you have, says a wise and witty divine in the July number of the Atlantic Monthly.

—At Winchester, Va., a few days since, some workmen engaged in tearing down a building came upon a bottle upon which was written with a diamond, "Bottle of whisky—buried in 1821."

—The Union Pacific Railroad is now open to Julesburg, 376 miles west of that point, and two daily trains will commence running each way immediately. There are 5,000,000 pounds of freight there which has been awaiting this event. It will now be forwarded at once.

—The New York papers are going off in mild transports of delight over the fact "that the last novelty in the West End, London, Theatres is to let off carrier-doves to the stage, with bouquets for the singers.

If the New Yorkers had been in Chicago during the Parepa season, they might have seen the same novelty there.

—The Japanese Commissioners, lately in this country, purchased a large quantity of books through Messrs. Putnam & Son, who started about two thousand volumes for their destination on Wednesday, packed in sixty cases, and weighing in all about ten tons. The invoice included two thousand five hundred Webster's Dictionaries.

The Hudson River steamboats *St. John* and *Connecticut* had a race of 100 miles on the river a few evenings since. For some time after leaving New York the boats kept abreast of each other, but by morning the *Connecticut* had beaten her rival by half a mile. The passengers by both the boats were greatly excited and interested in the race.

—We see it stated that in some places canceled stamps are purchased by stamp collectors, when by some process the cancelation is removed, and the stamps sold for good ones. People should be careful, as the penalty for either buying, selling or using a once canceled stamp subjects a person to $1,000 fine and five years' imprisonment.

—Cincinnati has several furniture factories on the co-operative principle. The Cabinetmakers' Union, established in 1852, paid in 1866 $43,000 of profits, and $13,000 in interest. The Queen City Company was established in 1864 with a capital of $10,000; the Cincinnati Association, started in 1863, has a capital of $10,000; the Central Association, incorporated in 1866, has $20,000 capital.

—The time-table established by the recent railroad convention is as follows: New York to Louisville, thirty-nine hours; Louisville to Memphis, nineteen and one-half hours; Memphis to New Orleans, twenty-six hours; aggregate, twelve hours less than by the supplanted time-table. The new table takes effect on the first proximo. The time for trains running north is not yet agreed on.

—Work on the Louisville & Cincinnati Railroad is being prosecuted with vigor all along the route—tunneling, bridging, grading, etc. Among the bridges will be one over the Kentucky river. The road diverges from the Louisville & Frankfort road at Lagrange, traverses the intervening counties, several miles from the Ohio river, making the distance from Louisville to Cincinnati one hundred and five miles, or four hours' travel.

—The Pensacola, Fla., *Observer* says that the report that $340,000 had been dug up from the graveyard of that city, where it had been buried during the war, and removed to parts unknown, came near terminating in a tragedy. Some fifty or sixty negroes, who claimed their share of the plunder, attacked the negro drayman who is said to have spirited the treasure away and would have lynched him but for the interference of the Sheriff. The city, at last accounts, was filled with gangs of idle negroes "discussing the great issue."

—The New York whisky dealers are getting up a grand demonstration against the Sunday and Prohibitory laws, preparatory to a more forcible resistance of them. The great banner which is to go at the head of the procession, and the smaller badges, bear a representation of Christ, blessing the wine at Cana. This sublime conception could only come from Mr. Wilkes, who is the head and front of the new movement, as very few of his present followers ever heard of Christ. The whisky dealers of New York, carrying a banner with Christ blessing wine painted upon it, and George Wilkes riding at the head, would be a spectacle almost as imposing as the London rioters when Lord George Gordon commanded.

—The correspondent of the New York *Times*, with the Senatorial excursion party on their recent trip over the Union Pacific Railroad, records the following curious incident, illustrative of the odd contrasts of the frontier: *Shooting at antelope from a car window while traveling at the rate of fifty miles an hour!* That's the entertainment to which the Senatorial excursionists were invited, and which they have been enjoying yesterday and to-day. "Tell it to the marines," ninety-nine out of every hundred readers of the *Times* may exclaim, but it is fact nevertheless. I have myself enjoyed the novel sensation of hearing the sharp crack of the rifle, of seeing the antelope start as the bullet tore up the sod and made the dust fly near him; and what is more to the purpose, I have pulled the trigger of a "Henry" repeater, which sent a ball to startle an antelope as it was quietly feeding about half a mile from the railway track.

Incidents and Accidents.

—Alabama planters have been bursting their mules by feeding them with shelled corn.

—There are signs of prosperity South, for they begin to have their railway disasters.

—A Baltimore coroner's jury brought in the verdict of "death from suicide by his own hands."

—The New York *Times* predicts that boys of 18 will be admitted to vote before women are.

—A minister walked fifty miles to be present at the recent Baptist convention in Lynchburg, Va.

—Congressman Darling, of New York, had one of his legs broken by a fall from his carriage, recently

—The Lemain Gift Enterprise at Kankakee, has exploded and adds another to the long list of swindles.

—Three weeks ago a woman left a trunk in a store in Providence, which she did not call for. On opening it, the dead body of a child was found in it.

—A verdict of $1300 was recovered against the Third Avenue Horse Railroad, New York, for running over a boy and making him a cripple.

—On the 18th, a sail-boat containing eight persons capsized on the Passaic river, near Newark, N. J., and Mrs. Ulmai, a French lady, and two children, were drowned.

—A Kentucky dentist extracted eighty-four grinders from the jaws of twenty-seven patients on a recent court day. That is what Mrs. Partington might call a distracting story.

—In the very heart of a log which was being sawed up at Augusta the other day, a strip of paper was found, on which was written in pencil, "1775, J. B. Dunkird, with Arnold."

—The last instance of communication with spirits through a medium is that of a gentleman, lately deceased, who sent word to his wife, "I now believe. Please send me my thin clothes."

—Schell, the artist, is likewise a punster. When with some of his brethren out sketching, one of the club proposes to remain and sketch another landscape. "Oh, no," says Schell, "let's ketch the cars."

—An inquisitive urchin at Pittsfield, Mass., while reciting a lesson the other day from Christ's sermon on the mount, broke out. "Mother, did Jesus Christ get two thousand dollars a year for preaching?"

—There is a colored boy in Newport. R. I., five years old, weighing only sixteen pounds. When six months old the child weighed only four and a quarter pounds. The boy enjoys good health, and is of good intellect.

—Hartford, New Haven, and several other cities passed ordinances prohibiting the public use of fire-works on the Natal Day. The destruction of ten millions of property at Portland last year has not been forgotten.

—In Litchfield, Conn., on Sunday, the 23d, Captain Salmon Buel celebrated his one hundredth birthday by attending the Congregational Church, the congregation rising as he came in, and the choir singing Old Hundred.

—The Hamburgh, Iowa, *Times* tell of a horse being killed by lightning near that place a few days ago. The horse was standing at the time in the centre of a group of horses, all of which, with this exception, escaped.

—A little son of Charles Kinlock, in Troy, N. Y., aged four years, drank two ounces of spirits of peppermint, mixed with alcohol and sweetened with sugar, the other day, and died a few hours afterwards.

—A man and his wife in North Brookfield, Mass., have been caught in cutting the hair from their neighbors' cows' tails, for hair to sell to the tin peddlers. The good people of that town think it rather mean, especially as fly-time is at hand.

—A Portland paper says that a State constable was noticed in one of the churches of that city on Sunday, with a sharp eye on the sacramental wine. Under the liquor law of Maine, clergymen are all liable to imprisonment, as the gift of cider or wine of any kind is as much a crime as its sale.

—A young lady who had been languishing for several years in St. Louis under a mysterious disease which baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians, it has been ascertained by a dentist, was dying from a slow poison distilled through the system by the amalgam with which two of her teeth had been filled.

—The premature discharge of a gun on board the Guerriere, at the firing of the salute in honor of the President, during his visit to Boston, blew a seaman through a port-hole, throwing him a hundred feet from the ship. He was taken on board, and found to have lost an arm, besides being otherwise injured.

—The New York ladies, according to the *Home Journal* (their organ), have adopted the French fashion of washing in wine, which is said to have a peculiarly softening effect upon the skin. One young lady uses two or three bottles of "green seal" every morning while performing her ablutions. Poor papa!

—A gentleman who recently died in California has left a legacy of $20,000 to the United States, the interest to be applied to the reduction of the national debt. Twelve hundred dollars a year does not seem to be a very great sum; but probably the testator hoped to set an example which might be imitated by others.

—The Magnolia *Star* gives an account of one man shooting another in that region, because he refused to lend him his pipe to "take a smoke." At the time the owner was using it himself, and told the other chap he could have it when he was done. At the refusal, the disappointed cuss pulled out a revolver, fired it at the pipe man, missed him, jumped on his mule and broke for the hills.

—The Winsted (Conn.) *Herald* tells of an old landlord at Woodbury, who was very sanctimonious, and would sit, on a calm summer evening, on the bench in front of his tavern, and sing "Sinners whose love can ne'er forget the wormwood and the gall," in "Coronation," with a touchingly sweet voice, and then step into his den and take the last sixpence from some poverty stricken wretch for rum.

—The Louisville *Journal* says: "One of the graveyard firms of Memphis a few days ago purloined Hoofland's thunder in the following style. The advertisement may be seen on the fence on Main street, between Beal and Linden;

		Order
Use	d	
Hoofland's	n	your
German	a	Coffins
Bitters		of Holst & Co.

—In Springfield, a boy six years old, son of an Irish woman, stole $95 from his mother and disposed of it among his playmates. To punish him for the theft, his mother tied him hand and foot to a post, and kept him stark naked out of doors in sun and storm every day for a week. Not content with such brutal treatment she kept him for a fortnight longer tied in a similar way to a bed post in the house. The boy will be quite sure to do worse next time.

—Miss Leo Hudson, the equestrian actress who has recently played Mazeppa at Barnum's Museum, rode Black Bess—the handsome trained horse who appears with her on the stage—across the elevated Broadway bridge, one day last week. A large crowd, filling the streets and the adjacent roofs and windows, watched the progress of the bold feat with breathless interest, and greeted its successful accomplishment with quite a flutter of enthusiasm.

—The Mount Pleasant *Journal* tells, on good authority, about a child being killed by a cat. It says: "On the 27th ult., a mother living near this city laid her babe in the cradle to sleep, and, passing out of the room, returned in about thirty minutes and found the child dead. As she entered the room a cat jumped off the cradle. The animal had evidently sucked the child's breath, causing its death. The name of the unfortunate parents is Ayres. This should be a caution to mothers not to lay their little ones to sleep where cats are about."

—A correspondent of the Manchester (Vt.) *Journal* vouches for the truth of the following very remarkable circumstance: One day recently a child, nineteen months of age, belonging to Mrs. D. H. Sheldon, of South Dorset, went out into the door-yard, while the family were at dinner, caught a green snake nearly two feet in length, eat about three inches of its tail, bit it once through the head, and came into the house with the snake wound round its arm, and still eating the tail, with the blood oozing from the corners of her mouth. With the exception of a badly poisoned mouth, the child received no injury.

—A ludicrous incident happened at Belgrade, recently. A body of well known Servians, all members of the extreme patriotic party, marched through the streets with long beards down to their knees, escorted by a number of barbers, razors in hand, and in this array entered the fortress, where the barbers proceeded at once to strip the bearded party of their hirsute adornments, and sent them out clean shaved. It appeared that, at the bombardment of Belgrade, in 1862, these Servians had vowed never to let a razor touch their faces until they could do so in the fortress itself, on the day which the Turkish troops abandoned it, and they completed their vow.

—The New London (Conn.) *Star* says a rumor has been in circulation in that city for the past two days to the effect that Captain Silas Buchanan and wife and Riley Sweet, all of New London, who were supposed to have been lost at sea many years ago, are still living—prisoners at one of the Fejee Islands. Captain Buchanan sailed from San Francisco eleven or twelve years since, bound for Australia, accompanied by his wife. The vessel in which he sailed, a small fore-and-aft schooner, called the Sea Breeze, was never heard from, and it was believed that she went down at sea and that all on board perished. The report is said to come from some men who were in captivity with Captain B., and who had arrived at New York.

—Dennis Colgan, draw tender at the East Bridgeport (Conn.) draw-bridge, performed a heroic act on Friday, June 21st, by which a frightful accident was prevented. The draw was about fifteen feet from its place when the train came in sight, and was swung into its position with all possible speed. But as the track strikes the draw at a strong curve on the west side, the train would inevitably force it open unless it was locked. Colgan instantly ran across the bridge in front of the advancing train, dropped in front of the engine, locked the draw with about an inch of the bar, and slid to the platform below. So narrow was his escape, that all thought he had been crushed to death beneath the wheels, until he emerged in the rear of the passing train.

—The Philadelphia *Ledger* exposes a new swindle which has been introduced there. The operator advertises for "copyists, male and female," and, on visiting the place he refers to, applicants are informed that he has 50,000 circulars to copy. He gives each applicant one copy of the circular and a package of letter paper in half sheets. He then says (the applicant being a stranger to him) a deposit must be left to insure the return of the paper. When the applicants return with the work done, expecting to receive their pay, they find that their pretended employer has disappeared. The entire object of this operation is to sell cheap writing paper at a very high price, and in this way one of these swindlers managed to get a great deal of it off a few days ago. The affair is but a type of the numerous swindles carried on by sharp fellows at the expense of credulous or over-anxious people. In the present case, however, a number of poor and deserving people, who are willing to labor to earn the means of living, were robbed both of their time and their small pittances of money. The case is a hard one, and the fellow should be pursued and brought to punishment.

Foreign Gossip.

—London temperance reformers are endeavoring to secure Gough for a year.

—Eighteen priests in Italy have contracted marriage under the new civil code.

—French and English guns are to be tried soon on English and French armor plates in a friendly way.

—The exact population of the Kingdom of Italy, according to the figures of the recent census is 24,200,000.

—Five hundred and fifty-three policemen and fifty-two detectives, commanded by twenty-nine officers superintend the Paris Exhibition.

—The tallest policeman in England died of consumption two weeks ago. He stood six feet ten inches in his stockings, which was a bad way for a consumptive to stand.

—A letter from Maritius to the London *Times* says. "I am writing from the city of the dead; 10,000 persons have been carried off already, the average in town being 200 a day."

—Mr. Robert Tomes, in his entertaining little book on the Champagne Country, remarks that in Verzenay, if the cry of "stop thief" is raised, every inhabitant takes to his heels.

—A sharp fellow in Paris has erected a telescope on the bridge of Jena which commands a peep of the stage of the Chinese theatre. Two sous gives spectators an illicit view of the Chinese stars.

—The flag of the new Dominion of Canada will retain the British union jack in the corner, and the remainder will be filled with four stripes, red, white, blue and green, to represent the four Provinces, which used to be.

—*Charivari* points out the curious fact that the official French journals, in announcing the visit of crowned persons, generally mentions the sum which each is expected to spend during his or her stay in Paris. Length of purse has fairly supplanted length of pedigree in popular estimation.

—A strange story is told about an egg merchant at one of the Paris markets. Having been indisposed for several days, he had kept his warehouse at a high temperature at the recommendation of his doctor. A morning or two ago he was awoke by a strange noise, and, jumping up he saw on the floor about 150 little chickens, which had been hatched by the heat, while the floor was strewn with egg-shells.

—The "meteor clock," at Greenwich, deserves to strike if any clock ever did. It does no end of work. It maintains various clocks in perfect sympathy with itself, regulates clocks in London, sends signals through Britain, drops the Deal time-ball, fires guns at Newcastle and Shields, and puts communication in such a shape that the Greenwich observer can receive automatic reports of the going of distant clocks as he may desire.

—A decided advance in the matter of Woman's Rights has been made in Holland. The Minister of the Interior has issued a decree admitting women to the examination for the position of assistant apothecaries—an occupation hitherto restricted exclusively to men. This measure will enable country doctors to have their prescriptions made up by their wives or daughters, and will thus relieve them from the charges of a male assistant.

—A complete translation of the Old Testament has lately been made into the Maori language, a work, it is said, of great difficulty and literary interest. A translation of the Gospels and Acts has also been made into the Gueg dialect of the Skepetax or Albanian, the last being the work of the Bible Society. As the translator calls himself a native of Elbasan, it is probably rendered in that sub-dialect, there being indeed no classical dialect of Gueg.

—A newspaper correspondent mentioned an amusing anecdote of Lord Glasgow, which, it is said, he himself tells with great gusto. Some short time ago he had occasion to travel from London to Glasgow, and, on taking his ticket at the booking office of the railway station, tendered a £10 note in payment. Before giving the change, the clerk, in accordance with the usual custom, requested him to indorse the note with his name, and on his lordship complying with the mandate, and returning the note to the official, the latter, after a contemptuous glance at the signature, "Glasgow," tossed it back to the owner, exclaiming indignantly, with the air of a man whose time is too precious to be trifled with, "Put your name to it, and not the name of the place you want to go to, you old fool!" The *denouement*, as the penny novels have it, is better imagined than described.

—The Duke of Nassau could never console himself for the narrowness of his dominions, which was a perpetual source of fun to the Prussian papers. They one day declared that he, having exiled a courtier, stood on his palace's terrace to see the order executed; the next day the Prussian newspapers would publish a pseudo-decree forbidding all faithful subjects from discharging muskets or pistols in a horizontal line in order to avoid violating the frontiers of neighboring States; to their jokes upon his demi-fluvial navy (he owned only half a river) there was no end. The louder Prussia laughed the more melancholic the Duke became. His courtiers tried their best to raise his spirits; the census returns were exaggerated, the births were increased, deaths were diminished, maps made which represented hamlets which ceased to exist in the days of Germanicus as flourishing cities—all in vain. One day a railroad company asked permission to build their road across his duchy; he granted permission on condition that the road should pursue a zig-zag line so as to double or triple the distance run and force the locomotives to travel slowly, so that passengers should think the Duchy of Nassau one of the largest in Germany. He recovered his good humor from that day.

—In military parlance a tattoo is a night drum beat. The tattoo, however, as recently introduced into the British Navy, beats drum-beating hollow. Some gay and festive midshipmen are said to have seized a messmate, lashed him to a gun, and then cut on his nose the broad arrow of her Majesty. The outrage was aggravated by rubbing in gunpowder, thus making the pictorial device a permanent nasal ornament. As soon as the matter was made known at the Admiralty, the perpetrators were dismissed from the service. Having thus inflicted punishment without trial, two naval Captains were sent to investigate the matter. Meantime contradictions and justifications came pouring in. No gunpowder was rubbed in; the broad arrow was merely pricked in coticular fresco, not painted at all. and would heal without a scar, "leaving no scar behind." Besides the victim was "willin" and rather liked it. Moreover, nose-tattooing is a time-honored recreative custom in the service. So a general howl arose from the British public—the lion lashed its tail, and the Admiralty reinstated the middies, and we presume they are at liberty to practice "marine vaccination" at pleasure. For the British middy must have "his bit of fun" occasionally.

Art and Science.

—The new pulley-bolt for the Roger Williams Flour Mills is 184 feet long and 4 feet wide, and is made of whole hides cemented together, without lacing, pegs or rivets.

—De Suca, having examined the water of the vase at Pompeii, shows that it had not remained there, as supposed, for eighteen centuries, but was a deposit of filtration from heavy rains.

—The report of one of the British Railway Commissioners, Sir Rowland Hill, states that the personal injuries on all the railways in the United Kingdon are fewer than those by ordinary vehicles in London alone.

—The Arms Company, of Newburyport, Mass., are manufacturing several carving machines. These machines carve wood, marble, stone and copper with great ease and precision, and will do ten times the amount of work that could be done by hand.

—The sewing machine is said to be likely to have a rival in another similar invention recently made, by which all kinds of garments are both woven and sewed at the same time. The sewing of the seam is reported to be stronger, even, than hand sewing, and perfectly smooth and even.

—Chestnut oil, prepared on a large scale in France, from horse chestnuts, by chemical treatment, is very fluid, absorbable by the skin, and has met with great success as an application for gout and rheumatism. Stearin, syrup of glucose, alcohol and starch are also among the incidental products.

—Mr. Stamm, of Milan, has invented a vehicle in which the strength of a horse is reinforced by that of steam, while the steam power gains in application the advantage of the horse's intelligence, so that both work together, and are managed as one by the reins. When the horse moves forward, his traction applies the steam; when he is pulled up, his backward action shuts it off, and if vigorously applied, reverses the engine, which backs as he backs, stops backing as he stops, and again starts forward as he starts.

—Since 1836 there have been established throughout the world 160,000 miles of telegraph, comprising 400,000 miles of wire, and working nearly 14,000 stations. Without reckoning the short crossings of rivers, the total length of submarine cables laid during the sixteen and a half years between June, 1850 and the end of 1866, amounted to 19,923 miles, with a length of conducting wire (many of the cables comprising from three to six conductors) of 25,563 miles. One-half of this, including the Atlantic cable of 1858, has been lost.

—The Master of the Mint in London has obtained a message from the stars. It was conveyed in a piece of meteoric iron. When heated and tested with Sprengel's aspirator, this iron gave off three times its volume of hydrogen. And since malleable iron can only be made to take up about one-half its volume of hydrogen, Mr. Graham understood the message to be that the iron had come from a very dense atmosphere of hydrogen gas, such as would not be found within the limits of the solar system. Spectrum analysis has already shown that hydrogen is a prominent constituent in many of the stars, and Mr. Graham's experiment shows how it can be conveyed all those countless millions of miles to this earth.

—In a recent lecture upon Africa, delivered by Monsieur Du Chaillu before the Travelers' Club, in New York, the lecturer stated that many of the tribes of Equatorial Africa esteemed the flesh of the gorilla a great delicacy. In his Explorations he had suffered more from hunger than from any other cause. He generally took a monkey along with him, and would first let the monkey taste the berries he found by the way-side, and if he would eat them he considered them safe food for himself. Thus he had lived for days and weeks, and looking at his monkey companion, would exclaim: "Am not I a man and a brother?" Sometimes the monkey's taste in berries differed from his own; but he had to put up with what he could get, and eat what the monkey set before him. He had also not unfrequently been compelled to eat the monkey himself, and found him equal to the finest venison.

* * *

Frightful Coal Mine Disaster in England.—A fearful accident, which resulted in the immediate death of ten men and lads, occurred at Washington colliery, on the Weir, in England, May 31. Sixteen men and lads had been barred up in the Maudlin seam, and were prevented getting up with the men who came out of the pit in the afternoon. About 6 o'clock the fall having been cleared away, the men and lads having been sent to the foot of the shaft to go to bank, and ten of them were in a cage of two decks, between 7 and 8 o'clock, and were drawn up the shaft by the engine. Instead of stopping his engine when the case got to bank, Tudor, the engineman, had let it go on, and the result was, the ten poor creatures were run up to the pulleys in the cage. Upon passing the bank the men shouted with all their strength, but no notice was taken of them, and as soon as the cage struck the chocks near the pulleys or wheels, which it did with considerable force, the wire rope broke, and the whole of the men in the cage were precipitated with it down the shaft, to the sump, a depth of two hundred and fifty yards, and it is needless to say that they were killed on the spot. The cage crashed from side to side as it was precipitated down the fearful chasm, pitched the men out, smashed through the bunting, and fell into the sump. Immediately after the occurrence the brakeman disappeared, but he was apprehended during the night, and was brought before the Gateshead magistrates on Saturday and remanded. The bodies of the men were got out of the pit on the following day.

* * *

—Not long since a German was riding along Sansome street, near Sacramento, Cal., when he heard a pistol shot behind him, and heard the whizzing of a ball near him, and felt his hat shake. He turned and saw a man with a revolver in his hand, and took off his hat and found a fresh bullet hole in it

"Did you shoot at me?" asked the German.

"Yes," replied the other party, "that's my horse; it was stolen from me recently."

"You must be mistaken," said the German; "I have owned the horse for three years."

"Well," said the other, "when I come to look at him, I believe I am mistaken. Excuse me, sir; won't you take a drink?"

* * *

—We suppose everbody has heard of the Irishman who said: "The most eloquent feature in a dog's face was its tail."

Home, Farm and Garden.

The custom of working horses immediately after being fed, and especially when long intervals elapse between hours of feeding, weakens the digestive organs and predisposes them to attacks of colic. Very cold water given when the horse's body is heated, and a sudden stoppage of perspiration, are also exciting causes of this disorder.

A Pennsylvania paper says: "A short time ago we published an article from an exchange, to the effect that salt in a kerosene lamp was a great saving of oil. We have since fully tested it, and it is a greater saving than was stated in the article referred to. Fill the lamp half full of common salt, then fill up with oil. It burns with a clearer flame, and it is a *saving of more than twenty-five per cent.* in oil. Try it."

Strawberry Jelly.—Express the juice from the fruit through a cloth, strain it clear, weigh and stir to it an equal proportion of the finest sugar, dried and reduced to powder; when this is dissolved, place the preserving pans over a very clear fire, and stir the jelly often until it boils; clear it carefully from scum and boil it quickly from fifteen to twenty-five minutes. This receipt is for a moderate quantity of the preserves; a very small portion will require less time.

The following is too good to be lost, whether real or imaginary: A good story is told of a shrewd farmer in Lewis county, who rather "did" one of the Lowville butter buyers last week. The farmer divided an excellent onion with the merchant, and, after the wholesale buyer had regaled himself upon the bulbous root, Mr. Farmer allowed him to examine a tub of butter in which the "leek" was unable to overcome the onion, and the butter was pronounced "first rate," and sold at first-class price. Moral: Eat onions in advance of strong butter.

Protecting Fruit Trees from Rabbits.—Much has been said about girdled trees. I do not see the necessity of having trees girdled, if every one owning an orchard would take the trouble to leave a few shocks of sweet corn in their orchards, they would not be troubled. Last year we raised a little patch of sweet corn in the orchard, used all we wanted while green, in the fall cut it up, making three shocks, and left it standing till spring, and after the rabbits had fed on it all winter, had a bushel basket full. Not a tree has been touched. I consider this method cheaper than replacing with trees.—*Cor. Wisconsin Farmer.*

To Preserve Furs and Woolens from Moths.—An old housekeeper says: To preserve these articles with entire safety, shake them thoroughly, in order that any moth already in them may be dislodged; then place them in close cotton or linen bags, and tie them as tightly as possible to exclude the miller, and there will be no danger of damage from moth. There need be no special place to hang the bag in. Wardrobe, closet, garret, or wherever you please, is all the same. Old newspapers, entirely without fractures, will answer just as well in which to wrap up furs and woolens, but they must be so pasted together as to leave no place for the entrance of the millers.

The *Country Gentleman* says many otherwise good apple orchards are allowed to become defaced, as well as seriously injured, by permitting a profusion of suckers to grow at the base of the trunks. Attempts are sometimes made to get rid of them by cutting them off down by the surface of the ground, and leaving considerable portions below in the form of short stumps. These sprout again, and they soon become as bad as ever. A better way is to wait until they are in leaf, at which time they are loosened more readily, and taking each sprout separately in the hands, and placing a thick boot upon it near the tree, they are quickly separated. If done at this time of the year they will not be likely to sprout again.

Canning Fruit.—As the season of fruit is just commencing, anything that will enable it to be successfully canned at a small expense, will very much prolong the season. Only those who have tried it know the satisfaction derived from eating a dish of strawberries or peaches in mid-winter as fresh as when gathered. The annexed method of canning fruit was furnished at the New York Farmers' club by Mrs. Powers, of Oswego county, New York:

I will suppose your fruit and glass cans all ready. I prefer cans with glass covers. I scald the fruit in a large tin pan with juice or water to cover it. Put a half a tea cup of cold water into every can, and fill up with hot water; put the covers and rubbers also into hot water. Now empty the can and fill up with hot fruit, and then another.

Let them stand open till the hand can be held upon them without burning. As soon as filled cut writing paper the size of the can, one for each, and when cool, slip one over the fruit entirely, and fill up the can on the top of the paper with boiling juice, and seal at once. Ladies, try this way, the fruit will never mould and keep any time if you don't eat it. The paper keeps the fruit from rising to the top of the liquid. There is no use of setting cans into water to heat them, or of putting them in quilted bags, it is too troublesome. I let the fruit shrink, and then fill up to the cover as close as possible. Ladies must be governed by their own common sense. Men attempt to give directions, but their wives have to tell them, and they are likely to forget.

THE MARKETS.

	New York, July 5, 1867.		
FLOUR—Trade Brands	$11.50	@	$12.70
WHEAT—No. 2 Milwaukee Spring	2.18	@	2.20
RYE—Western	1.20	@	1.35
BARLEY—Western	1.15	@	1.18
CORN—Sound Western Mixed	1.10	@	1.12
OATS—New Western	.78	@	.80
PORK—Western Mess	21.10	@	21.25
BEEF CATTLE—Fair Western Steers	16.00	@	17.00
GOLD—1.38⅜.			
	Chicago, July 5, 1867.		
BEEVES—Medium to Fair	[illegible]	@	7.00
BUTTER—Good Tub	.13	@	.16
FLOUR—Winter White	14.00	@	15.00
Spring Extra	8.75	@	10.50
GRAIN—Corn No. 1	.81	@	.83
Oats—Nos. 2	.53	@	.54
Rye No. 1	1.02	@	1.04
Wheat—New Spring No. 1	2.00	@	2.05
No. 2	1.80	@	1.85
HOGS—Live Medium	5.25	@	5.50
HOPS—Western	.50	@	.55
LARD—No. 1	.11¼	@	.11½
PORK—New Mess	20.75	@	21.00
	Cincinnati, July 5, 1867.		
FLOUR—Family	12.50	@	13.50
WHEAT—No. 1 Winter	2.70	@	2.75
CORN—Shelled	.74	@	.75
OATS—Nos. 1@2	.64	@	.68
RYE—No. 1	1.18	@	1.20
BACON—Shoulders and Sides	.09	@	.11
PORK—Regular Mess	20.55	@	21.00
LARD	.11	@	.11½

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They have also taken the first premium wherever exhibited this season.

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A Fine and Large Stock of

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FOR THE

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Consisting o

Rockers, Chairs, Tables, 1 ureaus, Stands, Beadsteads, Lounges, Looking Glasses, Picture Frames and Mouldings furnished, &c. &c.

He manufactures and repairs all kinds of work skillfully, and can therefore offer better inducements to patrons than those being obliged to sell second-handed.

Give him a visit. Nov 8 1y.

YOUNG MEN,

The experience of the past ten years has demonstrated the fact that reliance may be placed in the efficacy of

Hell's Specific Pills,

for the speedy and permanent cure of Seminal weakness, Emissions, Physical and Nervous debility, Impotence, or want of power, the result of Sexual Excess, or Youthful Indiscretion, which neglected, ruins the happiness, and unfits the sufferer for Business, Social Society or Marriage, and often terminates in an untimely grave. Make no delay in seeking the remedy. This entirely vegetable and harmless on the system, can be used without detection or interference with business pursuits, and no change of diet is necessary while using them. Price One Dollar

If you cannot get them of your druggist, send the money to Dr. J. Bryan, 819 Broadway, New York, and they will be sent free from observation by return of mail.

Private Circulars to Gentlemen sent free on application.

TO LADIES.

If you require a reliable remedy to restore you, and remove Irregularities or Obstructions, why not use the best? Thirty years experience has proved that

Dr. Harvey's Female Pills

have no equal for Removing Obstructions and Irregularities. No matter from what cause they arise. They are safe and sure in every case. Price, One Dollar, per box.

Dr. Harvey's Golden Pills

Is a remedy four degrees stronger than the above, and intended for special cases of long standing. Price, Five Dollars per Box.

A Ladies' Private Circular, with Engravings, sent free on application.

If you cannot get the Pills of your druggist, send the money to Dr. J. Bryan, 819 Broadway, New York, and they will be sent free from observation by return of mail.

AVOID THE QUACKS.

A gentleman who was a victim to the Indiscretion common to Youth, which resulted in Seminal Weakness, Nightly Emission, Nervousness and Physical Incapacity, and came near ending his days in hopeless misery, but who is now fully restored to health, will send free of charge, the simple prescription that cured him after the failure of many other remedies. Address,

EDGAR TREMAIRE, Station D, New York.

LEGAL NOTICES.

State of Minnesota } County of Carver } S. S. In Probate Court. }

At a special term of the Probate Court held in and for said County of Carver Minnesota on the 20th day of June 1867 in the matter of the estate of Michael Wasserman late of said County deceased, on reading and filing the oath and petition of Mary Wasserman widow praying for reason therein set forth that letters of administration issue to Henry E. Wolff, It is ordered that Monday the 15th day of July 1867 at 11 o'clock A. M. at the office of the Judge of Probate in said County, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and all persons interested in said estate are required to appear at the time and place aforesaid and show cause why said petition should not be granted, and it is further ordered that said petitioner give notice of the pendency of said petition by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Valley Herald for three successive weeks previous to the said day of hearing.

Dated Chaska June 20th, 1867.

J. A. SARGENT, Judge of Probate.

NEW

HARNESS SHOP

THIRD STREET, CHASKA, MINNESOTA.

Dealer in

Saddlery Hardware,

WHIPS, BELLS, BUFFALOES, TRIMMINGS, &c.

AND

Trunks, Valises, &c. &c.

I am also prepared to repair all kinds of work in my line,

ALSO

Carriage Trimming

AND

Upholstering.

Keep constantly on hand a good assortment of new Harness, for both fancy, and for work teams.

The best of workmen only employed. Give me a call and I guarantee satisfaction.

E. ELLSWORTH.

Manhood: How Lost. How Restored.

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure (without medicine) of Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance.

☞ Price, in sealed envelope, only 6 cents.

The celebrated author, in this admirable essay clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife—pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, to any address, in a plain sealed envelope, on the receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Also Dr. Culverwell's "Marriage Guide," price 25 cents. Address the publishers,

CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO., 127 Bowery, New York,

Post Office Box 4586.

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CROCKERY HOUSE

To the Merchants Hotel Keepers and Residents OF THE MINNESOTA VALLEY.

MARVIN is selling CROCKERY and GLASS WARE at

ST, LOUIS PRICES For Cash,

With the largest stock of Goods ever kept in the State he is able to supply every demand in his line of business.

Importing his goods direct from Europe, and personally selecting them he is able and willing to sell CHEAP No necessity exists for Merchants to go further, as there is not a larger nor better selected stock in the North-west.

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Wholessle Dealers in School, Miscellaneous & Blank

Books, Stationery,

Writing Paper, Photograph Albums &c.,

☞ Retail Dealers supplied at lowest rates.

E. D. K. RANDALL,

Dealer in, Notions, Toys and

Fancy Goods,

of every discription.

WITH D. D. MERRILL AT,

109 3d, St., St. Paul Minn.

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S. L. BAILEY, & CO.,

Are now prepared to offer an entire new stock of

Furniture,

Consisting of

Wardrobes, Sideboards, Bureaus Bedsteads, Wash Stands, Breakfast, Desert, Dining and Extension Tables, Lounges, Cribs, Walnut cane-seat Chairs, flag & wood-seat Sofas, Tete-a-Tetes, Easy and Parlor Chairs, Marble-Top Tables, Gilt and Rose Wood Mouldings, Varnish and innumerable other goods belonging to the

FURNITURE BUSINESS.

VARNISHES

Of all kinds,

OVAL FRAMES, PICTURES &c.

To those wishing to buy for cash we, would solicit an examination of our stock and prices.

Upholstering Done to Order.

Ware-Rooms Third St., St. Paul Minn.

Respectfully,

S. L. BAILEY, & CO.

New Advertisements.

CRISPER COMA.

Oh! she was beautiful and fair,
With starry eyes, and radiant hair,
Whose curling tendrils soft, entwined,
Enchained the very heart and mind.

CRISPER COMA.

For Curling the Hair of either Sex into Wavy and Glossy Ringlets or Heavy Massive Curls.

By using this article Ladies and Gentlemen can beautify themselves without fold. It is the only article in the world that will curl straight hair, and at the same time give it a beautiful, glossy appearance. The Crisper Coma not only curls the hair, but invigorates, beautifies and cleanses it; is highly and delightfully perfumed, and is the most complete article of the kind ever offered to the American public. The Crisper Coma will be sent to any address, sealed and postpaid for $1.

Address all orders to

W. L. CLARK & CO., Chemists,

No. 3 West Fayette Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

m30 1y.

Reaparator Capilli.

Throw away your false frizzes, your swithes, your wig—
Destructive of comfort, and not worth a fig;
Come aged, come youthful come ugly and fair,
And rejoice in your own luxurant hair.

REAPARATOR CAPILLI.

For restoring hair upon bald heads, (from whatever cause it may have fallen out) and forcing a growth of hair upon the face. It has no equal. It will force the beard to grow upon the smoothest face in from five to eight weeks or hair upon bald heads in from two to three months. A few ignorant practitioners have asserted that there is nothing that will force or hasten the growth of the hair or beard. Their assertions are false, as thousands of living witness (from their own experience) can bear witness. But many will say, how are we to distinguish the genuine from the spurious? It certainly is difficult, as nine-tenths of the different Preparations advertised for the hair and beard are entirely worthless, and you may have already thrown away large amounts in their purchase. To such we would say, try the Reparator Capilli; it will cost you nothing unless it fully comes up to our representations. If your Druggist does not keep it, send us one dollar and we will forward it, postpaid, together with a receipt for the money which will be returned to you on application, providing entire satisfaction is not given.

Address,

W. L. CLARK & CO., Chemists,

No. 3 West Fayette Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

m30 1y

Wonderful but True.

MADAME REMINGTON, the world-renowned Astrologist and Somnambulistic Clairvoyant, while in a clairvyant state, delineates the very features of the person you are to marry, and by the aid of an instrument of intense power, known as the Psychomotrope, guarantees to produce a perfect and lifelike picture of the future husband or wife of the applicant with date of marriage, occupation, leading traits of character, &c. This is no imposition, as testimonials without number can assert. By stating place of birth, age, disposition, color of eyes and hair, and enclosing fifty cents, and stamped envelope addressed to yourself, you will receive the picture by return mail, together with desired information.

☞ Address in confidence, Madame Gertrude Remington, P, O. Box 297, West Troy, N Y.

m30 1y.

There cometh glad tidings of joy to all,
To young and to old, to great and to small;
The beauty which once was so precious and rare,
Is free for all, and all may be fair.

By the use of

CHASTELLAR'S

WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL.

For Improving and Beautifying the Complexion.

The most valuable and perfect preparation in use, for giving the skin a beautiful pearl like tint, that is only found in youth. It quickly removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Aloth Patches, Sallowness, Eruptions, and all impurities of the skin, kindly healing the same leaving the skin white and clear as alabaster. Its use can not be detected by the closest scrutiny, and being a vegetable preparation is perfectly harmless. It is the only article of the kind used by the French, and is considered by the Parisian as indispensable to a perfect toilet. Upwards of 80,000 bottles were sold during the past year, a sufficient guarantee of its efficacy. Price only 75 cents. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of an order, by

BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,

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EXCELSIOR! EXCELSIOR!!

CHASTELLAR'S Hair Exterminator!!

For Removing Superfluous Hair.

To the ladies especially, this invaluable depilatory recommends itself as being an almost indispensible article to female beauty, is easily applied, does not burn or injure the skin, but acts directly on the roots. It is warranted to remove superfluous hair from low foreheads, or from any part of the body, completely, totally and radically extirpating the same leaving the skin soft, smooth and natural. This is the only article used by the French, and is the only real effectual depilatory in existence. Price 75 cents per package, sent post-paid, to any address on receipt of an order, by

BERGER, SHUTTS, & Co., Chemists

m6 1y 285 River St., Troy, N. Y.

Free to Everybody.

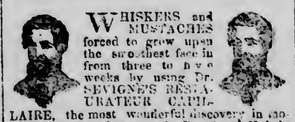
A Large 6 pp. Circular, giving information of the greatest importance to the young of both sexes.

It teaches how the homely may become beautiful, the despised respect, and the forsaken loved.

No young lady or gentleman should fail to send their Address, and receive a copy post-paid, by return mail.

Address P. O. Drawer, 21,

m30 6m Troy, N. Y.



WHISKERS and MUSTACHES forced to grow upon the smoothest face in from three to five weeks by using Dr. SEVIGNE'S RESTAURATEUR CAPILLAIRE, the most wonderful discovery in modern science, acting upon the Beard and Hair in an almost miraculous manner. It has been used by the elite of Paris and London with the most flattering success. Names of all purchasers will be registered, and if entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail, sealed and postpaid, $1. Descriptive circulars and testimonials mailed free Address BERGER SHUTTS & CO., Chemists, No. 285 River Street, Troy, N Y., Sole agents for the United States

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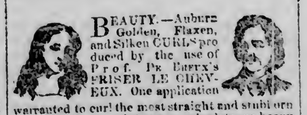

BEAUTY.—Auburn Golden, Flaxen, and Silken CURLS produced by the use of Prof. Dr. Berry's CRISER LE CHEVEUX. One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair of either sex into wavy ringlets, or heavy massive curls. Has been used by the fashionables of Paris and London, with the most gratifying results. Does no injury to the hair. Price by mail, sealed and postpaid, $1 Descriptive Circulars mailed free. Address BERGER SHUTTS & CO., Chemists, No. 285 River St., Troy, N. Y., Sole agents for the United States

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ITS the attention of purchasers to the *LARGEST* and *BEST* select stock of the City of Chicago, consisting of

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PATENT MEDICINES, and in fact every article appertaining to the DRUG business and will guarantee satisfaction both in quality and prices of goods.

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DEALERS in

Iron, Nails, Steel,

plows, axes, springs, axles, anvils vices, bellows and heavy hardware generally.

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VULCANIZED FUR BELTING AND LEATHER BELTING, GRINDSTONES COAL, &c., &c.

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Also Herring & Co's celebrated fire proof Safes.

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CARBON OIL AND LAMPS,

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NO 115, THIRD STREET, CORNER OF ROBERT,

St. Paul, Minn.

Jan. 15th, 1867.

THE GREAT RETAIL DRY GOODS HOUSE,

OF MINNESOTA.

THE BEST GOODS SOLD AT THE LOWEST MARKET PRICE

Country Merchants supplied at Eastern Prices

D. W. Ingersoll & Co.

SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

Feb 6 1867 1

Valley Herald.

F. E. DU TOIT Proprietor. TERMS, $2 00, Per Annum.

VOLUME 5. CHASKA, MINNESOTA, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1867, NUMBER 48.

The Valley Herald

BY F. E. DU TOIT.

CHASKA SATURDAY. JULY 20th 1867.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

For Governor,
HON. CHARLES E. FLANDRAU.
Of Hennepin County.

For Lieut. Governor,
HON. ARBA K. MAYNARD,
Of Le Sueur County.

For Secretary of State,
HON. AMOS COGGSWELL,
of Steele County.

For Attorney General,
HON. ANDREW G. CHATFIELD,
of Scott County.

For State Treasurer,
JOHN FREDERICHS, Esq.,
of Goodhue County.

CARVER COUNTY TICKET.

Register of Deeds,
FREDERICK GREINER.

County Treasurer,
JOHN DUNN.

Judge of Probate,
J. A. SARGENT.

Sheriff,
CHARLES JOHNSON.

County Attorney,
FRANK WARNER,

Surveyor,
H. CHEVER.

Coroner,
CHAS. BASLER.

LEGISLATIVE TICKET.
21st. District.

Senator.—C. W. GRIGGS

Representative.—LEWIS GOTHELF.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

The Democratic State Convention assembled at the Capital on the 10th inst. and nominated one of the best tickets ever offered the people of Minnesota. At the head of the ticket we find the name of Judge Chas. E. Flandrau, nominee for Governor, who in point of executive ability has few equals in the State and a gentleman well known as having been identified with the history of the State since its infancy, also the heroic defender of the frontier settlements in the Indian massacre of 1862

Next on the list we find the name of Hon. A. K Maynard, nominee for Lt. Gov, known through the State as the "people defender" in the Legislature last winter, and as such is a "pillar of strength," and will poll a tremendous vote in November.

Next we find the name of Hon. Amos Cogswell, nominee for Sec. of State, a better selection could not have been made. Mr. Cogswell is a gentleman of fine abilities, and would grace the position for which he has been nominated.

Next comes the name of Hon. A. G. Chatfield, nominee for Att'y Gen'l. Mr. Chatfield is so well known in our County, that it seems surplusage to add our testimony to the general *verdict*. He is everywhere known as the ablest lawyer in the State, a fact admitted by political opponents.

Next and last, but not least, comes our nominee for Treasurer, of whom the *Pioneer* says:

John Fredericks, Esq.; of Red Wing, is the Democratic candidate for State Treasurer. He is a German by birth, came to this country when only fifteen years of age, and although still a young man, by his intelligence, industry and business capacity, has become one of the most successful merchants of the State. He has not only achieved wealth and position, but is a gentleman of culture, and will adorn the office to which he has been nominated. He is very much esteemed by the German citizens, and in fact by all who have the pleasure of knowing him. We doubt whether a better selection for State Treasurer could have been made. He possesses all the qualifications necessary to the discharge of the duties of the office, and we believe he will be elected by a handsome majority. His German friends are rejoiced at the nomination, and will enter the contest in his behalf, and in behalf of the whole ticket, with enthusiasm.—It is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Fredericks is and always has been a staunch and reliable Democrat.

BITTER HOWL.

The Staats *Zeitung* sets up a bitter howl of disappointment over the nomination, by the Democratic Convention of Messrs. Griggs and Greiner, two of the ablest Democrats in our County. It seems the especial pleasure of the *Zeitung* to abuse the above gentlemen, because they happen to have a little more influence, common sense, and gentlemanly qualities than the *Zeitung* is possessed off, therefore they have become a target for the paper bullets of this harmless pop gun. Messrs. Griggs and Greiner could not receive a greater compliment, than in this tirade of the *Zeitung*, and its effect will be apparent to the obtuse Editor of the above journal in November next.

If we elect Flandreau and Coggswell and Maynard and Chatfield and Frederick, has Congress any power to prevent them from taking their seats? A radical in the Rink answered *"Yes."* when Coggswell asked this question. It has prevented eight Congressmen from Kentucky from taking their seats until a committee report upon their "loyalty." Kentucky stands on the same basis as Minnesota—having never seceded—but sent over 40,000 men to fight the rebellion. If Kentucky can be treated so, why not Minnesota?—*Pioneer.*

Forcing Negro Suffrage on all the States.

The telegraph tells us Mr. Sumner has offered a bill to force negro suffrage on all the States. Speaker Colfax has received the petition of 170 colored men, late United States soldiers, residing in Kentucky, stating that the state laws deny them the right to testify, and asking Congress to grant them the right of suffrage. The petition will be laid before the House. And probably before twelve months the "watering pot" of Phillips and Sumner will make Congress grow so much that they will not hesitate to force on Kentucky, on Maryland, on Minnesota, and on every other Northern State, the same tyranical and despotic measure which they have forced upon the Southern States by their reconstruction bill, in spite of our constitutional right to regulate the matter of suffrage in our own way. How useless to have a "State of Minnesota" with a Legislature and a Constitution of our own, if Congress can say that negroes may vote here when our Constitution says they may not, and we go through the farce of amending it this fall. Thus Congress is usurping all power, and swallowing up the States in a centralized Despotism.

Hon. Charles E. Flandrau.

From the St. Peter Advertiser.

"Away with your resolutions for political purposes. The people in Western Minnesota are being murdered by the hundreds, and it is our duty to save them at all hazards. Move to New Ulm! Move to the frontier! and save the men, women and children. is my command. We want no honied words or proclamations from Donnelly, but give us guns and ammunition!"—*Charles E. Flandrau, in August*, 1862.

—The above was uttered by Col. Flandrau after he had been out several days fighting the Indians, after the outbreak in 1862.

There were thousands of refugees in St. Peter, Lieut. Gov. Donnelly came up and issued a "proclamation," telling them to go home, that all was quiet, and that one word from him was all that was necessary to make every Indian tremble in his mocasins. Many refuges went home and the result was more murder and a second stampede. Col. Flandrau arrived from the frontier just after Donnelly issued his "proclamation," and the above quotation was his language. His heart was with the frontier people, and after the Indians gave up the battle at New Ulm, he went and looked after the wounded. After he had won the day, a tear of joy trickled down his cheek as he shook the hand of all who fought at New Ulm. A nobler deed was never done by man, and well did he earn the honorable title "The Hero of New Ulm."

Caught a Tartar.

When the republican members of the impeachment committee summoned Horace Greely before them to testify against Andrew Johnson, they caught a Tartar. He not merely exculpated the President from any interferance in the matter of securing bail for Jefferson Davis, but under the cross examination of Mr. Eldredge, he convicted the leaders of the radical party of an attempt to dissuade Greeley from signing the bail bond, for purely partisan reasons. In short, if anything further had been required to expose the corrupt and partisan motives of the radical members of the committee and their allies, the statement of Horace Greeley is sufficient.—*Dem. Chatfield.*

The overland mail from Fort Abercrombie to Montana is now in operation. It is transported by mule. Charles Ruffee, an Indian trader at Crow Wing, is the contractor.

HOME ITEMS.

HERALD AGENT CARVER—G. A. Du Toit.

MARRIED.

In Chaska July 12th 1867, by Judge of Probate, Johan Janke to Alvina Treasel, both of Waconia.

DIED.

In Chaska, July 14th, Henrich Roers, aged 61 years.

CHASKA MILL.—The Chaska Mill Company shut down their mill last week, for want of grain. They will make some alteration and repairs, and be ready to operate on the new crop, about September 1st. Since starting, about Feb. 1st. they have ground nearly ten thousand barrels and sacks of flour and paid out for grain &c. over seventy five thousand dollars, and it is "currently reported" that they have not *lost* much money. They have on hand a good stock of extra and common flour, for sale at the mill.

The President has gone to Europe, and the gentlemanly Secretary was last seen reposing upon a sack of bran, calmly smoking his pipe, and apparently meditating upon the vanity of all earthly things. The business manager was last observed hunting up *quotations*, and cogitating upon the financial condition of Carver County Bonds.

CARVER ITEMS.—We have procured a regular correspondent at Carver, who will hereafter furnish our readers in that locality a weekly supply of items. The first installment will be found in another column. We now hope to extend our subscription list in that town to tribble its present size. We also expect to see the business men of that enterprising city, represented in the adv. column of the HERALD.

G. A. Du Toit, is our Agent, all orders left with him and all business transacted by him, for this establishment, will be duly recognized by us.

ROADS.—The warm dry weather of the past two weeks. has made a remarkable change in our roads. We are informed by our farmers that the roads leading out of town are quite good, and they find no farther trouble in coming in, or going out of town.

CATTLE FAIR.—Cattle Fair was very slimly attended on Saturday last.—Whether it is owing to the scarcity of money, or from the fact that our farmers are busily engaged on their farms, we know not. It is attributable to some cause, probably one of the above, or both.

—Judge Ebingers new residence is rapidly approaching completion. It is a large two story brick building, and it has an imposing appearance, situated as it is in a commanding position. By the way, the Judge has one of the best farms in the county, and its value is much enhanced by its joining town. His crops look finely.

RIVER.—The river is rapidly receding within the "bounds of reason." It has fallen at least five feet since our last issue. We now have a splendid stage of water.

The Chippewa Falls, Capt. Houghton, went up on Tuesday morning last, loaded down to the waters edge with freight, she also had three barges in tow, all loaded down with lumber. The St. Anthony Falls, also makes occasional trips.

MORAVIAN ACADEMY.—The pupils of this well known establishment are enjoying a two month vacation. Miss. E. Lange, one of the leading teachers engaged in this institution last term, left for her home in Penna. recently. Miss. Longe had gained in her short stay here a large circle of friends, who regret her departure exceedingly. She certainly has the wishes of the community for equal success hereafter.

DRYING.—Our rich bottom lands along the river, have again become visible, very little water being left upon them. We observe our farmers cutting hay in places where the water did not stand long. There is some places where the grass is entirely dead. In such spots it is not expected that any grass will be cut for two years.

The floods have occasioned great loss to farmers owning much stock.

CROPS.—The past two weeks has worked "magic" in our fields. Wheat, Barley and Rye, are truly splendid.—Look out for a *huge* yield.

Suspended Publication.

Mr Belfoy, Editor of the Carver *Independent*. announced in his last issue that the *Independent* had ceased to be a "living thing," and would in future only be known as a monument of the past. Mr. Belfoy published the *Independent* fully four months, where every issue was attendant with expenses, far beyond the income of the office.

Mr. Belfoy goes to Minneapolis, where he intends commencing the publication of a sterling Democratic sheet, with Col. J. H. Stevens. We wish them a full measure of success, and can assure Mr. Belfoy that he has the best wishes of the citizens of our County for success.

WEATHER.—The weather has behaved gallantly the past two weeks. Our roads are drying up, and our crops are getting along finely. Glorious!

DODGE CO. REPUBLICAN.—This is the title of a new paper, published at Kasson, Minn., by Messrs. Shaver & Hoag. It has a very neat typographical appearance, and being also ably edited, must make its mark in Southern Minnesota.

LUMBER.—We observe by Minneapolis papers, that lumber has greatly declined in value, We would like to know why our lumber dealers do not replenish their yards, it is now impossible to get lumber enough in town to build a pig sty. Come, bestir yourselves!

Carver Items.

Our Special Correspondent,

IMPROVEMENTS.—More improvements can be noted in town this season than any previous season for a number of years.

Quite a number of new buildings have already been put up and more are now under way. A Knoblauch is erecting a large frame house on 3d street, between Capt. Houghtons residence and the Planters, which when completed will be a credit to the place. Torry & Pike builders. E. Goetz is also just patting the finishing touch on a "splendid brick" which by the way, are "Carver Brick" manufactured by Reynolds & Miller.

A. R. Anderson has just finished a very neat residence at the edge of town. I hear of quite a number more buildings which will soon be commenced.

CHURCH.—Carver can now boast of having a "Church," something it has been sadly in need of; it is a very fine building, 25 x 45 and is very pleasantly situated upon a slight rise of ground just in rear of the School House. J. S. Letford, the builder has certainly shown himself to be a mechanic of more than ordinary ability: It is now receiving a fresh coat of paint which will add materialy to its appearance.

BUSINESS.—Business for the last two weeks has improved considerably from what it has been for some time. The roads leading to town have been in such a condition that it was almost impossible for farmers to get in, hence business dull, a week more such weather as now will dry them up.

REMOVED.—F. Belfoy, Ed. Independent, we are sorry to hear will soon take his departure from our midst. He goes to Minneapolis where we believe he will commence the publication of a weekly Democratic paper.

May success attend him.

H. C. Carlisle left town last week for Farmington, where he will in future reside.

CROPS.—The crops as far as we can learn are looking splendid, Wheat especially, Corn and Potatoes are also looking "tip-top"—everything looks favorable now for a large yield. There is some little complaint however among our farmers of the Potatoe bug making its appearance.

EVERY SATURDAY.—Among Messrs. Ticknor & Fields' most readable publications is "Every Saturday," which makes its weekly visits throughout the length and breadth of the land. Its contents are selected from a full range of the best foreign periodicals, and comprise a most palatable variety. It has now just entertained upon its fourth series.—*Post.*

House-keepers, when you buy D. B. De Land & Co.'s *Best Chemical Saleratus* you will find every paper weighs a pound. Can you say the same about other Saleratus?

—Of the many Cosmetics and Toilet Articles now advertised, but few prove to be what they are represented. Messrs. Berger, Shutts & Co., Chemists, of Troy N. Y., are advertising extensively several articles that have proved themselves just as represented, for which they are acting as agents. We believe them to be perfectly trustworthy, and that parties using their preparations will find them fully up to the recommends given. See their advertisement in another column of this paper.

AUDITORS OFFICE, CARVER COUNTY, July 9th 1867.

Notice is hereby given that the February penalty charged on the Taxes for 1866 will be refunded by the County Treasurer, upon application to him by persons who paid such penalty.

F. WEEGO.
County Auditor.

LAND FOR SALE.

160 acres of Land for sale, being the North west Quarter of Sec. 17, Township 116, Range 23, in the Town of Chanhassen, consisting of Timber, opening and Meadow, well watered, it is 5½ miles from Chaska, and Shapopee, and 3½ miles from Excelsior, there has been five acres broke on it. Address,

W. H. TILTON,
St. Paul Minn.

NOTICE.

I hereby warn all persons against harboring or trusting my wife, Charlotte Herman, on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting from and after this date.

GEORGE HERMAN.
Benton July 9th 1867.

The Chaska Herald.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

1 Square one time	$ 90
ach subsequent insertion	50
ne column one year	70 00
Half " " "	40 00
Fourth " " "	25 00
Business cards not over 5 lines	5 00
ver 5 lines and under 10	7 00
ver 10 lines and under 15	10 00

Legal Advertisements per square, first insertion, 75 cents, each subsequent insertion 40 cents.

Leaded notices 10 cents per line 1st insertion, each subsequent insertion, 5 cents per line. All notices less than five lines, 50 cents.

BUSINESS CARDS.

CARVER COUNTY
DIRECTORY.

FRED. GREINER—Register of Deeds.
JOHN DUNN,—Treasurer.
PETER WEEGO—Auditor.
E. ELLSWORTH.—Sheriff.
FRANK WARNER—Attorney.
J. A. SARGENT—Judge of Probate.
G. KRAYENBUHL—Clerk of Court.
LUCIEN WARNER—Surveyor,
CHARLES BASLER—Coroner.

Commissioners.

FRED DUTOIT, | ROBT PATTERSON
LOUIS GOTHELF, | DR. BRAY,
P. C. PATRICKS,

L. L. BAXTER, J. A. SARGENT,
BAXTER & SARGENT,
Attorney's at Law, Chaska Minnesota

FRANK WARNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Chaska Minn., Office at Court House, opposite Auditors Office.

COURT HOUSE SALOON.
Near Court House, Chaska Minn.—A choice assortment of Wines, Liquors, Segars, and St. Paul and Chaska Beer is always kept fresh.
JOHN BOSS, Proprietor.

COOPER SHOP.
Near Chaska House, Chaska Minn.—Barrels Kegs and Tubs, on hand for sale, and will also buy timber used in my line.
JACOB GLOCKNER, Cooper.

Selected Miscellany.

—No notice taken of anonymous communications. Manuscripts should be written on one side only.

MRS. JUDGE JENKINS.

BEING THE ONLY GENUINE SEQUEL TO "MAUD MULLER."

Maud Muller all that summer day
Raked the meadow sweet with hay;

Yet, looking down the distant lane,
She hoped the Judge would come again.

But when he came, with smile and bow,
Maud only blushed and stammered "Ha ow?"

And spoke of her "pa," and wondered whether
He'd give consent they should wed together.

Old Muller burst in tears, and then
Begged that the Judge would lend him "ten."

For trade was dull and wages low,
And the "craps" this year were somewhat slow.

And ere the languid summer died,
Sweet Maud became the Judge's bride.

But on the day that they were mated,
Maud's brother Ben was intoxicated;

And Maud's relations, twelve in all,
Were very drunk in the Judge's Hall.

And when the summer came again,
The young bride bore his babies twain.

And the Judge was blest, and thought it strange
That bearing children made such change;

For Maud grew broad, and red and stout,
And the waist that his arms clasped about

Was more than he now could span, and he
Sighed as he pondered, ruefully,

How that, which in Maud was native grace,
In Mrs. Jenkins was out of place.

And thought of the twins, and wished that they
Looked less like the man that raked the hay

On Muller's farm, and dreamed with pain
Of the days he wandered down the lane;

And looking down the dreary track,
He half regretted that he came back;

For had he waited he might have wed
Some maiden fair and thorough bred.

For there be women fair as she,
Whose verbs and nouns do more agree

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For the sentimental—that's one-half "fudge."

For Maud soon thought the Judge a bore,
With all his learning, and all his lore.

And the Judge would have bartered Maud's fair face
For more refinement and social grace

For of all words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are, "It might have been."

More sad are these we daily see,
"It is, but hadn't ought to be."

From Chamber's Journal.

THE TRUNK-BEARER.

When Mr. Lowe separated himself from the rest of his party upon the Reform bill of last year, and incurred from them the reproach of being "impracticable and dangerous," a "leader"-writer in a certain penny paper stigmatised the honorable member, with greater wit than courtesy, as an irreclaimable "rogue elephant." Of the many that chuckled over that metaphor, only a very few were cognizant of its meaning, and perhaps, to make the joke more widely understood, Sir Emerson Tennent has published the monograph now lying before us.* In his late admirable account of Ceylon, there was so much about the elephant, that we had thought ourselves fully acquainted with him, from trunk to tail; but the present little volume shows us that, like a thrifty cook, who does not lavish all his richest materials on a single dish, our author reserved many details respecting the "huge earth-shaking beast," to the gratification of all lovers of natural history.

It is true, that exhaustive and scientific narratives of this sort detract something from the popular estimation of its subject, just as histories written by dispassionate critics offend the general belief in heroes. We confess it is a shock to our feelings to learn that an elephant is not so very large after all, the Ceylon species seldom exceeding nine feet; and it is a terrible blow to be told that there never was such a thing as a white elephant. It is not only as rarely to be seen as a black swan (that we could have tolerated, from its early associations connected with the Latin grammar), but it is not to be seen at all. What has been taken for one has been merely an elephant who is an Albino. "The tint is little else than a flesh-color, rendered somewhat more conspicuous by the blanching of the skin, and the lightness of the colorless hairs with which it is sparsely covered." Moreover (this is a most painful fact to one like the present writer, whose youth has delighted in a picture of elephants tossing a wounded tiger from one to the other after the manner of a shuttlecock), Sir Emerson calmly assures us that the tusk of an elephant is not an offensive weapon. The chief reliance of the elephant for defense is on its prodigious weight, the pressure of its feet being sufficient to crush any minor assailant, after being prostrated by means of its trunk. "In using its feet for this purpose, it derives a wonderful facility from the peculiar formation of the knee-joint in the hind-leg, which, enabling it to swing the hind-feet forward close to the ground, assists it to toss the body alternately from foot to foot until deprived of life.

"A sportsman who had partially undergone this operation—having been seized by a wounded elephant, but escaped from its fury—described to me his sufferings as he was flung back and forward between the hind and fore feet of the animal, which ineffectually attempted to trample him at each concussion, and abandoned him without inflicting serious injury.

"Knox, in describing the execution of criminals by the state elephants of the former kings of Kandy, says, 'they will run their teeth (tusks) through the body, and then tear it in pieces, and throw it limb from limb;' but a Kandyan chief, who was witness to these scenes, assured me that the elephant never once applied its tusks, but, placing its foot on the prostrate victim, plucked off his limbs in succession by a sudden movement of the trunk." What doubtless materially influences Sir Emerson Tennent's view regarding the tusk question is, that in Ceylon the elephants very rarely wear them—those that do being called "tuskers," from their singularity. The only use these latter, when in a wild state, put them to is to split up the juicy shaft of the plantain, which the tuskless elephant crushes under foot, thereby soiling it, and wasting its moisture. But in captivity and after training, a new use is found for the tusks in moving stones, piling timber, and carrying heavy burdens. The following example of the last specified operation is surely deserving of a high place among the Anecdotes of Instinct:

"One evening, whilst riding in the vicinity of Kandy, towards the scene of the massacre of Major Davie's party in 1803, my horse evinced some excitement at a noise which approached us in the thick jungle, and which consisted of a repetition of the ejaculation *Urmph! urmph!* in a hoarse and dissatisfied tone. A turn in the forest explained the mystery by bringing me face to face with a tame elephant, unaccompanied by any attendant. He was laboring painfully to carry a heavy beam of timber, which he balanced across his tusks; but the pathway being narrow, he was forced to bend his head to one side, to permit the load to pass endways; and the exertion and this inconvenience combined led him to utter the dissatisfied sounds which disturbed the composure of my horse. On seeing us halt, the elephant raised his head, reconnoitred us for a moment, then flung down the timber, and voluntarily forced himself backward among the brushwood, so as to leave a passage, of which he expected us to avail ourselves. My horse hesitated: the elephant observed it, and impatiently thrust himself still deeper into the jungle, repeating his cry of *Urmph!* but in a voice evidently meant to encourage us to advance. Still the horse trembled; and anxious to observe the instinct of the two sagacious animals, I laid the rein upon its neck and forbore any interference; again the elephant of his own accord wedged himself further in amongst the trees, and manifested some impatience that we did not pass him. At length the horse moved forward; and when we were fairly past the elephant I looked back, and saw the wise creature stoop and take up its unwieldy burden, trim and balance it on its tusks, and resume its route as before, hoarsely snorting its discontented remonstrance."

Considering that this elephant was without a human attendant, the sagacity evinced on the unforseen emergencies is most remarkable; but indeed the word instinct hardly describes the intelligence of this wonderful creature. Dr. Hooker, in describing the ascent of the Himalaya, says that the natives in making their paths despise all zigzags, and run straight up the steepest hills, whereas the elephants' path winds with judgment, and is an excellent specimen of engineering. In their periodical migrations in search of water, they will keep along the back-bone of a chain of hills, avoiding steep gradients, "and one curious observation was not lost upon the government surveyors of Ceylon—that in crossing valleys, from ridge to ridge, through forests so dense as to obstruct a distant view, the elephants invariably select the line of march which communicates most judiciously with the opposite point, by means of the safest ford." When trained, they appear on all occasions to comprehend the purpose and object that they are expected to promote, and voluntarily execute a variety of details without any guidance whatever from their keeper; but even when not trained, they would deserve the suffrage if only an intellectual qualification were required of it.

A Singhalese gentleman gave Sir Emerson Tennent the subjoined account of his own personal experience of this matter, which must have been almost as exciting as conclusive. He was in a forest with other natives and an Englishman, and was attacked by a certain elephant, which, having done much damage to his crops, they had come out to kill. "The Englishman managed to climb a tree, and the rest of my companions did the same; as for myself I could not, although I made one or two superhuman efforts. But there was no time to be lost. The elephant was running at me with his trunk bent down in a curve towards the ground. At this critical moment, Mr. Lindsay held out his foot to me, with the help of which, and then of the branches of the tree, which were three or four feet above my head, I managed to scramble up to a branch. The elephant came directly to the tree, and attempted to force it down, which he could not. He first coiled his trunk round the stem, and pulled it with all his might, but with no effect. He then applied his head to the tree, and pushed for several minutes, but with no better success. He then trampled with his feet all the projecting roots, moving, as he did so, several times round and round the tree. Lastly, failing in all this, and seeing a pile of timber, which I had lately cut, at a short distance from us, he removed it all (thirty-six pieces), one at a time, to the root of the tree, and piled them up in a regular business-like manner; then placed his hind feet on this pile, he raised the fore part of his body, and reached out his trunk; but still he could not touch us, as we were too far above him. The Englishman then fired, and the ball took effect somewhere on the elephant's head, but did not kill him. It made him only the more furious. The next shot, however, levelled him to the ground." Nor is the intelligence of the elephant, like that of many other animals, merely selfish, but admits of plot and plan for the benefit of the whole herd to which it belongs. One member of the herd—usually the largest, and a tusker, if there be one among them, but there is no Salic law; a female, if of superior energy, is as readily obeyed as a male—is chosen commander, and, by common consent, implicitly obeyed. The rest not only obey, but are so devoted to him, that when driven to extremity, they place him in the center—form square, with the general within it—and crowd so eagerly in front of him, that the sportsmen, if bent upon his particular destruction, have to shoot a number they might otherwise have spared. Vidette-duty, too, is as thoroughly understood by them as by any veteran in her Majesty's service.

The elephant manages to sink what are called "elephant wells" for his own use, by scooping out the sand to the depth of four or five feet, and leaving a hollow for the percolation of the spring. Also, as his weight would force in the side if left perpendicular, one approach is always formed with such a gradient that he can reach the water with his trunk without disturbing the surrounding sand. Water is extremely necessary for him, and his stomach is so contrived that he carries about with him a large reservoir of it from which he can draw with his trunk, as from a cistern and squirt over his back and sides. When bathing, he lies on his side, pressing his huge head under water, with only the tip of his trunk protruded, whereby to breathe; and crossing rivers, he prefers, notwithstanding buoyancy, to submerge himself wholly, with the same exception, so that strangers may easily take him for a water snake, and must be much astonished, if not alarmed at discovering his error. From the earliest times, this huge beast has been a prolific subject of error among humankind. For many ages it was believed that he did not bend his knees, and that when he fell, he could not get up again. Even Shakespeare writes (in *Troilus and Cressida*):

The elephant hath joints; but none for courtesy:
His legs are for necessity, not flexure;

And Donne follows suit with:

Himself he up-props, on himself relies;
Still sleeping stands.

The popular notion of the mode of his capture was, that the sportsman, having marked his favorite tree for sleeping against, would saw it almost asunder, so that the next time the beast came to lean against it, it gave way and rendered him an easy prey. That ridiculous idea being thus far plausible, that the structure of an elephant's legs is massive, that reclining scarcely adds to his enjoyment, so that in captivity he will for months together, take sleep without lying down; moreover he delights in rubbing himself against the trees.

Another fable, much more to the animal's discredit, has survived to our own time—that he is dangerous and inimical to man. Now, in Ceylon, from which the export of elephants to India has been going on from the first Punic War, they abound both on the plains and in the forests—wherever there are food and shade, vegetation and water, even to the environs of the most populous native towns; and yet, during five years, only sixteen persons are recorded in the coroners' inquest to have been killed by elephants during six years! The only exception to the general harmlessness of this gigantic creature is found in what are called Rogue Elephants—such as the Singhalese gentleman found so ready to climb a tree. "It is believed by the natives that these are either individuals who, by accident, have lost their former associates, and become morose and savage from rage and solitude, or else, that being naturally vicious, they have become daring from the yielding habits of their milder companions, and eventually separated themselves from the rest of the herd, which had refused to associate with them. Another conjecture is, that being almost universally males, the death or capture of particular females may have detached them from their former companions in search of fresh alliances. It is also believed that a tame elephant escaping from captivity, unable to rejoin its former herd, and excluded from any other, becomes a 'Rogue' from necessity." These Rogues spend their nights in marauding and destroying plantations; prowl about the by-roads and jungle-paths, demanding not your money, but your life; and thus, like *mauvais sujets* among ourselves bring their whole family into much discredit. But it is unfair to judge the race by such specimens, the fact of whose being outcasts, ought to recommend the community that disowns them. Nothing can be gentler or more peaceful than the aspect of the ordinary herds as they browse upon the plants and trees or fan themselves gracefully with a leafy branch, while their young run playfully among them.

Their trumpeting, indeed, is not musical; but it is capable of modulation and variety. The most remarkable sound they emit is, however, a low, suppressed twitter of the lips, called by the hunters "prut," whereby the sagacious creatures communicate to one another that there is something wrong. At night, there is another sort of a warning resembling the hollow boom of an empty tun when struck by a wooden mallet. This is caused by the beating on the ground of the flat side of the trunk, which is instantly succeeded by the raising of that member, and pointing it in the direction whence the alarm proceeds—"for all the world like a Christian." But on the whole, the elephant is not a noisy animal, and for so massive a creature, it is extraordinary how noiselessly and stealthily he will take himself off when danger threatens. "At first, when suddenly disturbed in a jungle, it will burst away with a rush that seems to bear down all before it; but the noise sinks into absolute stillness so suddenly, that a novice might well be led to suppose that the fugitive had only halted within a few yards of him, when further search will disclose that it has stolen silently away, making scarcely a sound in its escape; and, stranger still, leaving the foliage almost undisturbed by its passage.

To describe the the 'taming process—wonderfully like that, by the by, used by Rarey for horses—would be only to recapitulate much that has already been stated by our author in his *Ceylon:* but is well to mention that Sir Emerson Tennent comes to the conclusion that elephant labor does not pay. Notwithstanding the great stength and intelligence of the creature, yet it is liable to disease, enormous consumption of provender, and necessity for human guidance and attendance, more than counterbalance those advantages. Upon the ground of economy, the government stud of elephants in Ceylon has consequently been much diminished. About the duration of life of this quadruped, there is still much doubt; the Singhalese believing it to extend to two or three centuries, and the Europeans ascribing to the elephant, as to a man, a span of seventy years. But it is a curious fact that no body of a dead elephant that has died a natural death is ever seen in the forests. The natives explain this by ascribing to these creatures the habit of sepulture, and in addition entertain the curious belief, that somewhere in the forests of Anarajapoora, though as yet undiscovered by man, there is a spot where all *the elephants come to die*, upon finding themselves disposed that way.

If they don't die, they at all events, know how to pretend to do so. Mr. Cripps relates that upon one being led captive from the corral, as usual between two tame ones, the following occurrence took place: "It had already proceeded far upon his destination, when, night closing in, and the torches being lighted it refused to go on, and finally sank to the ground apparently lifeless. Mr. Cripps ordered the fastenings to be removed from its legs, and when all attempts to raise it had failed, so convinced was he that it was dead, that he ordered the ropes to be taken off and the carcass abandoned. While this was being done, he and a gentleman by whom he was accompanied leaned against the body to rest. They had scarcely taken their departure, and proceeded a few yards, when, to their astonishment, the elephant rose with the utmost alacrity, and fled towards the jungle, screaming at the top of its voice, its cries being audible long after it had disappeared in the shades of the forest."

One word respecting that distressing habit of swinging their head which we have all seen elephants indulge in while in captivity, and which goes as near to produce sea-sickness in the spectator as any land-operation can compass. This is *not* learned, as has been supposed, by their having had nothing else to do on shipboard. They are equally addicted to it when in a wild state: some move their head monotonously in a circle, or from right to left (and *that* is the movement we complain of); others swing their feet backward and forward (like a horrid boy with the fidgits); some, again, flap their ears, or sway themselves from side to side, or rise and sink by alternately bending and straightening their fore-knees, as though they would convince the incredulous that they could really bend them. Upon the whole, their size, their sagacity, and this habit of swaying themselves from side to side, suggest, although Sir Emerson Tennent has refrained from drawing it, an irresistible comparison between elephants and our great Lexicographer which has hitherto been applied only to their trunk and his mind.

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From the New York Gazette.]

Gossip About Writers.

J. R. LOWELL.

James Russell Lowell is an example of a man of the finest abilities putting his talents under a bushel. If he had worked as industriously as Longfellow he would have made a great mark on the times; this he cannot be said to have done. He is one of those men however, who care very little for literary renown. As he is moderately wealthy, the chief incentives to activity in literature are wanting to him.

Mr. Lowell is a man of medium height and rather stout figure—would weigh probably a hundred and sixty pounds. He has dark, curling, auburn hair, which parts naturally in the middle, like a woman's, a heavy red beard, a florid face, and blue eyes. He usually wears a "bob" coat, very short, of some fancy cassimere, trowsers of the same, and a colored neck-tie, carries a light ivory-headed cane, and altogether presents quite a "swellish" appearance.

Lowell, while he is by no means a methodical man, is strongly wedded to habit. He never writes but in a certain room, to wit, the room at the back of the house, on the first floor, in the rear of the reception room. The table in this room is generally covered with a disorderly array of pamphlets and papers. There are some fine engravings on the walls, and the room contains perhaps five hundred books. Lowell's library is mostly made up of old and rare volumes, inherited in some cases, in others collected at great expense.

As everybody knows, the house in which Lowell lives is at Cambridge, Mass., near Mount Auburn. The avenue (Elmwood) on which it stands is owned on both sides by Lowell. At its head, on Mount Auburn avenue, is the house where the late Forsythe Wilson lived—now the property of the Episcopal College. Edmund Kirke's house is next door to this, and facing Lowell's. Longfellow's place is about a quarter of a mile away.

Lowell's house is upwards of a century old. It was used as a hospital by the American army at the siege of Boston. The three houses, Lowell's, Kirke's and Wilson's, are on that battle-field. From time to time pieces of old cannon and balls are turned up by the plow. The spot is on the edge of the town, and virtually in the country. Lowell's grounds embrace thirty or forty acres, and the next place to Kirk's is a farm of fifty acres. Lowell may be seen every pleasant afternoon, from three to four o'clock, walking in a grove of old pine trees at the rear of his umbrageous ground. His place is mostly "in grass," as the farmers say—that is, he cultivates little less than hay. The house is a square, old fashioned three story frame, with a flat roof, and painted yellow. You enter by a broad hall with a low ceiling, from which ascends a wide stairway with short steps. The parlor is on the right hand side as you go in; on the other side is the reception room, and back of that the poet's study. If a gentleman friend, Lowell will greet you with the remark, "I can give you a pipe or a cigar, which do you prefer." For himself, Lowell generally prefers a pipe. He is a great smoker, and his meerschaum "colors beautifully."

This place, which is probably worth $50,000, was Lowell's birth place, and where he has all his life resided, though he has traveled considerable in foreign lands. He graduated from Harvard College at the age of nineteen, and then studied law, and was admitted to the bar the following year. He has never practised his profession much, however, preferring the flowery walks of literature—flowery to such as he, whose daily bread does not depend upon his daily toil. He has never realized much from his books, which have not had large sales. From his Professorship of Belles-Lettres and Modern Languages in Harvard he receives $3,000 a year. In view of the extent of his reputation, it is quite a surprise to find how little he has really written. "Why don't you write more?" a friend asked him on one occasion. "I am too lazy," said Lowell, "I don't care much for fame—I wish I cared more."

Lowell started a magazine some twenty-five years ago, in Boston, called The Pioneer, which embraced among its contributors such men as Hawthorne, Poe, Neil, etc.; but it "went dead" with the third number. It was too good for the market.

Putnam's Monthly, while alive, had frequent contributions from Lowell. He now confines himself to the pages of the Atlantic and the North American Review. Ostensibly he is an editor of the Review, but really he is not; he writes articles for it, but not editorials. He is one of the slowest of our literary workers. It usually takes him three months to get an article off the stocks.

He is wonderfully set in his opinions on almost every topic, and if the rest of the world chooses to disagree with him the rest of the world is wrong. Not that he is illiberal; his mind is large and comprehensive, but his inherited prejudices are very strong. He thinks, among other things, that Abraham Lincoln was the great man of the present century. He has been known to say of some of Lincoln's writings—his messages, to wit—for terse and powerful logic never were surpassed.

Lowell takes life very easily, and has the most exuberant health. He is now about forty-six years old, but looks younger. He is not over fond of the good things of the table, but always has a good appetite and a good digestion. He has been twice married; his first wife was a lady of rare accomplishments and great beauty, who died some twelve years ago. The second wife is still living. Mr. Lowell has a daughter sixteen or seventeen years of age.

Of his humorous writings Lowell always speaks lightly. He took up the Bigelow papers as a trenchant weapon of satire for political purposes, without any idea that it would be, in the minds of the people, *the* thing that would fasten in their minds the name of James Russell Lowell. He says the reason he has decided to write no more Bigelow is simply because he is tired of him.

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PEN PHOTOGRAPH OF A FASHIONABLE HOTEL IN THE COUNTRY.—The Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, in response to many anxious inquiries where to spend the summer, prints the following announcements from gentlemen eminent in the hotel and summer boarding business:

HIGHPRICE HOUSE,
GREENBACK FALLS, N. Y.,
Overcharge, Stickem & Co.,
PROPRIETORS.

The proprietors of this Palatial Hotel, unequaled on the American continent for its enormous charges and inferior accommodations, respectfully announce that the house is now open for the discomfort and inconvenience of guests. The house has been refitted and renovated throughout on the Canal street plan (cheap and nasty). The back yard has been inclosed by a new pine fence, elegantly frescoed in whitewash, by the eminent artists in lime, Daub, Smearwell & Co., and a large and imposing wood pile has been built in the north-east corner, from plans furnished by the distinguished Greek architect, Mikell Kilie, Esq.

A new and commodious pig pen has also been added directly under the rear windows of the hotel, and furnished with a full chorus of strong, lunged, shrill-voiced swine, who will be fed and stirred up, daily, from 5 to 7 a. m. There is the strongest evidences already in the rear apartments that this department will be highly successful.

Every sleeping room in the house is furnished with a wash bowl, pitcher and a bottle of bug poison; clean towel every Monday morning. Gentlemen can ring for anything they want, and the proprietors hope they may get it.

A strong force of insolent Irish waiters, who have been discharged from the principal hotels in New York, have been engaged, and will be occasionally reinforced by thick-headed bog-trotters direct from Castle Garden.

Guests desiring seats at the table can easily obtain them by properly feeing the head waiter, Cheekey Bribe, Esq.

The office clerks have been selected from the brightest ornaments of that brilliant profession; they will be clad in the most expensive garments and gorgeous shirt fronts. The barber's shops will be reserved from 9 to 11 a. m. for their exclusive use; and their cluster diamond breast pins are warranted to be superior in size to any nigger minstrel in the country. These great creatures are each provided with a span of trotting horses, a terrier dog, and gold watch, have had a long and valuable experience in billiards, faro and draw poker; and any gentleman who has the stamps can be accommodated to a little game at short notice. If they are not otherwise engaged in the billiard or bar-room, travelers will find one of these gentlemen in the office, who will not pay the least attention to their presence for half an hour after their arrival, at which time he may condescend to direct them to the wash-room, and tell them he will see what he can do for them in the way of a cot in the bowling alley, all the best rooms in the house being reserved for sporting men and bar-keepers.

A body of muscular baggage smashers will be present on the arrival of the trains, and any gentleman getting his trunk to the hotel whole, will please notify the proprietors, who would also call attention to the hackmen connected with the house, who cannot be equaled by any other body of blackguards north of the New York Common Council. Every driver is provided with brass knuckles, slung shot and a choice assortment of oaths, with which he will speedily convince any passenger of his error who may be unwilling to submit to extortion.

Guests receiving any attention from the employes of the house, will please notify the proprietors.

Hard fisted porters will wake up the whole floor, when any gentleman wishes to leave by the early train.

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Keep Cool.

Boys and girls, we have often thought, do not realize half so much enjoyment from their sports as they might if they would only keep cool. They are violent, noisy and excited; and thus they damage the pleasure of the hour. Boys yell, and girls "squeal," in their games, and all talk at once, so that it is almost impossible to hear what any one says, to say nothing of the bad feeling which such conduct creates. If young ladies and young gentlemen would respect each other's rights, there would be no occasion for disputes.

We have often been amused to see a squad of boys at marbles, for instance; nearly every point and movement is the occasion for a controversy. Sharp words and disagreeable epithets follow, and a fight seems to be imminent. Certainly there can be no fun in such a game. On the other hand, observe a party of young men at base ball or cricket, or of ladies and gentleman at croquet. They use no harsh words, and no disputes mar the harmony of the occasion. They do not all talk at once; and when one speaks he can be heard. They derive real enjoyment from the game; and we wish the boys and girls would begin earlier to imitate their example.

Boys and girls should have confidence in each other, and not be so willing to believe that their companions wish to cheat or "play foul." Be honest and square yourself, and you will set a good example to others. Speak gently and pleasent when you have occasion to say any thing, especially if your opinion differs from that of others. Do not get excited over small matters. If you are certain that any one cheats, expose it in a calm and dignified manner; then your words will have some weight.—*Selected.*

A Ticklish Situation.

A correspondent of the London *Field* gives the following interesting narrative: In June, 1853, Mr. Simmonds, a farmer, residing at Brooklands Farm, Weybridge, was dressing in order to attend a meeting at the Woburn House. Before putting on his coat he perceived from his window an unusually large swarm of bees, filling the air with their cloud and noise. It was, in fact, as he afterward ascertained, two swarms that had come out of two distinct hives, and had united in the air. He ran out in his shirt-sleeves, and without his hat, to see where they would alight. The bees, after making some circles in the air, led him off to the bank of the river Wey. Thinking that the bees might cross the river, and perhaps escape, he adopted a plan not uncommon with bee-masters, namely, that of throwing dust into the air among the bees. This often makes them settle quickly. They did settle quickly, and this more so than he expected, for in a short time the whole of one of the largest swarms he had ever seen settled upon his head, face and breast. They hung down in front like a great beard, to the bottom of his waistcoat. Had he not been accustomed to bees, and perfectly collected, his situation would have been a very dangerous one; for, had he at all irritated this mass of armed insects, he no doubt would have received a sufficient number of stings to have placed his life in peril. He was obliged to close his eyes slowly and to keep his mouth shut. Then, in order to prevent their entering his nostrils, which they endeavored to do, he slowly thrust one hand through the mass, and with his two forefingers managed to keep drawing and pushing them away from his nostrils as they tried to enter, he breathing all the while as softly as possible. This was necessary, as bees are generally irritated by being breathed upon. He then began to consider what course he should take. He was some distance from his house, and no one near him or within call. His first thought was to walk slowly into the river Wey, and gently sink his head under the water and thus throw off the swarm. But a moment's consideration dissuaded him from that attempted remedy. He could not have disengaged them all, for many were between his neckcloth and skin, and still more were crawling down his back. He found that if he walked he could not help disturbing the hanging mass, and that every little agitation, however slight, caused a hum and a hiss from some thousands. He then remembered the account given in Thorley's work on bees of a swarm settling on the face and neck of a servant maid, who escaped unhurt by the care and advice of her master; he, without irritating the swarm, having hived it from off her with a hive well smeared with honey. To avoid agitating the swarm, Mr. Simmonds slowly knelt down on the grass and remained perfectly still. He then found a number of of bees were gathering in a mass under the waistband of his trousers in the hollow of his back, to which spot the others were drawing, indicating that the queen was there. Fearing, therefore, that the tightness of the waistband—rendered tighter whenever he breathed—might crush or at any rate irritate this part of the swarm, he slowly unbuttoned the front of his trousers. It is not easy to conceive a more helpless condition than that to which Mr. Simmonds was now reduced. He that was the master of forty hives, from which he could usually levy what spoils he pleased, killing his thousands at his leisure with a brimstone match, was now completely in the power of one detachment of his own army, and was reduced to the most suppliant position. Even to call for help would have been dangerous, as the bees near his mouth would have been undoubtedly irritated, and would have probably entered his mouth. At this moment he heard a railway train on the Chester Branch Railway, from which he was about fifty yards. It fortunately happened that the engine-driver was known to him, and had a little commission to sound his railway whistle if he saw anything wrong among his cows and sheep. This engine-driver seeing Mr. Simmonds on his knees, with one arm extended as if for help, and something odd hanging from his face, sounded his whistle. This was heard by Mr. Simmonds' wife, who supposed that some cow was ill, sent her son and a farming man out into the fields. They soon found Mr. Simmonds in the predicament above described. In addition to the hanging mass, there was a cloud of bees still flying around him, so that to approach him was not the most agreeable office. However, they came near enough to hear him speak, which he did very gently, merely saying: "Bring a bushel hive, well rubbed with honey, and some bricks." While they were gone at the top of their speed for this, he remained perfectly still. The tickling of the bees feet on his face was almost unbearable, and the danger of irritating those that were down his neck and back was imminent. The most difficult part he had to perform, however, was that before mentioned, of dissuading the bees, with the ends of his two fore-fingers, from getting up his nostrils. These bees were not in a good humor, as they were breathed upon, and were also deterred from doing as they pleased, and one bee showed his displeasure by stinging Mr. Simmonds at the fork of his two fore-fingers. This was not pleasant of itself; but it was a serious occurrence, as it might be the prelude to a more extensive attack. He avoided making any start when he was stung, and continued to push away as gently as possible those that were near his nostrils. This was the only safe place to breathe from, as it was necessary to keep his mouth perfectly closed. Of course, the few minutes that elapsed before the return of his son and servant seemed a terribly long period to Mr. Simmonds, and during the whole of it he remained as motionless as possible on his knees. On their arrival, the hive was placed on three bricks, with its mouth downward, and Mr. Simmonds slowly laid himself on his breast on the the grass, with his head close to the hive. The honey soon attracted the bees nearest to it, and a slow movement of the bees took place, till at length the whole swarm gathered itself under and within the hive, except a few patches of bees, which, in walking away, Mr. Simmonds easily disengaged from his dress with his hands, and made them join their companions. Mr. Simmonds thus escaped from not only a very disagreeable but a perilous situation. It occupied two hours from the time the bees alighted on their master to the time of his release.

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A TABLESPOONFUL.—Mr. Wesley, once dining with a respectable local preacher, on perceiving him about to prepare a little brandy and water, with an exclamation of surprise, cried:

"What, my brother! what's that?"

"It is brandy," said his host; "my digestion is so bad that I am obliged to take a little after dinner."

"How much do you take?" asked Wesley. "Let me see."

"Only about a tablespoonful."

"Truly," said Wesley, "that is not much; but one tablespoonful will soon lose its effect, and then you will take two; from two you will get to a full glass; and that, in like manner, by habituating yourself to it, will lose its effect, and then you will take two glasses; and so on, till in the end, perhaps, you will become a drunkard. O, brother, take care what you do?"

Happily had it been for that man if he had taken the timely warning of his faithful friend. But, alas! he trifled with his *little drops* until he became a drunkard, and ruined his reputation.

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A DELICATE WAY OF PUTTING IT.—A Kansas paper says: "Two men of the horse-thieving fraternity, danced on the air in Lightning creek one day last week. They immediately retired to a hole in the ground."

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK.

General News.

The State Department has received official despatches confirming the reported execution of Maximilian.

Justice Wayne, of the United States Supreme Court, died in Washington on the 5th, of typhoid fever.

It is announced that the sixpenny postage system between England and the United States will go into effect on the 1st of January next.

Secretary McCullough states that the finances of the country are in a most prosperous condition, there being $140,000,000 in the Treasury.

The President has tendered the Governorship of the recent purchase from Russia to Hon. Benj. Stark, of New London, Conn., late Democratic Senator from Oregon.

Negotiations for the purchase of the Sandwich Islands by this Government are said to have been under way for several months, and will probably be soon consummated.

A severe hurricane swept over Washington on the 2d inst. Between fifteen and twenty buildings were either blown entirely down or unroofed. No lives were lost as far as heard. The west wall of the new Congregational Church, Dr. Boynton's, was carried inward upon the galleries and floor, causing a loss of about $5,000.

A special from Washington to the New York *Commercial*, says the Navy Department, by order of the President, has ordered the United States war steamer Susquehanna to proceed immediately to the Mexican port and demand the surrender of Santa Anna, dead or alive, and satisfaction for the outrage committed on the American flag by his seizure.

The estimate made at General Grant's headquarters show the present expenditures in prosecuting the Indian war are fully one million dollars per week. In case it is determined to inaugurate a vigorous campaign, expenditures will soon be needed to meet the wants of the increased force of about five millions per week. Thus far, since the trouble began, every Indian killed has cost the Government over a million dollars and the lives of about ten white men.

Foreign Intelligence.

It is reported that Napoleon has decided to disarm 34,000 men of the French army.

An Ottawa dispatch states that 250,000 men of the Canadian militia are to be organized and drilled.

Minister Adams has obtained the release of the convicted Fenian, Condon, who will soon return to America.

The revolution in Peru has ended. The death of Castillo, the insurgent leader, has practically disarmed the rebellion.

Cable dispatches give reports of Fourth of July celebrations in London, Paris; Vienna, Brussels, Rome, Lisbon and Berne.

The King of Egypt arrived in London from Paris on the 6th, and was received with the customary honors. He is the guest of Earl Dudley.

Dispatches from Madrid announce that General Prim, the noted revolutionist, who has been for some time an exile from Spain, has landed in the Province of Catalonia.

The Chilian Government has conditionally accepted the proffered mediation of the United States, in regard to the Spanish-Chilian war. The conditions have not been made public.

The International Congress for the regulation of gold and silver coinage, now in session in Paris has fixed upon the gold five-franc piece, and its multiples, as the basis for a uniform currency in Europe and America.

Mexican advices state that the city of Vera Cruz was surrendered on the 27th ult., without bloodshed. Santa Anna was shot on the morning of the 25th, at Sisal. The Mexican Legation at Washington held a jubilee over the news of Santa Anna's execution.

President Juarez having refused the request of the commander of the United States steamer Tacony, to deliver the body of Maximilian to the captain of the Austrian corvette Elizabeth, the cable states that an Austrian fleet is to be immediately dispatched to Mexico for it.

A detachment of regular troops has been ordered by the English Government to Abyssinia to compel the King of that country to release the British subjects who have been held prisoners there for a long time, because Queen Victoria refused the hand of that potentate in marriage.

The Mexican Legation at Washington has received official information from the Government of Yucatan, to the effect that Santa Anna landed at Sisal at the invitation of Gen. Peragos, and that while there he was arrested. The report that he was forcibly taken from the Virginia seems to have been unfounded.

The English Government authorities have postponed the grand review which was to take place at Hyde Park, on account of the execution of Maximilian, and the Imperial Court of Austria has gone into mourning for him. The conduct of the Mexican Government, in condemning Maximilian to death, and his subsequent execution, causes great indignation.

An important diplomatic note from the Russian Cabinet, in regard to Ireland has just been published in London. It is addressed to the Ambassadors of Russia to the United States and France. They are requested to call the attention of the Governments to which they are respectively accredited, to the existing state of affairs in Ireland, and are instructed to represent that in the opinion of the Russian Cabinet the condition of the Island invites a joint inquiry on the part of the Governments of Russia and France and the United States, in conjunction with that of Great Britain.

The New Orleans *Times* has a special despatch from Houston, Texas, giving a detailed account of the execution, by the Liberals, of Maximilian and Meija. None of the prisoners were bound or blindfolded, nor was any indignity offered Maximilian. Before being shot he recapitulated the causes which brought him to Mexico, denied the authority that tried him, and hoped his blood would stop the effusion of blood in Mexico. Just before being led out he called to the sergeant of the guard, and gave him a handful of gold, and requested, as a favor, that the soldiers would aim at his heart. His last words were, "Poor Carlotta!" Two balls entered his breast, but these did not kill him immediately, so two other soldiers were ordered to shoot him in the side. In this manner he was despatched.

Much dissatisfaction and grief was manifested by those who witnessed the scene. Miramon read from a paper which he had written, that the only regret he felt in dying was that the Liberals should remain in power, and should have power to point out his children as the children of a traitor.

Mejia made no address, but met his fate quietly and bravely.

The sword of Maximilian was presented to Juarez by Escobedo, in the Government Palace.

The West.

The State of California has commenced suits against the Pacific Mail Company to recover $230,000 for violation of the passenger act.

An inquest was held in Chicago on the 6th on the body of Capt. Duncanson, who died from the effect of a wound received at the hand of one John White, on the 4th inst. The murderer is still at large.

A Topeka (Kansas) dispatch says that the Osage Indians have left their reservations in the southern part of the State in regular war style, allowing no whites to approach their camp. Numerous recent outrages by Indians are reported.

The carpenters and caulkers in several of the ship yards of Milwaukee, have tried the experiment of working eight hours per day for a proportionate reduction of wages, but find they cannot support their families and have gone back to ten hours.

The seventh national exhibition of imported and American bred horses will be held at the National Park, in Kalamazoo, Mich., on the 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th of October. The premium list is $10,000—open to the United States and Canadas. First trotting premium, $3,000; first running premium, $500.

The Rev. W. W. Patton, D. D., of Chicago, has been tendered and has accepted the editorial chair of the *Advance*, a new paper about to be published in that city, as the organ of the Congregational church. It will be commenced in September, and is intended to take the place of the New York *Independent*, which is no longer the exponent of that denomination.

The street railway companies of Cincinnati, as one means to prevent peculation, have advanced the conductors' wages to $2.25 per day, drivers to $2 per day—all to be paid by the day, so that they might be dismissed, if necessary, without a moment's warning. This increase went into effect on the 1st inst. During the last two or three weeks nearly all of the old conductors have been dismissed.

The Salt Lake *Vidette*, June 25, says Brigham Young delivered a lengthy sermon on Sunday, and boldly and openly announced that Amasa Lyman, Orson Hyde and Orson Pratt, had apostalized and cut from the Church. Orson Hyde was chosen President of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles last April; Pratt is now one of the Twelve; Lyman has been one of the Apostles. Young was very severe, but particularly denounced Pratt as an unbeliever possessed of the devil.

The trial of Lawrence Hart, the boy murderer, at Warsaw, Ind., closed on Saturday night, the 6th. At midnight the jury returned a verdict of guilty of manslaughter, and Hart was sentenced to twenty-one years in the Penitentiary. After the sentence was made known to him he confessed his guilt, saying that he killed the child purposely; that he knocked him down with a hickory broom-handle, and kicked him in the side after he was down until he died. There is great excitement in the neighborhood because the culprit has escaped the gallows.

General Thomas Francis Meagher, Secretary and Acting Governor of Montana Territory, accidentally fell from the deck of the steamer Thompson, at Fort Benton, on the evening of the 1st inst., and was drowned. He had been absent for a fortnight on public business, and had succeeded in procuring arms for the troops engaged in the defense of the Territory, and transacted other military business demanded by the present exigency. His death is greatly lamented, and the public demonstrations in honor of his distinguished character and services, are generally felt. At last accounts his remains had not been found, the darkness of the night and the rapidity of the current preventing any rescue.

The East.

The celebrated horse Dexter was again vanquished on the Fourth, by Ethan Allen and running mate, on the Morristown, N. J., course. The best time made was 2:20. It is claimed by professional turfmen that Ethan's running mate draws him, rendering valuable assistance, without which he could not, as he never has, equaled Dexter's time.

During a performance at the circus of Thayer & Noyes, Rochester, N. Y., on the 5th, Elias White, the Lion King, entered a cage of ferocious lions. One of the males attacked him, felling him to the floor of the den, and, fastening his jaws upon his shoulder, inflicted severe wounds. The circus men went to the rescue with iron bars, and finally succeeded in rescuing Mr. White from the cage alive, but severely injured.

The South.

Five cases of yellow fever are reported in Galveston, and two deaths from black vomit.

The "Conservative" Convention in Nashville has nominated Bailie Peyton for Congressman.

The remains of the rebel General A. P. Hill have been taken to Richmond and interred in Hollywood Cemetery.

Hon. L. W. Powell, formerly Governor of Kentucky, and subsequently United States Senator, died at his residence in Anderson, Ky., on Wednesday evening, the 3d inst.

The parties in the New Orleans defalcation case have been convicted. The amount involved was $1,200,000, one-half of which has been secured by the Government from the assets of the defaulters.

E. J. Westmoreland, British Consul at Brunswick, Georgia, was killed at that place by Captain Martin, on the 5th inst. The deceased had only been married about four hours. Martin was arrested and brought to Savannah. Great mystery exists regarding the affair.

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—At Harvard, in the future, after the second or sophomore year, Greek and Latin are to be optional with the student, and full degrees will be conferred without further prosecution of the study of the dead languages.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS.

Personal and Literary.

THE Prince of Wales is rated severely for winning £79,000 on "Hermit."

GENERAL Tom Thumb has acquired a slight moustache since he went abroad.

HARTFORD is making an effort to raise a monument in memory of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

DR. FORBES WINSLOW, a London physician, has published a book to show that the moon really has some connection with lunacy.

MR. GREELEY is a great talker in the Constitutional Convention, and the *World* makes the point that he has no seat in that body, as he is on his legs all the time.

THOMAS WINANS has concluded to make his permanent home in St. Petersburg, Russia, and his splendid private residence at Baltimore is offered for sale.

THE Racine (Wis.) *Journal* is happy to be able to chronicle that Mrs. Lincoln, the widow of the late President, has taken up her residence in that city, and is now at Congress Hall.

ALL-RIGHT is well again, and the same merry, chirping little fellow as before. He only sustained a contusion of the thigh from his terrible fall. He joined the Japanese at Boston.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN is reported to have received $50,000 for organizing the Credit Mobilier of America, a financial institution that has handled $20,000,000 since he established it in 1865. It has the contract for building the first section of the Union Pacific Railroad.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY once puzzled a number of clever men in whose company he was by asking them this question: "How is it that some white sheep eat more than black?" Some were not aware of the curious fact; others set to work and tried to give learned and long reasons; but all were anxious to know the real cause. After keeping them wondering some time he said: "The reason is because there are more of them."

NOT only is Nathaniel Fullerton, who is aged 93, and President of the Bellows Falls Bank, the oldest bank President in the country and the oldest Mason, but he is also the oldest euchre player. He plays that game regularly, and has attained a skill in handling the cards which no professional can excel, and is a match for the most experienced player in the county. His boy, 66 years old, lives near him, and partakes much of his father's energies and tastes.

SPEAKING of the magnificent residence which the Hon Ezra Cornell is building at Ithaca, N. Y., and which is to cost $300,000, a local exchange remarks of the proprietor: "It is only a few years since this distinguished Senator and benefactor raised 'garden sass' for a living, in a gorge of rocks on the shore of Cayuga Lake. Business tact and Morse's telegraph wrought the wonderful change in his fortune, which is now the most colossal in Central New York."

PERHAPS nothing puzzles an author more than to decide on a title for his book. A "taking" title is certainly a great desideratum in these days of advertisements; but the matter might be more easily settled than most writers suppose. Some years ago a work was issued in London entitled, "*It*." The name was a good one to advertise, and for days before publication the dead walls of the city and the columns of the newspapers were filled with such laconic sentences as "Buy *It*!" "Read *It*!" "Order *It*!"

ON the 4th instant, Hon. John A. King, of Jamaica, Long Island, was struck with paralysis, and yesterday afternoon he expired. Governor King was at one time among the foremost men in the Empire State, but for several years he has kept entirely aloof from public affairs. He was born in the city of New York in 1788. In 1819 he was elected a member of the State Legislature and served four years. He was then elected Senator, and served one term. In 1849 he was elected to Congress. He was Governor of the State from 1856 to 1858. His last public service was as delegate to the Peace Convention of 1860.

Governor King was a son of Rufus King, who represented our Government at the Court of St. James during the greater part of Washington's administration and for the six subsequent years.

Domestic Paragraphs.

—Fifty Mormon missionaries are *en route* for Europe.

—Dog-carts—that is, carts drawn by dogs—are suppressed in New York.

—In the last quarter century the apple trees have only twice blossomed as late as this year.

—A society for the suppression of gambling is being privately organized in New York.

—Four hundred thousand alewives were caught at Demariscotta, Me., one day last week.

—Some 239 creditors are worrying poor old Jacob Barker's life out of him in New Orleans.

—Indianapolis is the Paradise of bricklayers. They get five dollars and a half per day.

—The Black Crook gyrated before the insatiable New Yorkers for the three hundredth time on Saturday, the 7th.

—To the neglect of a corn crop, nearly every farmer around Lynchburg, Va., is afflicted with "tobacco on the brain."

—A Presbyterian preacher in Troy has a million and a half, his father has three millions, and his wife has half a million.

—A man in New York has been committed to jail for "defacing natural scenery" by pasting advertisements on the curb stones.

—In 1836 there were as many inhabitants in Philadelphia as there were in New York and Brooklyn combined. The figure then was about 300,000.

—A summer boarding house in Northampton, Mass.—this town being the scene of Mr. Beecher's *Ledger* story—has been named "Norwood Hall," in honor of the tale.

—The freedmen in some parts of Texas insist on a "nooning" from 11 o'clock to 3 or 4, because it is "too hot." The propensity to larrup is growing strong in the minds of the planters.

—A match is on the tapis between the celebrated running horse Kentucky, and the renowned trotter, Dexter, for $10,000, the former to run four miles while the latter trots three miles under saddle.

—The largest hat manufacturing establishment in the world is located in Brooklyn, N. Y. It employs 1,500 hands; makes 12,000 hats per day; its pay-roll, per day, is $2,500; and its sales are $3,000,000 per year.

—The order of Postmaster General Randall directing that all railroad companies shall pay postage on all letters and documents carried by them, it is estimated will add over one million dollars to our revenue.

—There is a great deficiency of lime in the soil and water of Oregon. The dentists are frequently called on to fill the teeth of children six and eight years of age. The effect on the entire bone system must be equally mischievous, though less manifest.

—There is an apple tree on the premises of John Kohler, in North Whitehall township, Lehigh county, Penn. which is over 100 years old. Last year this tree bore over 100 bushels of apples. It is 60 feet high, and 5½ feet in diameter two feet above the ground.

—The Portland *Argus* says there has never been a season when salmon were so plenty as the present. There were three thousand five hundred pounds taken in one day last week near Lincolnville. They sold for $1,750. Some of the salmon weighed over thirty pounds.

—Brigham Young, it is said, has succeeded in out maneuvering the Mormon Elders and getting his son ordained heir apparent to the Latter-day throne much to the chagrin of the veterans, who thought the succession would much more appropriately fall to one of them.

—The Milwaukee *Daily Wisconsin* thinks "Milwaukee should be called Digger City. For twenty years a large class of our population have had no other employment than digging down one portion to fill up another. We believe that two miles square of our city limits have been subjected to this process of digging and filling to the extent of three feet for the whole surface, at a cost of five million dollars."

—On the anniversary of the arrival in San Francisco of the Rev. Dr. Stone, of Boston, a number of his congregation visited him, and he was presented with a purse of $250 in gold, and a letter announcing that the church had voted to pay his house rent for him hereafter, amounting to a $100 per month. Mrs Stone was presented with a silver service of cream and sugar, for fruit, gold lined, and California manufacture. Dr. Stone's salary is now $600 in gold per month, or $7,200 per annum.

—The Milwaukee papers report that an engine recently built at the shops of the Milwaukee and Prairie du Chien Railroad, under the direction of George Hackney Esq., Master Mechanic, took from Madison to Milwaukee the other day, thirty loaded freight cars, thirty-seven empty freight cars, a caboose and a passenger car, the train thus formed being over three-eighths of a mile in length!—about as long as was ever run. The engine drew this immense train without any more strain than is usually felt in hauling trains of an ordinary length, though the grade on some parts of the road is exceedingly steep.

Incidents and Accidents.

—One of our exchanges says a man "blew out his brains after bidding his wife good-bye with a shot gun."

—A country lady was very much shocked when told that President Johnson was taken into Boston by the Neck.

—Twelve tons of railroad T rails were stolen from a pier on East river, New York, last week. The man who pocketed the trifle has not been discovered.

—On the 4th, twelve houses in Covington, Kentucky, mostly small frames, were destroyed by fire, caused by shooting a pistol. Loss, $30,000; insurance, $12,000.

—While a child was eating candy at Bridgeport, Conn., the other day, it got a torpedo in its mouth which exploded and blew out three of its teeth and tore its lips.

—In Ballston, N. Y., they bored a 600 foot well for oil, but struck a medicinal spring of great virtues instead. They accepted the situation, and have opened a doctor's shop at the place.

—At a recent session of the Troupe (Ga.) Superior Court, W. B. Berry recovered $1,863 from the Montgomery and West Point Railroad for negligently killing a negro belonging to him in 1865.

—A young man from St. Louis, named McManus, was drowned at Oconomowoc, Wis., on the 4th, while rescuing a little boy who was bathing. McManus was heir to an estate worth $200,000.

—Out in Marion county, Mo., last week, a child of three years was willfully shot and killed by a lad of ten, because the former wanted to go out of a door through which the latter had refused him egress.

—A young woman named Catharine Ryan, eighteen years of age, committed suicide at La Crosse, the other day, by swallowing strychnine, which she purchased ostensibly to kill gophers with.

—A Lancaster (Pa.) paper says that a young woman residing in the western part of that city was so much injured, while biting off her toe nails, a few days ago, that a physician had to be called in to attend her.

—It is rumored that one of Chicago's fair daughters, eighteen years of age, of good family and well educated, has become smitten with Sing-Kee-Chee, the bamboo man, and the happy pair are waiting the consent of the Tycoon to unite their destinies.

—The safe of Hannah, Lay & Co., of Chicago, was broken open during business hours on Saturday, the 6th inst., and eight thousand six hundred dollars in United States bonds, mostly seven-thirties, were stolen.

—At Cedar Falls, R. I., a young man left his home on account of dissatisfaction, and took another residence. While he was digging a cellar beneath a barn on Friday, his mother came to entreat him to return, but he refused, when the building fell, killing him instantly.

—The Mobile *Tribune* says that the method of killing dogs in that city is quite different from the "poisoned sausage" administered by the police of other cities. The dogs of Mobile are caught in scoop nets, and then tried before a military court before being executed.

—In a report of one of the late speeches of Secretary Seward, in Boston, he was made to say that when the President has served four years the people "can turn him out and put in a sauce-pan they like better." Sauce-pan turned out to be a misprint for "successor."

—A Portland paper says that a State constable was noticed in one of the churches of that city on Sunday, with a sharp eye on the sacramental wine. Under the liquor law of Maine, clergymen are all liable to imprisonment, as the gift of cider or wine of any kind is as much a crime as its sale.

—The young people are deserting the Shakers at New Lebanon, and the old broadbrims hurl their yea and nay at them in vain. There is neither marrying nor giving in marriage among the Shakers. A Captain Cuttle, or some other standard authority, says "its agin natur"—hence the exodus.

—The premature discharge of a gun on board the Guerriere, at the firing of the salute in honor of the President, during his visit to Boston, blew a seaman through a port-hole, throwing him a hundred feet from the ship. He was taken on board, and found to have lost an arm, besides being otherwise injured.

—Two daughters of Rev. C. C. Dake, formerly Episcopal minister at Omaha, aged five and ten years, and three children of John Ray, of Fremont, Nebraska, were drowned on Friday morning the 5th, in the Elkhorn River, Nebraska. A picnic party was crossing the stream in a boat when the latter upset.

—The New York ladies, according to the *Home Journal* (their organ), have adopted the French fashion of washing in wine, which is said to have a peculiarly softening effect upon the skin. One young lady uses two or three bottles of "green seal" every morning while performing her ablutions. Poor papa!

—At one of Mr. Beecher's recent Friday evening meetings, he drew most elegant illustrations from the performance of the Japs. Afterward a woman arose and made some ridiculous remarks. When she had finished Mr. Beecher quietly exclaimed: "Notwithstanding this, still I am in favor of women speaking in meeting."

—A gentleman who recently died in California has left a legacy of $20,000 to the United States, the interest to be applied to the reduction of the national debt. Twelve hundred dollars a year does not seem to be a very great sum; but probably the testator hoped to set an example which might be imitated by others.

—Old —— was an inveterate "dead-head." He had no possible claim whatever upon the managers, but he always got in the theatres without paying. One night he appeared at the door as usual. "Here, I can't pass you," said the doorkeeper in a surly way. "You needn't pass me," said the irrepressible dead-head; "just you stand where you are and I will pass you." And he passed.

—Wednesday afternoon, June 26, James Peyser, a clothier in Hudson, N. Y., while engaged in measuring a customer for a coat, was seized with a cough, and suddenly fell to the floor, blood issuing freely from his mouth, and in five minutes time he was a corpse. Mr. Peyser had been troubled during the day with a violent cough, and it is presumed that by a sudden strain he ruptured a blood vessel.

—A queer accident occurred to the New York train on its way to Washington, a few nights ago. The conductor asked a man standing on one of the platforms for his ticket, when he responded by pushing the conductor off the train into the ditch. Twenty-five miles were run before his absence was discovered, when the train was reversed, and the conductor found uninjured, walking back towards Wilmington.

—The newspaper and street reports that the Dunderburg had "sprung a leak" were wholly unfounded. Seams exposed to the sun had been affected, and to render it certain before her departure that all was right, she was placed upon the dry dock. Instead of springing a leak, compartments that would have been first to feel a leak were not even damp. She was found perfectly reliable and sea-worthy, and is now taking in coals for her voyage to Cherbourg.

—A bridge of about one hundred feet span, on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railway, at Plymouth, Ind., was completely demolished last week by a freight train running off the track near it, and which struck the bridge, knocking it off its abutments into the river, making it a total wreck. The Superintendent of the road, with about one hundred carpenters, were soon on the ground, and in about twenty-four hours they had a new and substantial bridge up, and trains running as usual.

—A San Francisco paper thus records an impudent practical joke: "We fear that the young amusement seekers of Vallejo are badly demoralized. There is not much fun in this little town, but when there is, the boys play *Masquerade Ball* tricks on the doorkeeper. We learn that at the Catholic Fair, in Vallejo, two boys procured season tickets and went into the hall together; one came out with both tickets and took in a third boy, and repeating the process the hall was filled with boys, and only two tickets were used.

—We find an incredible statement in one of our exchanges. It is said that a young couple in Springfield, Mass., ran away to be married, but could find nobody who could marry them, and had to go back again. Where were all the clergymen? We never heard before of any trouble in getting ministers to marry anybody. As a general thing, they perform the ceremony with the utmost alacrity, asking no questions for conscience sake; and then they protest vehemently against putting asunder, under any circumstances, those whom God has (thus) joined together.

—Mr. J. N. Stoeckle was being shaved in a barber-shop on Central avenue, near Seventh street, Cincinnati, recently, and had just had his throat "scraped," when the barber gave a sudden jerk backward and fell in a fit. As he fell, his hand, holding the gleaming razor, flew upward, and, coming in contact with Mr. Stoeckle's left hand, inflicted a frightful gash, severing the artery and flooding the floor with blood in a few seconds. He immediately bound up the bleeding hand and repaired to a drug store, where the wound was properly dressed, during the process of which Mr. Stoeckle vowed that before he was shaved again he would require satisfactory proofs that the barber was free from fits.

—A curious incident happened a few days since in Schenectady, N. Y. A lady who has some property, and has been widely known as a handsome widow, after long living in single blessedness, yielded to the importunities of a lover, and consented to be led to the hymeneal alter. It was arranged that she should go in her carrage to the place where the ceremony was to come off, and there meet the expectant bridegroom. The lady stepped into the carriage, but was astounded by a gentleman stepping in after her, and declaring that he would go along and see her married. It was her husband, with whom she had not lived with for years, but who had, it seems, kept accurately posted in regard to her movements. It is unnecessary to say that the wedding did not come off, and when the expectant bridegroom heard of the difficulty he vamosed in hot haste.

—A lad seven years of age performed the following wonderful feat in Mount Joy, Lancaster county, Penn., a few days ago: He threw his ball on the roof of a house, and it rolled down into the eaves trough. After having vainly attempted to get a ladder from his father, he went to the gable end of the house—a large two-story brick building—and ascended the lightning rod to the peak of the roof. After having thrown himself around the chimney, he walked down the side of the roof, picked his ball out of the eaves trough and threw it down on the pavement. He then walked up to the peak of the roof, swung himself around the chimney upon the lightning rod and descended to the ground. All this was accomplished in about three minutes time. It is only necessary to add that the boy is named Simon Cameron Brady, which may account for his precocity.

Foreign Gossip.

—The Bank of England is worried by a surplus of thirty millions in gold.

—Paris is a nice place for editors. There were four duels there last week, between journalists.

—Two more pre-Adamite frogs have been found in a coal-bed in Nova Scotia, 160 feet below the surface.

—Salmon in Sitka brings only $2.25 per hundred pounds. It costs less than the wood used in cooking it. Old Isaac Walton would have reveled in Walrussia.

—They are fond of titles in the East. Among his smiling titles, the King of Ava has that of "Lord of twenty-four Umbrellas." This looks as if he had prepared for a long reign.

—The Marquis of Bute has purchased London Castle, in Ayrshire, the seat of the Marquis of Hastings, for $1,935,000 Losses by horse-racing compelled the Marquis of Hastings to sell.

—In Canada there are about seventy-three gold mines, in which seven hundred and eight gold miners are employed, who have worked for the last three months for about 138,191 gold pounds sterling.

—The London *Fun* has the following: "We believe there is no foundation for the rumor that a well-known office has refused to insure Mr. Disraeli's life, on the ground that it was quite impossible to make out his policy."

—The Prince of Wales has called upon the editor of *Punch*, requesting him to desist from caricaturing his mother, saying that he considered some things which had appeared in *Punch* as highly disrespectful to her majesty.

—A safety switch from London interlocks the levers which act upon the several switches and signals in such a manner that no one can be moved unless the others are in the position they should be in while that particular change takes place.

—A Breton tourist, curious to see the exhibition, has constructed for his journey a sort of ark containing a suite of rooms, and which is about nine feet high and sixty feet wide. Embarked at L'Orient with his family, the second Noah has arrived at Nantes, and at last accounts was awaiting favorable weather to float down to Paris.

—The Sultan of Turkey is prohibited by the Koran from making a journey to an infidel country. But to allow the visit to Paris, this has been ingeniously explained away by the Sheikhat Islam, who has issued a decree declaring that the soil of France will be regarded as Ottoman territory during the time the Sultan shall abide there.

—A decided advance in the matter of Woman's Rights has been made in Holland. The Minister of the Interior has issued a decree admitting women to the examination for the position of assistant apothecaries—an occupation hitherto restricted exclusively to men. This measure will enable country doctors to have their prescriptions made up by their wives or daughters, and will thus relieve them from the charges of a male assistant.

—A reference to Dr. Livingstone is contained in the following extract of a letter from the gunner of H. M. S. Lyra, dated Zanzibar, March 28, to his wife, residing at Howth, Ireland, which is published in a Dublin newspaper: "I think I told you in my last that Dr. Livingstone had been murdered in the interior by the natives. We have just received the news that there is no truth in it, and that he (Dr. Livingstone) had sent some of his men down to see after his cattle and other articles. I only hope that it is true."

—It is said, without contradiction, that one of the projectiles of the pistol fired in the Bois de Boulogne struck the Emperor of the French, but in place of penetrating, the lead only effected a severe contusion in the vicinity of the heart. His Majesty would not allow the Czar, while in France, to learn that the shot intended to strike him, had more directly menaced another breast. That decision imposed on the press a reserve which was faithfully attended to, but which, at present, as the Czar is gone, is no longer necessary.

—It is said that the Emperor Napoleon and the Sultan of Turkey are blood relations—cousins. The story is that about the time the beautiful Josephine came to France she had a cousin, a Creole like herself, only if possible more beautiful, who, on her voyage to Europe, was taken prisoner by an Algerine corsair, and sent by the Dey as a present to the Sultan. She became the Sultana, as her cousin became Empress. The present Sultan is her grandson, as the present Emperor is the grandson of Josephine. So when the Emperor welcomes the Sultan in the royal fashion as his beloved cousin it will not be a mere formality.

Art and Science.

—A Hartford inventor has made a knitting machine which is capable of making 270,000 stitches an hour, weighs only twenty pounds, and is so simple that a child can manage it.

—A machine by which it is assumed that a man may print his thoughts twice as fast as he can write them, and with the advantage of the legibility, compactness and neatness of print, has lately been exhibited before the London Society of Arts by the inventor, Mr. Pratt, of Alabama.

—The best remedy for burns, in any stage, is a strong solution of epsom salts in water. The application at once relieves pain, and healing takes place with marvelous rapidity. Our personal experience furnishes several instances of remarkable cures from the application of this ready remedy, says a correspondent.

—The transit of Venus over the sun's disc, which last took place on the 3d of June, 1769, will again happen on the 8th of December, 1884, and is already engaging the thoughts of astronomers. It affords a direct observation of the planet's node or point, where its orbit cuts the ecliptic, an element which is of great value for the correction of astronomical tables; but it is chiefly important for the determination of the sun's parallax (or angle under which an observer, situated in the center of the sun, might see the sun's radius.)

—The history of the composer Gounod is interesting. It is related of him that as a boy at college every effort was made to destroy his musical genius. His parents intended him for the Ecole Normale. On its being announced to him that he was to go up for the necessary examination, the boy burst into tears and steadily refused to continue his classical studies. His mother appealed to M. Poirson, and implored him to recall her boy to what she considered to be his duty. The stern professor accordingly sent for him, and in the same tone said, "So you wish to be a musician?" "Yes, sir," replied the terrified boy. "But that is not a profession?" "What sir; the profession of Beethoven, of Mozart, of Gluck, is not a profession?" "But," interrupted his interrogator, "you must remember that Mozart at your age had already composed music worth publishing, whereas, you have only scribbled notes on paper. However, here is your last chance if you really are a musician, you can set the words to music. The old man copied out the poem, "*Joseph a piene au sortir de l'enfance.*" The boy rushed to his school desk, and after studying the subject, wrote an air and accompaniment, which he brought back to his professor and showed to him, pale with emotion, as he felt on his judgment his future career depended. He sang it to the old man, who listened in amazement, and led him to his drawing-room, where he made him play the accompaniment on a piano. Those present were enraptured by the beauty of the composition, and it was at once decided that young Gounod must follow the undoubted genius with which he was gifted.

Home, Farm and Garden.

To cut India rubber smoothly, have a sharp knife and cut it under water.

THE CURRYCOMB should not be neglected; its use on all kinds of neat stock and horses is a great preventive of disease and vermin, and is productive of health.

WEDDING CAKE.—Four pounds of flour, three pounds of butter, three pounds of sugar, two pounds of currants, three pounds of raisins, twenty-four eggs, one ounce of mace, three nutmegs. This will keep two or three years.

TO FATTEN geese, the Irish Farmers' *Gazette* says, put up three or four into a darkened room, and give each bird one pound of oats daily, thrown on a pan of water. In fourteen days they will be found almost too fat. Never shut up less than two together, as they pine if left alone.

EXERCISE YOUR HORSES.—Farmers should not neglect to give their horses proper exercise. Do not suffer the horses to stand the whole week in the stable, but give, at least, one hour's exercise daily. Give sloppy food at least twice a week, and throw a lump of rock salt in the manger.

GOOD family advice: Let all troublesome topics be avoided at meals. Do not dwell upon the difficulties of business, the delinquencies of domestics, or discipline the children at the dinner table, for a cheerful spirit not only gives relish for food, but a good start at digesting the same.

POTATO BUGS.—One of our correspondents writes that if farmers will plant their potatoes near the house or barn, where the hens and young chickens can have free access to them, they will keep the bugs off. He says he has tried this plan for two years—last year and this—and has not been troubled with the "varmints."

AN old farmer, of some thought, but of little education, asked me the question of the difference between a bird and a fowl. I was puzzled for an answer, and I opine Buffon or Goldsmidt would have been in the same fix, but our old friend enlightened us on the subject. Said he: "The fowl takes her young to their food, but the bird carries the food to her young."

A VALUABLE RECEIPT.—A correspondent writes to the Philadelphia *Ledger*, that six years' experience have convinced him that a coat of gum copal varnish, applied to the soles of boots and shoes, and repeated as it dries until the pores are filled, and the surface shines like polished mahogany, will make the soles waterproof, and also cause them to last three times as long as ordinary soles.

PLANTS FOR THE KITCHEN.—Take a saucer and fill it with fresh, green moss. Place in the centre a pine cone, having first wet it thoroughly. Then sprinkle it plentifully with grass seed. The moisture will close the cone partially, and in a day or two the tiny grass spires will appear in all the interstices, and in a week you will have a perfect cone of beautiful verdure. It only wants a plentiful supply of water to be a "thing of beauty" all summer.

HOW TO KEEP HAMS THROUGH SUMMER.—After your hams have taken salt, hang them up and smoke them well, take them down and dip them into boiling water for a few seconds; that will kill all the eggs of insects, if there should be any on them; then roll them in ashes while wet, and hang them up again; smoke them more if you choose. This will do also for shoulders and sides; also those that do their bacon in this way, will never have any bugs or skippers on their meat.

REMEDY FOR CHOKED CATTLE.—Take a small parcel of gunpowder, about two or three thimbles full—make a small funnel with thin paper, sufficient only to hold the powder; close the large end by folding—insert in the passage of the throat either with the fingers or hand, or by using a small stick—split so as to grasp the small end of the funnel, and to be easily withdrawn when desired. Nothing else to be done. This has been tried successfully by some of the best stock raisers in this vicinity, and has never failed, I believe, in any case.

HORSES OVER-REACHING—REMEDY.—A correspondent says: "Make the shoe its natural length, or a trifle longer, with the toe calk of the forward shoe high and the heel calk low. The hoof will then stand farther forward, and more removed from the stride of the hind foot, which, being shod with a low toe calk and high heel calk, will strike the ground before it reaches the fore foot. An interfering horse usually strikes with the inside of the hoof, about two inches from the toe; therefore, make the shoe straighter on the inside and rasp the hoof accordingly."

The New Route to the Pacific.

The rapid progress in the construction of the Pacific Railroad and the prospect of its completion before the close of 1870 raises the important question as to its probable effect upon the future commerce of the country. First of all, it is patent that this new highway to the Pacific must open up a vast extent of territory valuable in the precious metals and in agricultural resources. As in the case of all our pioneer roads, it is to be anticipated that population will rapidly locate along its route, and especially in those parts which offer the temptations of rich mineral deposits. Colorado, Nevada and Idaho are already contributing an aggregate supply of treasure nearly equal to the product of California; but the development of their resources is being to a large extent held in abeyance until the new road affords them the facilities of cheaper labor and safer transportation to the Atlantic. Following the mining population, there must be an accession of agriculturists and traders, whose wants will have to be supplied from the interior. One of the first results to be anticipated from the road, therefore, must be the opening of a vast traffic with the rich country between Omaha City and and Salt Lake City; which will, at the same time, give a new stimulus to the trade of the country, and redound to the advantage of the road.

Next comes the opening of direct railroad connection with the great port of the Pacific. Already we have a trade by steamers and sailing vessels with San Francisco covering both ways, 400,000 tons of freight annually, while the number of passengers by ocean and overland is estimated at 150,000 per annum. When the time of the journey is reduced to six days, the travel between the Pacific coast and the Eastern States will naturally be largely increased. Eastern merchandise will then be in a position to compete on more favorable terms in the California markets with the importations from other countries, and much of the staple manufactures now supplied by England may then be furnished by the factories of New England, while New York will wholly supply the San Francisco market with the finer classes of European products, the consumption of which among an extravagant and well-to-do population is by no means unimportant. The wool of California will be placed within easier reach of the Eastern manufacturers, which will facilitate their competition with the fabricants of Europe. At present we are importing from San Francisco about 3,000 bales of wool per annum, and the only obstacle to a large incsease in this branch of trade is in the time and cost of transportation. The leather exports from San Francisco are becoming quite important. The shipments to New York for the last five months have been about 700 rolls; how far this trade could be increased, with improved communication, need not be indicated. California is rapidly rising as a grain producing State. From July 1st 1866, to April 17th, 1867, San Francisco exported 300,000,000 pounds of wheat and 340,000 barrels of flour; and during the seven weeks ending April 27th the shipments of flour by the Isthmus to New York were 40,000 barrels. This shows that, under certain contingencies, even the Eastern States may derive part of the supplies of breadstuffs from the Pacific ports. We cite these facts as illustrating the tendency of California to become an important source of supply of some of the larger staples of commerce, to even the Atlantic States, and as indicating that the new route of communication is likely to serve for more important purposes than as a mere conveyance of the precious metals. Vast as is the distance between our Atlantic and Pacific coasts, yet there is every reason to believe that within ten years the population of the two sections will be found exchanging their mutual products to an extent hitherto undreampt of.

We apprehend, however, that important as these purely domestic advantages of overland communication between the Atlantic and Pacific may appear, yet the consequences to our foreign trade will ultimately prove far greater. We do not see how the Pacific Railroad can fail to ultimately revolutionize the world's commerce. It is clear that the shortest route for merchandise from the ports of England and the continent to China, India, Australia and the west coast of South America will be via New York and San Francisco. England is dependent for the transportation of freight to the east upon sailing vessels. The voyage from London to China averages about 100 days. By the use of steamers to New York, and from San Francisco to China, the time occupied in the transportation of merchandise would be as follows:

Liverpool to New York	13 days.
Rail from New York to San Francisco	6 "
Transhipment at N. Y. and San Francisco	5 "
San Francisco to Hong Kong	28 "
Total time	52 days.

There is thus a clear saving of 46 days upon the time occupied between England and Hong Kong. Similar advantages will hold with respect to the ports of India, Ceylon, Australia and the Pacific coast of South America. The Cape route must therefore be superseded from the date of the opening of the route across the American Continent, so far, at least, as respects the higher and more valuable class of freight. This prospect opens to the American people a new commercial vista little expected by the commercial powers of Europe, and which must introduce the most important changes in our trading relations with the rest of the world. That a large amount of the trade of the Old World will be transferred to us seems easily imaginable. That England will continue to be the great distributing centre she now is, and that London will retain its position as the centre of the world's exchanges, are questions admitting of grave consideration not to say doubt. In the meantime, it is for our capitalists to duly anticipate all the consequences, commercial and financial, which may follow the completion of this great enterprise.

The ultimate completion of this stupendous enterprise is not a matter admitting of question. The United States issues to the Union Pacific Railroad Company, $42,208,000 of bonds; while the company is authorized to issue an equal amount of mortgage bonds, which constitute a first *lien* upon the road, and in addition, stock to the extent of 100,000,000; besides which the company owns land grants valued at $25,000,000. It is not presumable that the public will show any reluctance in taking the securities of an enterprise promising such vast results and with an enormous prospective traffic.—*New York Commercial and Financial Chronicle.*

Capital on a Farm.

Many persons who have paid no attention to the principles of social economy thing that manual labor is the only source of wealth. If this were true, then a man with his naked hands could produce just as much value in the course of a year as one with a million of capital. Let us see how this will work upon a farm.

Under the old system of cultivation, a hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars would furnish all the implements necessary for carrying on a large farm. *Now* it is an easy matter to invest from ten to fifteen hundred dollars for implements to carry on the same farm, and with that capital, one man will produce as much from the land as five men could without it. Some may suppose that the difference is attributable to the inventive genius and labor which produced the machines. It is, *originally*, it is true, but all *that* is paid for by the farmer who purchases and uses the machines, and they henceforth become his capital, just like any other accumulations of labor and previous capital.

Capital, it should always be remembered, consists of the accumulations of labor, and of capital previously acquired, and that capital, joined with labor is capable of reproducing itself. Otherwise there would be no motive for accumulating anything. And here we may remark, *en passant*, that those who owe capital such a spite that they would fain rob its fruits of its own agency, in production, would, just so far, destroy all motive for its accumulation, and banish it from the world.

They seem to act on the principle that every poor man would be better off if his rich neighbor could be induced to become as poor as himself.

Within the memory of men now living, agriculture was not supposed to be capable of furnishing capital, properly defined, with very much employment. A few simple instruments were all that were supposed to be capable of aiding the farmer, and the rest was done by hard, muscular exertion—by the sweat of the face. But how wonderfully has all this been changed within the last thirty years! Instead of toiling and sweating all summer over the hoe, the scythe and the cradle, the farmer may jump into a spring seat and drive gaily around his fields, while capital does his planting and hoeing, and reaping and mowing as if it were a thing of life and thought, and instinct with marvellous skill. And instead of drumming all winter long with a flail upon a barn floor to thresh out a few hundred bushels of grain, he doubles forces with his neighbors, and the howling, hungry, iron-toothed thresher digests its thousands of bushels in a few days, and the crop is off to market, and the treasury notes are in his till drawing, interest.

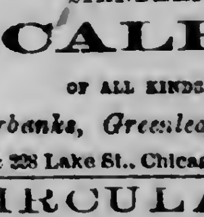
Capital is henceforth to be a permanent co-partner with labor in the prosecution of agriculture; nor will that necessity tend to the consolidation of landed interests in the hands of a few. Agricultural machinery will pay for itself so fast that a farmer can work himself into the possession of all, or most of the modern improvements, with but little more effort than was formerly needed to possess himself of the few simple implements of the olden time. The use of machinery may tend to restrain a too minute subdivision of lands, which in France and some other European States has long been felt as an evil; but we are confident it will not impose any greater restraint in this direction than the true economy and the best interests of all will demand.

Every farmer, then, should have his eye upon furnishing himself, as fast as his circumstances will permit with all those improvements in implements which, from the extent of his farm and the nature of its products, he can profitably employ.—*Wisconsin Farmer.*

——One is not necessarily angry when he is in a touring passion.

THE MARKETS.

	New York, July 12, 1867.	
FLOUR—Trade Brands	$11.30	@ $12.70
WHEAT—No. 1 Milwaukee Spring	2.31	@ 2.43
RYE—Western	1.35	@ 1.40
BARLEY—Western	1.15	@ 1.18
CORN—Sound Western Mixed	1.06	@ 1.08
OATS—New Western	.75	@ .76
PORK—Western Mess	21.00	@ 21.25
BEEF CATTLE—Fair Western Steers	16.00	@ 17.00
GOLD—1.39.		
	Chicago, July 12, 1867.	
BEEVES—Medium to Fair	5.75	@ 6.75
BUTTER—Good Tub	.12	@ .16
FLOUR—Winter White	14.00	@ 15.00
Spring Extra	8.75	@ 10.50
GRAIN—Corn No. 1	.83	@ .84
Oats—Nos. 2	.56	@ .57
Rye No. 1	.95	@ .97
WHEAT—New Spring No. 1	2.08	@ 2.10
No. 2	1.73	@ 1.79
HOGS—Live Medium	5.90	@ 6.25
HOPS—Western	.50	@ .55
LARD—No. 1	.11	@ .11½
PORK—New Mess	21.00	@ 21.50
	Cincinnati, July 12, 1867.	
FLOUR—Family	11.50	@ 12.50
WHEAT—No. 1 New	2.25	@ 2.30
CORN—Sacked	.83	@ .85
OATS—Nos. 1&2	.67	@ .71
RYE—No. 1	1.18	@ 1.20
BACON—Shoulders and Sides	.09½	@ .11½
PORK—Regular Mess	21.50	@ 22.00
LARD	.11	@ .11½



New Advertisements.

LEGAL NOTICES.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage bearing date the 22d day of April A. D, 1864 made and executed by Heinrich Wellens and Judith Wellens his wife of Carver County State of Minnesota to Caroline Schaefer of said County, and State, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for said County on the 23d day of April A. D. 1864 at 11 o'clock A. M. in Book "C" of mortgages on pages 428, 429 and 430,

Wherens there is claimed to be due and is due at the date of this notice on said mortgage and note secured thereby the sum of one hundred and ninety one dollars and seventy five cents besides the sum of twenty dollars as Attorneys fees, which have become due by reason of the default in the payment of the moneys secured by the said mortgage and therein stipulated to be paid in case of the foreclosure of the same, and no proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the same on any part thereof.

Now therefore notice is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale in said mortgage contained, and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, said mortgage will be foreclosed and the lands therein described, to-wit: The east half (½) of the north east quarter (¼) of the north east quarter (¼) of section eleven (11) Township one hundred and fifteen (115) of Range twenty four (24) also the east half (½) of the south east quarter (¼) of the south east quarter (¼) and the west half (½) of the east half (½) of the west half (½) of the south east quarter of section No. [2] Township one hundred and fifteen of Range twenty four (24) containing sixty acres of land more or less which said land is situated in the County of Carver Minnesota, That the Sheriff of Carver County will sell said above described premises at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash at the front door of the Court House at Chaska in said County on the 2d day of September A. D, 1867 at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day to satisfy the amount which will then be due upon said mortgage, together with twenty dollars as attorneys fees and costs and disbursments allowed by law.

Dated July 20th 1867.

CAROLINE SCHARFER, Mortgagee.
FRANK WARNER, Att'y for Mortgagee.

State of Minnesota
County of Carver } S. S.
In Probate Court.

At a Probate Court held in and for the County of Carver State of Minnesota, on the 8th day of July A, D. 1867,—Present J. A. Sargent Judge.

In the matter of the estate of Christian Nieuhaus late of said County deceased.

The State of Minnesota, To the creditors and heirs of Christian Nieuhaus late of said County deceased.

You and each of you are hereby cited and required to be and appear before this Court at the Court House in Chaska in said County of Carver on the 10th day of August A. D. 1867 at 10 o'clock A. M. then and there to attend the settlement of the final account of Joseph Weinmann Esq. as the administrator of the estate of said Christian Nieuhaus deceased.

In testimony whereof we have caused the seal of said court to be hereunto annexed.—Witness J. A. Sargent Judge of Probate of Carver County State of Minnesota this 8th day of July 1867.

Dated Chaska the 17th day of July 1867.

J. A. SARGENT, Judge of Probate.

Administrators Sale.

In the matter of the estate of Timothy Corcoran deceased.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a license from the Probate Court of Carver County Minnesota, the undersigned administrator of the estate of said deceased, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the 5th day of August A. D. 1867 at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, to pay the debts of said deceased, the following described piece of land situated in said County of Carver and being the real estate owned by the said Timothy Corcoran at the time of his death, to-wit: The north half of north west quarter section thirty, Township one hundred and fourteen of Range Twenty four containing ninety seven acres more or less.

Given under my hand this 12th day of July 1867.

JOHN CORCORAN.
Administrator of the estate of Timothy Corcoran deceased.

Valley Herald.

F. E. DU TOIT Proprietor. TERMS, $2 00, Per Annum.

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The Valley Herald

BY F. E. DU TOIT.

CHASKA SATURDAY. JULY 27th 1867.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

For Governor,
HON. CHARLES E. FLANDRAU.
Of Hennepin County.

For Lieut. Governor,
HON. ARBA K. MAYNARD,
Of Le Sueur County.

For Secretary of State,
HON. AMOS COGGSWELL,
of Steele County.

For Attorney General,
HON. ANDREW G. CHATFIELD,
of Scott County.

For State Treasurer,
JOHN FREDERICHS, Esq.,
of Goodhue County.

CARVER COUNTY TICKET.

Register of Deeds.—FREDERICK GREINER.
County Treasurer.—JOHN DUNN.
Judge of Probate.—J. A. SARGENT.
Sheriff.—CHARLES JOHNSON.
County Attorney.—FRANK WARNER,
Surveyor.—H. CHEVER.
Coroner—CHAS. BASLER.

LEGISLATIVE TICKET.
21st. District.

Senator.—C. W. GRIGGS.
Representative.—LEWIS GOTHELF.

DEMOCRATS ORGANIZE.

We see evidence all over the country, and more especially in our own State, that the great Democratic party is alive to the tremendous issues involved in the present campaign, and are taking time by the forelock, in thoroughly organizing their forces in every town throughout the State, knowing that this is the only way by which we can get out the full democratic strength. Henceforth, let every town committee, every candidate, and every active Democrat work with that object in view, and we assure you a glorious victory will be your reward on the 1st Tuesday in November.

The following gentlemen were elected at the Democratic County Convention, as the Central Committee for the ensuing year.

G. Krayenbuhl, Chairman. E. Reusse, Benton. J. Winninghoff, Chaska. Chas. Basler, Carver. J. M. Schneider, Chanhassen. P. McCormick, Camden. Frank Missler, Dahlgreen. Matthew Kelly, Hollywood. Fritz Oberlee, Laketown. Patrick Colbert, San Francisco. Henry Basler, Waconia. I. I. Lewis, Watertown. Robert Patterson, Young America.

$14,000,000.
For Registering Negroes.

This is the Secretary of War's estimate as appears from the President's message. This is in addition to $30,000,000 per annum for running the Bureau, so as to carry the elections for the Radicals; and these immense sums, we must pay by our income taxes, and by the high tariff which adds from 50 to 100 per cent. to all we eat, drink and wear.

Sambo is an expensive luxury. We have already paid out more money to make him a Republican voter, than it would have cost us to have transported the entire crew to Africa and given them a farm apiece. But then, in Africa, they could not have voted for the Radicals, and the Union would have been restored, which would have ousted the Radicals from power, and this would never have answered. We poor whites must be enslaved the balance of our days by high taxes and high tariffs to make Hottentot voters for the Radicals, and the Union must be dissolved and despotism established until this important end is accomplished. In the classic language of Rev. Beecher, "that's what's the matter."—*Pioneer.*

Overland Mail Route to Montana.

We are indebted to Gov. Marshall for the subjoined copy of a dispatch received by him yesterday from Montana:

VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA, July 19, 1867.

Gov. Wm. R. Marshall: Mr. Ruffee's mail contractor arrived in Helena fourteen days from Abercrombie, establishing stations enroute.

N. J. LANGFORD.

GREAT FLOOD.

The River Higher than in 1859,—Twenty Million Feet of Logs Gone out.

SUNDAY EVENING, July 21. 1867.

Since our regular edition of this morning, we have to chronicle the breaking of Coon Creek Boom, eight miles above this city, by which twenty million feet of logs have gone over the Falls.

The logs reached the Falls about 11 o'clock on Saturday night and for two hours the river was running full from shore to shore. This morning only a few stragglers were left, and during the day the number afloat has been comparatively small.

The total loss by this flood, up to the present time, sums up in round numbers to thirty million feet.

ANOKA BOOM.

The number of logs in Rum River is estimated at from forty to fifty millions of feet, being all that is left of the winter's cut of one hundred million feet, except six or seven million feet jammed in between Nicollet Island and the St. Anthony shore, and about fifteen millions cut by the mills the present season.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD BRIDGE.

About eight o'clock this morning, the abutment of the St. Paul and Pacific railroad bridge on the Nicollet Island shore, gave way, and the end of one span of the bridge fell into the water, leaving the other end hanging to the first pier. When this span fell, there were three or four persons upon it, one of them a woman, who were crossing over to the Island. Fortunately they all escaped, with nothing more serious than a sudden jar, and probably a good scare.—Had it been a week day morning there is but little doubt that it would have gone down with the first train of cars, which comes up about that hour.

It is not to be understood that the logs that go over the Falls are a total loss. They will mostly be caught below, and after deducting the expenses and falling upon a glutted market, will probably realize half their value, making the total loss to the lumber trade about $200,000.

With *fifty millions of logs* yet to be sawed, and the damages to be repaired, there will be abundant employment for every man in our community; and four weeks from now will see our people entirely recovered from this disaster, and with as much faith and hope in the future of Minneapolis as they have ever had.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

The Railroad Bonds.

The Democratic State Convention wisely refrained from any declaration against the payment of the State Railroad Bonds or for their payment. The party does not propose to adopt and nourish this Republican measure; neither will it declare for anything that might in the least be construed to mean repudiation. There will be ample opportunity before election to inform the people on every phase of this bond question.—They will decide the question aside from political issues. If the honor and good name of the State is to be seriously effected by the defeat of the Legislative proposition, the voters are entitled to the facts to prove that such is the case, and they will not be slow to so regulate their action as to preserve the good name, fair fame and credit of our common wealth.—*Le Sueur Curier.*

Negro Suffrage in New York.

Much to the disgust of the Radical wing of the New York Republicans, and the same wing everywhere else, the New York constitutional convention, with a large Republican majority, have voted down the resolution declaring that "negroes are entitled to the same rights and immunities as citizens of European descent."

The negro suffrage idea was thus repudiated by a vote of 43 to 41.

The question is to be submitted to the people as a separate proposition from the constitution.

The Minneapolis "Tribune" calls this a considerable copperhead victory, and says Nasby ought to take up his residence there.

Mr. Nasby will soon find so many places where he ought to take up his residence that it is quite probably he will have to be ubiquitous. We trust this news will not greatly overcome those tender souls, who fear that this may get to be a "white man's government."—*Pioneer.*

Republican State Convention.

The Union electors of the State of Minnesota are hereby called upon to meet in Delegate Convention, at Ingersoll's Hall, St Paul, on Wednesday at 12 o'clock M., the 11th of September, 1867, for the purpose of nominating candidates for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, State Treasurer, and Attorney General, to be elected at the ensuing election in November next.

Carver County 3.

Delegates from unorganized counties not named will be subject to the action of the convention.

THOMAS FOSTER, Chairman. THOS. SIMPSON,
H. E. MANN, BEN F. SMITH,
WM. B. MITCHELL, W. H. MITCHELL,
Republican State Committee.

St. Paul, July 18, 1867.

HOME ITEMS.

HERALD AGENT CARVER—G. A. Du Toit.

MARRIED.

At the residence of Geo. M. Powers Esq. Chanhassen July 4th, by Rev. Mr. Shelden, A. W. Latham to Cordelia O. White, both of Minneapolis.

Loss of Wood.

The great freshet in the Mississippi river occasioned great loss of property along its bank. Mr. J. A. Dunklee, wood dealer of this town sustained a severe loss by this flood at St. Paul. The rise was so sudden and rapid that he had no time to save his wood on the bank, and upwards of 200 cords floated off.—He sustains a loss of over $1,200. We also understand that Messrs. Newcomb & Griggs, sustained a light loss in the same manner,

THE RIVER.—Our pencil fails us in any attempt upon elaboration on this uncongenial subject. The fact of the matter is, the river has again flooded the bottoms above and below this place, and has every appearance of coming into lower town. Up to Wednesday morning the rise in our river was owing altogether to the great freshet in the Mississippi, but on that day it came slowly from above and at the present time of writing, is still on the rise. This is the fourth rise of the season, each of which have been more or less distructive to the inhabitants along its banks. We presume nothing more will be said about the river drying up. This certainly must dispell all such vain illusions.

HAYING.—Our farmers are busily engaged in harvesting their winter supply of hay. In the interior we are informed hay is much better than ever, and will fully make up for losses sustained on the river bottom, by the floods.

PERSONAL.—We received a call this week from that old time and reliable Democrat, Hon. Eli. F. Lewis, of Watertown, we were pleased to find him in good health and as "brim full" of good old Democratic doctrines as ever. Mr. Lewis faithfully represented our County in the House last winter, and will ever be remembered by our County as a faithful servant. Call again when in this locality.

PRAIRIE SCHOONERS.—"Westward the Star of Empire takes its course." This off used quotation was brought to our mind this week by observing a large number of "Prairie Schooners," pass through our town, evidently following out the purport of the above quotation. We did not learn whither they were bound.

NEW BRIDGE.—Mr. Barker informs us that a gang of men are at work on the bridge between our town, and our *surbubs*, Merriam Station, and that if high water, does not again interefere, the road will be in traveling order next week,

CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF.—Mr. F. Hecklin, we understand is an independent candidate for Sheriff. He says he intends making a vigorious campaign during the months intervening between now and election.

CHAMPION BED BOTTOMS.—Messrs. F. & H. Wolff are about commencing the canvass of Carver, Sibley and McLeod Counties, with "Duffys' Bed Bottoms," one of the most useful, economical and durable Patent we ever saw.—We have them in our bed, and can urgently press our readers to give them a trial believing, aye, knowing that after such trial would not be without them in your family. Those having them in their beds in our town are loud in their praiso. Messrs. Wolffs' have bought the right for five counties.

LEVEE.—Our levee has worn a very lively aspect for some two weeks past. Three barges loaded and left port with heavy cargoes for the Metropolitan market of the State. Messrs. Newcomb & Griggs loaded with wood and brick. Messrs. Howe & Son with brick, and Messrs. Miller & Co. barge, of Carver, loaded with Hoop-pole and brick. They were all loaded down to the waters edge. A large number of teams have also been engaged all week in hauling wood and brick on the bank from the interior, which has added much to make a lively appearance on the levee.

BELOW PAR.—Young Ladies in Chaska are as scarce as "Hens teeth," to use a common expression. We would advise the philanthropists of Massachusetts, to ship a cargo to Chaska, as we are almost certain they would find *ready market.*

WE publish elsewhere the call of the Republican Central Committee, for a State Convention.

A BRUTE.—Julius Cæsar Wagner and son, (a chip from the old block) was arrested on Monday evening last, for commiting an assault upon his brother-in-law. He was tried before Justice Smith, who after hearing the evidence fined both Father and Son, $5, which with the cost amounted to some $25. It is also said that this man (?) has attempted the revolting and debasing crime of rape upon his own daughter. If so, he should not be allowed to remain in our community.

GODEY'S MAGAZINE.—The August number of this charming magazine is before us. It opens with a very suggestive steel engraving, "First break in the Family," sadness is plainly depicted upon every countenance of the household. The Steel Fashion Plate for this month, is a beautiful group of five young Misses, elegantly designed and colored. Likewise we find numerous engraving, devoted to Fashion.—Among the literary articles we find the conclusion of Marian Harlands interesting chapter on Matrimonial felictity, also other entertaining articles by renowned authors. Address L. A. Godey, Philadelphia Penna.

ARTHURS MAGAZINE.—This refined and popular ladies magazine for August is upon our table. Steel engraving, "Yankee Doodle," is well executed and quite patriotic in appearance. Its fashion department is quite complete this month. Its literary department is also unusually entertaining. "Pauline" is growing more intensely interesting as the narrative progresses. Terms, 250 per year. Address. T, S. Arthur & Co. 811 Chestnut St. Philadelphia Penna.

CHILDREN HOUR.—This polished and sound moral magazine for the "little ones," for August is as charming as ever, and its contents are as varied and interesting as the "little bright eyes" could wish. We recommend this magazine to our readers as one well worthy their support. Address, T S. Arthur & Son, 811 Chestnut St. Philadelphia, Penna

Carver Items.

Our Special Correspondent,

THE RIVER.—The river at this place Saturday and Sunday raised 24 inches, probably occasioned by "back water" from the Mississippi, it is still on the rise at this time but not as fast as Sunday. We learn from Capt. Jas. Houghton of the Chippewa Falls that it was raising very slowly at Mankato.

PERSONAL.—W. B. Mohler, the gentlemanly Clerk of the Mollie Mohler was in town on Friday last looking as good and pleasing as usual.

E. Bohrer, of the firm of Boher Morrison & Reeves, St Paul, was also in town on Saturday on business. Mr. B. is a tip-top good fellow, and is a good business man, and belongs to a good firm.

STRANGERS.—We notice a large number of strangers are at the "Planters house" probably on their way up to Glencoe, and Hutchinson, it is realy surprising to see so many winding their way up that direction, we cant account for it in any other way than that.—"White and Newcomb" the popular proprietors of the "Glencoe Stage Route" arrive and depart regularly 3 times a week, They have fast horses and good easy riding coaches, besides being themselves good and careful "*conductors*"—inducements enough to make any one like to travel with them.

SCHOOL.—The school at this place is realy a credit to the town. Mr. Brown the teacher is a gentleman in every way competent and is much liked by the scholars. The average attendance is about 90 during the summer, and in winter about 135. The school house has recently been refitted, and is now very comfortable to both teacher and scholars. We hope the trustees will secure the services of Mr. Brown for the winter term.

LIVERY STABLE.—Perhaps all your readers are not aware that we have a "No. 1 Livery Stable" in town where one can be accommodated on reasonable terms with a "splendid rig" on short notice. Messrs. Hocum & Ferguson proprietors are both gentleman in every sense of the word and deserve to be liberally patronized by the citizens generally. May they meet with the success that they so much deserve. Mr. Hocum & Co. runs a Hack daily between here and Merriam Station, via Chaska.

WOOD.—This article is fast disappearing from the banks and bottoms below town it is estimated that 6000 cords have been shipped from here since the river opened, and there is about 1000 more left.—Pretty good for a *small* town.

—Of the many Cosmetics and Toilet Articles now advertised, but few prove to be what they are represented. Messrs. Berger, Shutts & Co., Chemists, of Troy N. Y., are advertising extensively several articles that havv proved themselves just as represented, for which they are acting as agents. We believe them to be perfectly trustworthy, and that parties using their preparations will find them fully up to the recommends given. See their advertisement in another column of this paper,

Selected Miscellany.

No notice taken of anonymous communic
Manuscripts should be written on one side only

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

[From "Songs with Preludes," by Jean Ingelow; in press by Roberts Brothers, Boston.]

The racing river leaped and sang,
Full blithely in the perfect weather,
All round the mountain echoes rang,
For blue and green were glad together.

This rained out light from every part,
And that with songs of joy was thrilling;
But in the hollow of my heart
There ached a place that wanted filling.

Before the road and river meet,
And stepping-stones are wet and glisten,
I heard a sound of laughter sweet,
And paused to like it, and to listen.

I heard the chanting waters flow,
The cushat's note, the bee's low humming—
Then turned the hedge and did not know—
How could I?—that my time was coming.

A girl upon the nighest stone,
Half doubtful of the deed, was standing,
So far the shallow flood had flown,
Beyond the 'customed leap of landing.

She knew not any need of me,
Yet me she waited all unweeting;
We thought not I had crossed the sea,
And half the sphere to give her meeting.

I waded out, her eyes I met,
I wished the moments had been hours;
I took her in my arms and set
Her dainty feet among the flowers.

Her fellow-maids in copse and lane—
Ah! still methinks I hear them calling;
The wind's soft whisper in the plain,
The cushat's coo, the water's falling.

But now it is a year ago,
And now possession crowns endeavor:
I took her in my heart to grow,
And fill the hollow place forever.

MY STRATEGIC COURTSHIP

"A beauty! an heiress! an eccentric guardian, whose invitation includes any friend you like to take with you for a few days shooting. Why, my dear Fred, you have bound me to you forever by the selection of myself. I feel quite a new man already; for I must confess that when you came in just now, I was suffering from an unusually desperate fit of the blues."

"Consequent, in a remote degree, on last night's supper," suggested Fred Clayton, "and a good deal, also, on the way in which you keep cooped up in these dismal quarters."

Fred glanced contemptuously round my dingy Temple chambers as he spoke—a survey scarcely necessary, considering their intimate resemblance to his own adjoining rooms. However, I forbore any remark; indeed, the delightful prospect just presented to me absorbed all my attention, and I grasped my friend's hand in a fever of gratitude.

"Tell me all about it," I said, "and how you came to think of me."

"There is nothing to tell," replied Fred, seating himself on the corner of the table and swinging his legs backwards and forwards lazily. "This morning I got a letter from an old fellow in the country, reminding me—as if I could remember it—that he and my father had been friends thirty years ago, and asking me down to his place for a few days shooting, with permission to bring a friend if I liked."

"And his niece that you told me of—the heiress?" said I.

"Oh, of course he did not mention her," said Fred; "and I merely tell you because if you choose to put yourself under my guidance, I may be the means of helping you to a good thing. You know," he added more deliberately, "how disinterested my assistance can be after the little confidences we exchanged last night."

"True," said I, charmed with the recollection, "your pretty cousin—the secret engagement—"

"Yes," interrupted Fred; "you know all about it; and we know more about each other than most fellows; so it was natural I should think of you as a companion for my holiday, and I'm right glad you're inclined for the trip."

So saying, and silencing my renewed protestations of pleasure, Fred left me, appointing a rendezvous at the first train leaving for our destination, some two or three hours later.

Fred Clayton and I had been school-fellows in our early days, and many of his vacations were spent in my father's house. Of late years, however, he had lived exclusively in London; like me, a young aspirant to the uncertain honors of the bar, but, unlike me, possessing a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and never without a superabundance of invitations to dinners, balls and concerts; for Fred was said to be very popular, especially in ladies' society.

Except in the mere fact we were both younger sons without any expectations there was but little resemblance between Fred Clayton and Jack Harris. My residence in London only dated back a few months, and already the great city possessed no charm for me; I pined for the country, for freedom, and for the active life of home. I might, indeed, with the assistance of Clayton, or through letters of introduction from members of my own family, have procured fashionable invitations, and received partial toleration in society; but the prospect of a crush, heated rooms and strange faces, was a thought of terror to my timid nature, especially with the underlying chance of presentation to a young lady, and the unhappy knowledge that my deficiencies in the art of small talk would make such a chance a prospective martyrdom. No; I confessed in my own heart that society was not my forte; other talents I certainly had—deeper, more intrinsic merits than those that passed for genuine in a ball-room—but they were merits to develop in an atmosphere of peacefulness and repose; qualities to expand in the quiet of a domestic hearth. And a thrill of joy shot through me as, cramming every available article of clothing into a small portmanteau, I took leave of my comfortable chambers, and allowed my fancy to dwell on a brilliant possibility that Clayton's words had evoked. An heiress and a beauty—a country beauty, of course; blushes and simplicity, and rich—how rich? Rich enough to live on a grand estate; to keep a large stud; to dispense princely hospitality? I must ask Fred. This, however, was secondary. I would not, of course, acknowledge myself to be mercenary. Love must come first; love, independent of fortune—

> "Dike Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
> Love gives itself, but is not bought."

So I assured myself; but then, in all candor, I did not anticipate any very great difficulty on this score, for I had ever been painfully susceptible of the tender passion. Finally, for success, I must trust somewhat to my own individual attractions (and here a nervous tremor seized me), and not a little to the co-operation of my friend, for whose pre-engagement I was more gratified than I liked to acknowledge to myself.

II.

"Fifty thousand pounds," said Clayton, in answer to my inquiries, when we had secured a *coupe* to ourselves, and were preparing it for the comfort of all future travelers by lighting our cigars; "fifty thousand, my boy, and the estate, if you consent to take her name."

"Her name? What is her name?" I asked.

"Effing—Miss Effing," he replied. "And now, if you think the attempt worth making, I will let you know how the land lies, and give you a sketch of your campaign. The time is short, and of course I cannot insure you a second invitation if all is not concluded during our present trip. Now then, old fellow, *pro* or *con?*"

My reply was given with a fervor quite warranted by the occasion.

Fred Clayton threw himself back in his seat, and after arriving, by much perseverance, at a sufficiently comfortable position, he began his instructions, interrupted only by an occasional puff at his cigar, which momentary pause rendered his words all the more impressive—at least I fancied so.

"Our great difficulty," said he, "is the uncle, Mr. Merrick—his name is Merrick. I told you before he was eccentric; but that is not the word—'exacting' describes him better. He is awfully exacting, and possesses immense influence over his niece; an influence so great that his choice would be hers, even were she not still under age, which I believe she is. My dear fellow, all depends upon the impression you make in that quarter. I cannot exaggerate the importance of devoting yourself from the very first to Merrick—studying his tastes, sharing his pleasures, and attaching him firmly to your interests. The old fellow is so selfish in insisting on these attentions that I don't think, were I even free, I could stand enough of his society to insure success. But there's no knowing, the prize is well worth winning, and perfectly attainable through him, and through him alone."

"And about Miss Effing?" I inquired.

"Miss Effing is a charming girl," said Fred, "quite young, and ready to believe anything bad of a lover her uncle condemns. Being an heiress and a beauty, she has already received several proposals, but all have been rejected in consequence of the suitors having had the egregious folly to pay more attention to the niece than to the uncle."

So then the uncle was the only real difficulty—not a very grave one, I thought. At all events, forewarned was forearmed, and I inwardly vowed to tax my patience to the utmost for so great a stake. At the moment it did not occur to me how remarkably well-informed Clayton appeared on all that concerned our future host. I was only too glad to find him so well able to advise me, and perhaps a little relieved that the great result did not involve much courtship or attendance on a young lady.

We were not long in arriving at the station, where a dog-cart was in waiting to receive us, and after a rather cold drive of a couple of miles we reached our destination.

Mr. Merrick's, or Miss Effing's house—for I did not know to whom it actually belonged—was a large, handsome building, situated in a fine park, with undulating lawn and well-planted trees—so much I was able to perceive in the growing darkness.

Our arrival had been heralded by a handsome pointer that we found reposing on the terrace; and, on alighting, we were met by Mr. Merrick, who treated me to a long and most unequivocal stare, and after greetings and introductions, hurried us off to our several apartments to prepare for dinner.

I shall never forget that dressing. I had heard so much of first impressions, I believed in them so implicitly, that my desire to produce the proper effect almost amounted to frenzy, and I could have strangled Fred Clayton for his coolness and equanimity, when he good-naturedly came into my room to accompany me down through the ordeal of a first appearance in a drawing-room.

Miss Effing was there; and the moment I saw her I understood the failure of all former suitors; I realized the almost superhuman effort that would be necessary voluntarily to resign such companionship for that of the superannuated uncle, and resolved to steel myself by the constant recollection of my predecessors' fates. Graceful, witty and lively to a degree, no wonder the old man dreaded to lose the sunlight of her presence, and the affectionate charm of her manner towards himself.

With exemplary fortitude I dashed at my task, and before the evening was over found myself, to my great surprise, established as the chosen companion of Mr. Merrick. I listened with admirably-got-up interest to long, dreary anecdotes of his past experiences, comprising minute details of the dates and even hours at which people, long since dead, had been born—the memories of these old people are always prodigious!—and submitted to an account of his present devotion to the collecting of minerals, which now occupied all his time, except during the shooting season, for the old gentleman was very proud of still being able to carry a gun.

Of course I immediately professed myself an enthusiast on the subject of mineralogy, and was forthwith carried off in triumph to a large cavernous den, to admire what he called his specimens.

The examination of these hideous little bits of tin and stone lasted, it appeared to me, about two hours; and when, ultimately, we returned to the drawing-room, human nature asserted its rights, and unconsciously I stole over to the piano, where Miss Effing's fairy fingers wandered listlessly over the keys, while Fred Clayton stood before her looking through some music. Immediately a warning glance from Fred recalled to me a sense of danger, and turning in the direction of Mr. Merrick I perceived an unmistakable scowl upon his face, as he watched the party. Hastening to his side, I succeeded partially in removing it, by the proposal of a game of chess, which absorbed all his faculties, and agonized all mine, till the general move was made for retiring.

As I approached Miss Effing to wish her good night, I overheard the old tyrant remark, condescendingly, to Fred, "Your friend is an intelligent fellow; we sympathize, and I like him; rather superficial in mineralogy, but we must try and remedy that by making the most of our time, as your stay will not extend beyond a few days. In fact, the young man quite interests me; I wish you had his tastes, Frederick."

So virtue was rewarded, and I had made a good impression.

III.

The next morning we started early, intent on the wholesale slaughter of partridges; and on this occasion Fred hurt his hand so severely as to incapacitate him from joining our future expeditions; in fact, every possible combination of circumstances favorable to my advancement in the good graces of Mr. Merrick seemed to surround me. To say what an effort it required to submit cheerfully to his perpetual presence would be impossible. He appeared, after a little, to regard my continual companionship as a matter of course; and so well had I acted my part that the man actually believed I enjoyed his society. Presuming, therefore, on my established popularity, I ventured casually, on an occasion that appeared favorable, to introduce the subject of his niece into one of our conversations.

"Ah!" said he, and his face grew hard instantly, "Bella requires to be watched closely. She is so honest and noble-minded herself that she cannot understand the mercenary designs of the butterflies that flutter about her. But I never lose sight of her; I am always there to ward off artful attentions, and keep would-be suitors at bay. I am always there, and I shall be always there; but," he added, changing his tone, which had been growing excited, "it is well we are free from such intruders at present. I have never seen so little of my niece as during your visit. You have made me forget myself and her; but then it is only once in a lifetime that one may meet so congenial a spirit as yours; and, as for Frederick, Bella knows—and he would not dare *now*. He stopped with a growl.

Mr. Merrick was then aware of Clayton's secret engagement. This accounted for what had already somewhat puzzled me—his apparent indifference to the young and fascinating lawyer's constant *tete-a-tete* with his niece; but his marked emphasis on the word *now* solved the incongruity, and also betrayed what would have been his tactics, had he not felt secure; and yet such knowledge argued a more intimate association with Fred's affairs than I should have expected from a man whose present hospitality was founded on a thirty-years-ago acquaintanceship with his father; but, on reflection, I detected in it an act of generosity on the part of my friend, who had evidently taken the old man into his confidence, to set his mind at ease, and leave him perfectly free to be won over by me.

So time wore on, and, as the day fixed for our departure approached I began to feel a trifle qualmish, in spite of the undeniable favor shown me by Mr. Merrick. It was all very well to have secured the uncle—if I had secured him; but was I certain of securing the niece? I had scarcely exchanged half a dozen words with her. Old Merrick had remorselessly absorbed every second of my time—the covers all day, mineralogy and chess all the evening, till the very sight of a chess-board generated a nausea that I have never since got rid of; and the suspicion that the lady had been too much overlooked in our calculations, suddenly struck me with an uncomfortable sensation of doubt.

I determined to speak to Fred, and seized the opportunity that evening, when Miss Effing had retired, to propose a cigar on the terrace—a proposition to which Fred readily consented. The case was speedily represented, and Fred's answer, as usual, concise.

"You have done admirably," he asserted, "and deserve, I must admit, immense credit for so fully carrying out our plans; and I feel that I cannot congratulate myself or you too heartily. Now, perceive the result: the old fellow swears by you, and I have drawn Miss Effing's attention to the high opinion entertained of you by her uncle. Of course, to alter your line of conduct now, would be to destroy everything. You would be accused of a *ruse*, suspected of intentions, and summarily ejected. Consistency, my dear fellow, believe me, unvarying consistency, is your only course—unremitting devotion to the ogre; delicate diffidence towards the niece; and on the morning of our departure, when the near prospect of losing his congenial spirit, as he calls you, has unnerved our friend, a solemn interview in the library, a formal proposal, and you return to town an engaged man! Is it not as clear as daylight?—straightford and inevitable in every point, because so simple. You retain your pedestal, remain consistent, and the result comes about quite naturally, through and in consequence of that very consistency.

I looked at Fred with admiration; everything appeared so feasible when detailed by him in a few simple words, his very tones of semi-indifference had a wondrous power of conviction; and, moreover, my own common sense responded to the assertion that a change of manner would be fatal. I saw my way straight before me, plain and easy as an ordinary transaction of life, and the horizon grew bright with hope.

Warmly thanking my friend for the invaluable benefit of his shrewd sense and convincing advice, I withdrew to my room, mind filled with the most sanguine projects, more tangible hopes, than I had yet indulged in, since the beginning of my adventure.

IV.

At length the momentous morning dawned. We had prolonged our few day's stay to a week, and our host had evidently determined not to renew his invitation, spite of the manifest pleasure my company gave him; so, almost before I could realize it, the eventful day arrived.

I passed a sleepless and disturbed night, several times starting from a confused, dreamy rehearsal of the interview I intended demanding in the morning, to fancy I heard whispering voices and confused sounds about the house, quite impossible at that late hour. Visions floated before me of the already approaching future; the events of the last few days seemed to spread back over hal my life, so great was the importance attached to their issue; and now the culminating point was reached, I felt already the foreshadowing of my victory; for had I not fulfilled every condition?—had I not accomplished the task in which every other competitor had failed? And the question of the young lady's possible opposition was merely doubtful enough to give excitement to the *denouement*. Did not all young ladies first oppose and ultimately yield, with very little persuasion, to all parents and guardians? How much more so then in the present case, where the circumstances were so exceptionally strong in my favor!

I had not been long awake, and was debating in my own mind whether or not to start on an early walk, and by a dose of fresh air to brace up my shattered nerves and stimulate them for the coming scene, when I was startled from my cogitation by a tap at the door, and almost immediately Mr. Merrick's valet stood before me. This was a most unprecedented occurrence; hitherto a servant had never entered my room without being summoned, and this man seldom even then.

A vague presentiment of evil seized me, and I turned uneasily to look at him. One glance sufficed; he was ghastly pale, and seemed half insane with alarm. Utterly unable to conjecture the cause, but certain that something terrible must have happened, I gasped, "What is it?"

"O, sir! don't you know?" said he—"are you sure you don't know? They're gone, sir—bolted—Mr. Fred and Miss Bella—the two of them, and the new maid—off in a post chaise three good hours ago. And who's to tell the governor I don't know; I daren't."

The man might have gone on speaking forever—in fact he did go on; but beyond those first few words, not a syllable was intelligible to me. My first impulse was to bound up and strangle him then and there, but the effort was a miserable failure, and I fell back powerless, paralyzed.

No suspicion of a possible mistake, no crumb of comfort in a momentary feeling of incredulity sustained me; the man's manner bore the stamp of truth; his terror was too real, his statement too concise to leave room for a doubt. It was by no process of reasoning, by no mental review, by no recapitulation of events that the light broke in on me, but suddenly, in an instant, with the violence of a galvanic shock, I realized how completely I had been sold, utilized, taken in!

At last, a movement on the part of the servant attracted my attention; he was handing me a letter, and had probably been describing how it came into his possession, but of this I had not heard a word. My sensations can neither be imagined or described when, on looking at it, I recognized the writing of my traitorous friend. Had the viper left his sting there? I hesitated to touch the dishonored paper. At that moment a violent ringing of the bells announced Mr. Merrick's *levee*; and throwing the note on the table, the distracted valet rushed from the room, muttering. "I cannot tell it—I cannot: Thomas must go to him."

Alone with my enemy, I screwed up my courage and broke the seal. The note was short and ran as follows:

"DEAR JACK:—Pray accept my best thanks. But for your efficient aid we could never have successfully hoodwinked old Argus. You are an apt pupil, and I sincerely wish you equal success in all your future undertakings.

"Yours, by all the bonds of gratitude,
FRED CLAYTON."

P. S.—Bella insists on apologising; so I enclose."

There was then another epistle! I looked about; it had fallen on the floor. I opened it mechanically, and read:

"DEAR MR. HARRIS:—I hope you will forgive Fred. What he did was for my happiness. We have long been attached, and secretly engaged; but my uncle was so obdurate and so vigilant, that an elopement was our only refuge, and but for your assistance, could not have been effected. Trusting soon to receive from your own lips pardon for a harmless stratagem, believe me yours, (by the time you receive this),

"BELLA 'CLAYTON' EFFING."

"Please, sir, Mr. Merrick wishes to speak with you."

The door of my room was wide open, and on its threshold stood the old butler, grave and severe of aspect. I followed him silently, too full of bitterness for words, but solacing myself with the reflection that in my host I should find a thorough sympathizer in my overwhelming anger and indignation.

I was ushered into a small sitting-room, where rM. Merrick, in a flaming red dressing gown, and absolutely purple with fury, was pacing up and down like a wild beast in a cage. Before I could open my lips, he turned sharply round on me, roared out,—"So, sir, do you know I have sent for the police? Do you know you can be taken up for this conspiracy? I see it all now,—the infamous plot, and the part you were brought here to play. Fool that I was!" "But Mr. Merrick," I began.

"Silence!" he exclaimed. "Do you dare to taunt me? Have I not forbidden Frederick Clayton this house scores of times? and, in letting Bella ask him here for a few days, could I refuse her first request on coming of age? Could I turn a guest, though uninvited, out of a house that was not my own? A guest, indeed! a swindler, a blackguard, probably paid to amuse the uncle, and keep him off the scent."

His voice rose higher and higher as he proceeded; at the end he actually shrieked. But this was unbearable. My own temper had been severely tried, and endure more I could not.

"Mr. Merrick," I said, hotly, "such language, even under the circumstances—"

"Can't you leave off acting even now?" he burst in. "Confound your gaping look of innocence! Do you see this?" he cried, exhibiting a crushed letter which he kept clenched in his hand. "They are married by this time, and your villany has thus far succeeded; but the triumph shall not last long. I will hunt the scoundrel and his contemptible accomplice—yes, you—through every law court in Europe; I will publish his infamy in every newspaper, and proclaim it throughout the civilized world! You shall not escape me,—you shall not!"

The madman shook his fist in my face, and glared at me like a tiger; but, staggered as I was by such revelations and accusations, I nevertheless made one more attempt at a protest. "Your nephew—" I began.

"My nephew!" he yelled, "do you think that reptile is my nephew? No, my fine keeper, I am no longer your dupe; I can see now your shallow shamming, and I order you to leave my house. Do you hear? leave it instantly or I will order my servant to kick you out," he cried, pointing to the door as he spoke.

I hesitated; Fate seemed too cruel. I felt that the smallest justification or explanation would lessen my misery; but before a sound could pass my lips, he had raised his hand with a savage menace,—"One word more and I give the order."

There was nothing for me but to retreat; and retreat I accordingly did from the room and from the house, leaving instructions with the servants to send my belongings to the railway station,—that station form which I had driven only a few days before with such pleasurable emotions and ambitious hopes.

Mr. Merrick's unexpected reading of the case had indeed brought my wrongs to a climax. It was not enough to have been the tool, the dupe, the catspaw of one I believed my best friend; I was also to be stigmatized as the confederate, the paid agent of a plot of which I was the principal victim. Truly I had reached the summit of human wretchedness.

The whole of the scheme which Miss or (Mrs.) Bella so obligingly called a "harmless stratagem," unfolded itself by degrees to my mind's eye; and, struggle as I would, I could not banish the thought of how the designing pair must have chuckled over my credulity, and watched with malicious amusement my unremitting devotion to the avuncular conquest. The last drop of bitterness had been poured into my cup; a lifetime of experience had been crowded into the space of a few days, and swallowing my humiliation as best I could, I returned to London,—a wiser, if not a better man.

It is scarcely necessary to add that long before the return of the bride and bridegroom, Mr. Merrick had resigned himself to submit peaceably to the inevitable; and nothing more was heard of the terrible vengeance destined to overtake Fred. Clayton and his guilty accomplice.

A RAILROAD CHASE.

BY S. M. CARPENTER.

From the New York Herald.

I have been a railroad engineer many years, and reading a short time ago of a singular railroad adventure in England, has prompted me to give an account of an incident in my own experience. I was running on the Southern road, in Chili, South America—a line of about eighty miles, extending from Santiago to San Fernando. The Northern road starts out from the same depot at Santiago and runs to Valparaiso, one hundred and twenty miles. It was my day off, when, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the superintendent sent for me, and said he wished me to make up the Northern night train at seven o'clock, as the yard engine had broke down and all the others were out on the line except the "Maipu," which was to take the train through, and he did not like to put that work on her engineer, as the night was a stormy one and he would have it hard enough at his regular post. The train was to go out at half-past seven, and consisted of freight cars, with a few passenger coaches attached to the rear. I had made up the train and was backing into the yard again with two cars of the Southern road, in order to get them under shelter, when my attention was attracted by the locomotive Valparaiso suddenly starting out and rushing down the road. Almost at the same moment the superintendent came running from the office, breathlessly sprang on my engine, shouted to a couple of men to get into the cars, and told me to run out on the Northern road at the highest speed. The superintendent was terribly excited, and as I moved ahead out of the station he said, "Henry is in one of his fits again tonight, and has gone on with the Maipu. He will push her through till he smashes into the up-train. I have telegraphed to Llaillai and Quillota to clear the stations and keep the line open for two specials; and to Limache to switch the Maipu off the track into the mud if she don't stop. We can catch him, I think; hook on and stop him. For God's sake, drive her fast!" The situation flashed through my mind in a moment. Henry, the superintendent's son, had been an engineer, and was injured on the line some months before, since which time he had not been allowed to run in consequence of occasional attacks of insanity. At such periods he imagined that he was to run a special, and could with difficulty be restrained from violence when opposed. One of his fits was now on him, and cunningly eluding the watchfulness of his father, he had taken the Maipu in the absence of the engineer, got control of the fireman by some means, was tearing along the road, already four or five miles ahead. Henry had been like a brother to me, and as I settled down upon my seat at the window, I determined to make it a run for success or death. Although the Maipu was a long ways ahead, there were several things in my favor. She was an English engine, and could run through to Valparaiso if well handled, without stopping for wood or water; but her drivers were too small for very great speed. I had the Firefly, an American locomotive, with immense drivers, and believed that I could drive her steadily at sixty miles an hour on a proper road. Besides, I had two American passenger cars to balance me, and I felt pretty sure that if I could get hold of the Maipu my brakes would hold her.

From Santiago the road stretches for thirty miles in a straight line up the level valley, then turns to the left, ascending a steep and tortuous ravine to the summit of the mountain, from which it descends at another very steep grade for twelve miles down to Llaillai, through three tunnels, along frightful precipices and across dark ravines that make one dizzy to look into. From Llaillai there is another long straight run up a valley, through the city of Quillota and past numerous stations till, ninety miles from Santiago, we strike the heavy grade and tunnel of Limache. The tunnel is 1,800 feet long, and three miles beyond is the village where the Maipu was to be stopped. There were but two trains coming up, one which left Valparaiso at 4 P. M. and would be stopped by the telegram at Llaillai; and the regular night train, which the Maipu would probably meet if unchecked, just beyond Limacha. I felt certain that Henry would not stop at any of the stations, nor regard the dangerous parts of the road, but would dash recklessly on at a rate of speed which I dared not maintain on some of the curves and bridges. Besides, my two cars, while they would assist on the levels and beyond the summit, would retard me on the up grades, and I knew that I had to bring into use not only the utmost capacity of my engine, but all my faculties and experience.

In a few minutes after leaving the depot at Santiago I had plenty of steam, and opening the throttle a little the Firefly seemed to settle down to her work like a racehorse. I pushed aside the window and leaned out to listen to the machinery. Everything played as steadily as a clock. The smooth rails scarcely clanked as we swept along, and as the speed increased the hum of the drivers and quiver of the engine thrilled me like electricity. Once I saw the glare of the Maipu far ahead in the darkness, as her fireman opened the furnace doors, but I could not tell whether I was gaining on her or not; and in a short time the curves of the mountain pass hid her from me altogether. We rushed on past Colina, Tiltil and Montenegro without slacking up, climbed the grade to the summit, and, shutting off steam, swept like a meteor down the rocky mountain side. The night was one of the wildest of the season. A fierce wind, laden with sleet beat heavily against the window of my cab, and as my headlight flashed along the thorn bushes by the side of the road, writhing and twisting in the storm, seemed like the flitting spectres of some horrid dream. Now the light would illuminate some chasm, into which the engine appeared to be plunging; but the wheels clung surely to the shining rails, and gliding along the curve the Firefly would dash into a tunnel and round the rocky bluffs as if imbued with demoniac life. From the foot of the mountain I could see the lights of the station at Llaillai gleaming faintly through the rain, and the great fiery eye of the up-train's engine; but the signal-lanterns answered my whistle "all right," and we rushed through the long station, crowded with excited people, at almost a mile a minute. Beyond Llaillai I again got a glimpse of the Maipu's light, and knew I was gaining on her; but half the allotted distance was already run. As we struck each straight section of the line, and now and then saw the bright gleam of the Maipu's furnace reflected in her steam, the superintendent would become more excited, but he never spoke to me; and the minutes slipped away, with nothing to break the monotony of our anxiety.

I had ran nearly eighty miles, and still had plenty of coal and water. My only fear was for the journals of the passenger cars, but they had not yet given any trouble; and passing through the long street of Quillota, as I emerged from the town and saw the Maipu but a mile ahead, I put my engine to her utmost speed. It appeared sometimes as if the Firefly leaped clear of the rails; and in spite of the two cars behind, she swayed to and fro so violently that I had to stand up and steady myself with one hand on the throttle and the other on the reversing bar. Petty soon my headlight began to shine on the Maipu's tender, then her number came out in bright, gilded letters, and in a few moments her cab became so lighted up as to reveal Henry and the fireman distinctly. Henry had discovered me several minutes before, and evidently suspecting my intention, had crowded on speed, but his drivers were no match for mine, and we entered the tunnel near Limache almost together. Limache is three miles beyond the tunnel, but there the road turns in a sharp curve and runs up the other side of the little valley in a direction parallel to that followed by the line at the tunnel, and distant only about a mile and a half. As we shot out of the tunnel I looked to the right, and away through the darkness could see the up train on the same rails and with only about eight miles of track between us. In an instant I caught the fireman, shouted in his ear to take the thottle and to whistle "down brakes—hard" when I signalled, and then rushed out along the engine to the front. Henry saw me and seemed hesitating whether to leave his post and beat me back from his tender, but I quickly stepped down on the cowcatcher, and was hidden from view. As I stood on the narrow frame, with the earth glistening away so swiftly under me, and waiting for the short space between me and the Maipu's to close up, all sense of my perilous foothold was lost in the overwhelming realization of the danger a head. A collision with the passenger train or a plunge down the embankment from the open switch was certain unless I could couple in time to stop the Maipu. There were not over five minutes left. Should I risk the loss of the Firefly and the lives of all on board, in trying to accomplish an apparent impossibility or should I check the awful speed we were making, save ourselves, and let the Maipu rush on alone to destruction.

I have a faint recollection of frantically straining at the connecting rod to force down the coupling bolt, a sudden jerk as I went past the smokestack, and a paralyzing chill of terror, but the rest is all a blank. I awoke out of what seemed to have been a long nightmare, and found myself in a darkened room, with not a sound except the low rustle of a dress where some one sat rocking in an easy chair beyond the curtains. Careful nursing brought me out in a few weeks, but not before I learned that I was thrown from the engine when the fireman reversed, and that the Maipu was saved. The Firefly and my strong brakes had stopped her within a few feet of the open rails, when the difference of a second would have dashed her to peices. Harry was sent to an asylum, and I believe has since recovered, but is not permitted to have anything to do with railroading. The fireman whom he overpowered and bent to his will also gotten over his scare, and runs with me on the Firefly.

——Three brothers, bearing a remarkable resemblance to each other, are in the habit of shaving at the same barber shop. Not long ago one of the brothers entered the shop early in the morning, and was duly shaved by a German who had been at work in the shop for a day or two. About noon another brother came in and underwent a similar operation at the hands of the same barber. In the evening the third brother made his appearance, when the man dropped his razor in astonishment, and exclaimed, "Vell, mein Gott! dat man has the fashtest beard I never saw. I shaves him dis mornin,' I shaves him at dinner-times, and he comes now back mit his beard so long as it never vash!"

——What most resembles a pretty girl bathing? A diving bell (e).

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK.

General News.

Mrs. Jeff. Davis and child sailed for Charleston on the 13th.

The report that the Government proposes to purchase the Sandwich Islands is stated to be untrue.

The Reconstruction Bill, as agreed upon by both Houses of Congress, was sent to the President on the 13th.

The U. S. Senate has passed a bill giving men who had a good record, and left their regiments after the 19th of April, discharges, but not to reeceive any pay thereby forfeited.

A dreadful accident recently occurred on a railroad near Warrington, England. Five passengers were killed and thirty or forty seriously injured.

The President has sent to the Senate the nominations of Henry J. Raymond as Minister to Berlin, and George Bancroft as Minister to Austria. Bancroft was confirmed by the Senate on the 15th, while Raymond has just sailed for Europe.

The Fenians of America have succeeded in settling the difficulties which existed among themselves, and to-day the organization stands united under the leadership of President Roberts. What the Brotherhood propose doing is enveloped in deep mystery.

The New York *Express* notes some excitement on Broadway on the 15th, in consequence of George Jones, of the *Times*, pulling Cyrus W. Field's nose for having neglected to apologize for calling Jones a liar at the cable dinner to the press last week. The *Post* says Mr. Jones did not pull Mr. Field's nose nor touch him in any way, but was pushed aside by Mr. Field's umbrella.

General Grant has no hesitation in pronouncing our Indian War as one got up in the interest of the various classes of speculators on the border. As a specimen of the exaggerated reports of the Indian fights circulated in the country, the official report received by General Grant of the fight, in which it was reported that Roman Nose commanded, and was killed after killed, after killing thirteen whites, shows that only two whites were wounded, and the horse of Roman Nose was shot and not the rider.

Secretary Seward in reply to the application of Dr. Naphegy for the intervention of the Government for the release of Santa Anna (who was not shot, after all), states that at the time of the capture, the Virginia was not engaged in her regular business as a merchant and passenger vessel, but was chartered by Santa Anna to carry himself and his suite to Mexico on an illegal and beligerent expedition. He also quotes from the letter of Santa Anna to Gen. Peraza to show that he landed voluntarily. Under this state of facts, and inasmuch as Santa Anna went to Mexico falsely pretending that he acted under the authority of United States, Mr. Seward thinks the Government should await more definite information before proceeding in the matter.

Foreign Intelligence.

The corner stone of the new Prottestant church in Paris, was laid on Saturday.

The Russian Government has sold the St. Petersburgh & Moscow Railroad to Baring Bros & Holinkger.

During the recent prevalence of the cholera in Buenos Ayres, sixteen thousand persons died of the disease. It has now disappeared.

The British Reform bill passed the House of Commons, and has gone to the House of Lords, where it has been ordered to a second reading.

A St. Petersburg dispatch states that the note on the condition of Ireland, purporting to have been sent by the Russian Government, is a fabrication.

The interruptions to travel upon the Chicago and Great Eastern railroad, by the strikers at Logansport, Ind., have been stopped by an amicable adjustment of the difficulties.

A prospectus has been issued in England for the Anglo-Italian Telegraph Company, with an extension hereafter to China, Japan and Australia, capital one million pounds sterling.

Dublin reports from the county of Mayo and the adjoining district of Connemara, represent the destitution and suffering of the inhabitants as becoming extreme, in consequence of the famine in Ireland.

The Papal Government is much alarmed by the menacing attitude of the Garibaldians, and the batteries around Rome are to be put in effective condition. The Pope has asked aid of France to protect the city of Rome, and Napoleon has consented to give it.

A man claiming to be a citizen of the United States, has been arrested in Paris, at the request of the Portugese Government, and sent to Lisbon. Our Minister has made a demand on the Government of Portugal for his release and return to Paris.

The Austrian Government has despatched Admiral Tegethon, of the navy, to Mexico, for the body of Maximilian. The Admiral goes *via* New York. The reported sending of a fleet for this purpose was untrue.

Nearly the whole town of Basseterne, Island of St. Kitts, West Indies, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 3d inst. Five lives were lost. The destitute inhabitants were abundantly supplied with provisions by the Peoria and the Governor of Antigua, to which island she carried the news.

Since the capture of the City of Mexico by the Liberal forces nothing has been heard by the French Government of Maltonez Dano, its Minister in that city. Napoleon has announced his intention of sending a strong fleet to Vera Cruz to retake Mr. Dano, should he have been made prisoner, and resent any indignity offered him by the Juarez Government.

The report that negotiations are pending for the settlement of the Alabama claims on the basis of the purchase by the United States of British Columbia, lying between Washington Territory and the Northwestern possessions recently acquired from Russia, is again revived, with the intimation that there is good reason reasons for believing that they will result in a treaty.

The *Observador*, of Matamoras, states that when Maximilian learned the sentence passed upon him, he offered a million dollars to General Ribandeira, the keeper of the prisoners, to be allowed a chance of escape. Ribandeira requested a written promise from the Archduke, and when he obtained it, showed the document to General Escobedo. General Escobedo gave orders at once that, in case he attempted to escape, any of the guards might shoot him on his (Escobedo's) responsibility.

As a result of the recent uniform coinage convention at Paris, it is said that the value of the American gold dollar will be reduced to that of the French five-franc piece, which was adopted as the standard. The French Government will coin a piece of twenty-five francs, and the English Government will reduce the sovereign to the same standard, both of which will be identical in value with the American half-eagle. The American dollar, thus changed, will become the unit of gold coins.

The West.

On the 13th, the Theatre Comique, of St. Louis, was destroyed by fire. Loss, $110,000.

The night express on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, going west on the 10th, met with an accident near Green River Station. The sleeping car and coach forward of it were thrown down an embankment twelve feet high. Both coaches turned over twice, and were badly smashed. There was one child killed, and about fifteen persons injured, most of them seriously.

A collision occurred on the night of the 11th, near Gardner, a station on the Chicago and St. Louis Railroad, between a passenger and a freight train, the latter being off its time. Frank Wilkins, English Consul at Chicago, and a brakeman, were instantly killed, and some eight or ten more badly hurt, two of whom have since died. The baggage and express cars were consumed by fire, and the United States Express Company has since paid to the First National Bank of Springfield $20,000, in payment for funds destroyed.

The South.

Jacob Barker the broken banker, was recently beaten in the street in New Orleans with a brickbat in the hands of an Irishwoman who had her money deposited in his bank.

A party of one hundred filibusters, among them some half a dozen deserters from the United States army, have left New Orleans within a day or two, destined for Mexico.

The army worm is reported to be devastating the cotton fields in Mississippi, and threatens the entire destruction of the crop on lands that were overflowed during the spring freshets.

A directory recently published in Richmond gives in its local history of the city the singular and significant fact that 368 houses in the city are owned by negroes, all of which were acquired while slavery existed; and no instance has occurred since the termination of the war of any negro purchasing or acquiring ownership of a house.

The Richmond newspapers are constantly dying out. Too many papers were published there for so small a city. A short time ago the Richmond *Times* was merged into the *Enquirer*, and now the *Enquirer* is merged into the *Examiner*. This new paper, with the *Whig* and the *Dispatch*—three dailies—are now all that are left of seven or eight papers published in Richmond not long ago.

Death of Maximilian.

NEW YORK, July 10.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 19th the troops of Escobedo formed a short distance from the city for the execution of Maximilian and his Generals, the people of Queretaro flocking by thousands to see the closing scenes.

At seven the bells toll and announce that the prisoners have left their prisons for the last time, and are on their way to their execution.

After a few moments they appear, drawn in carriages, and a large guard around them, the Emperor first, Miramon next, and Mejia last. The carriages stop, and the prisoners get out among the conclave. One can hardly see a dry eye, and tokens of dissatisfaction are manifested.

MAXIMILIAN'S SPEECH.

Maximilian, on alighting, is saluted by the people; in an easy and graceful manner, and with an elastic step, he marched to the fatal spot. In taking his position the Emperor spoke in a clear, firm manner, and with nothing of bravado. He seemed to feel his situation, and said when he was first waited upon at home by the deputation from Mexico, who came with credentials offering him the Government of the country, he refused. At a subsequent meeting, the proposition was again presented, and he replied that if convinced that the majority thought that it was to their interest to place him at the head of the Government, he might consent. Another deputation waited upon him and brought additional testimonials. Upon advice from the powers of Europe, who told him there was no other course to pursue, he accepted the call. He denied that the court that tried him had a right to do so. His was a case of good faith. The nations of the world had pledged their faith to him. He never would have done the act had it not been for the good of Mexico. In conclusion, he hoped his blood would stop the effusion of blood in Mexico.

MIRAMON'S SPEECH.

Miramon spoke from a paper. He told them that he was no traitor, but had always opposed liberal principles, and always been against the disorder of the country. The fame of his acts would live, and posterity would judge whether he was right or wrong. He closed with the words: "*Viva La Empire.*" "*Viva La Mexico.*"

MEJIA.

Mejia made no address. He went to Escobedo and said he would die poor, that he had never made an effort to make money. His only wealth consisted in 40 cattle in the mountains. He asked that the merchants of Matamoras, to whom he owed considerable, would not press his wife to pay his debts when they came into possession of the money left them by the kindness of the Emperor.

A Madman in a Railway Train.

The *Saint Public* describes a fearful scene which took place a short time since between the stations of Blaisy and Dijon, in a third-class carriage of a train on its way from Paris to Lyons. Among the passengers were three foreigners, supposed to be natives of Flanders, who had been conversing in their own language during the earlier part of the journey. About 11 o'clock at night the majority of the passengers were dozing, when suddenly the silence was broken by one of the strangers, who, waking up in a state of raving madness, broke into the most horrible cries, and, falling upon his fellow-passengers, commenced striking and biting them right and left. A panic ensued, in which the travelers climbed over the partition into the adjoining compartment, followed by the madman, still striking and biting those he could reach. Some persons, in their terror, opened the door and took refuge on the ledge outside, although the train was going at full speed. At length a Zouave closed with the lunatic, and succeeded in pushing him out of the door.

Selected Miscellany.

No notice taken of anonymous communications. Manuscripts should be written on one side only

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

[From "Songs with Preludes," by Jean Ingelow; in press by Roberts Brothers, Boston.]

The racing river leaped and sang,
Full blithely in the perfect weather,
All round the mountain echoes rang,
For blue and green were glad together.

This rained out light from every part,
And that with songs of joy was thrilling;
But in the hollow of my heart
There ached a place that wanted filling.

Before the road and river meet,
And stepping-stones are wet and glisten,
I heard a sound of laughter sweet,
And paused to like it, and to listen.

I heard the chanting waters flow,
The cushat's note, the bee's low humming—
Then turned the hedge and did not know—
How could I?—that my time was coming.

A girl upon the highest stone,
Half doubtful of the deed, was standing,
So far the shallow flood had flown,
Beyond the 'customed leap of landing.

She knew not any need of me,
Yet me she waited all unweeting;
We thought not I had crossed the sea,
And half the sphere to give her meeting.

I waded out, her eyes I met,
I wished the moments had been hours;
I took her in my arms and set
Her dainty feet among the flowers.

Her fellow-maids in copse and lane—
Ah! still methinks I hear them calling;
The wind's soft whisper in the plain,
The cushat's coo, the water's falling.

But now it is a year ago,
And now possession crowns endeavor:
I took her in my heart to grow,
And fill the hollow place forever.

MY STRATEGIC COURTSHIP

"A beauty! an heiress! an eccentric guardian, whose invitation includes any friend you like to take with you for a few days shooting. Why, my dear Fred, you have bound me to you forever by the selection of myself. I feel quite a new man already; for I must confess that when you came in just now, I was suffering from an unusually desperate fit of the blues."

"Consequent, in a remote degree, on last night's supper," suggested Fred Clayton, "and a good deal, also, on the way in which you keep cooped up in these dismal quarters."

Fred glanced contemptuously round my dingy Temple chambers as he spoke—a survey scarcely necessary, considering their intimate resemblance to his own adjoining rooms. However, I forbore any remark; indeed, the delightful prospect just presented to me absorbed all my attention, and I grasped my friend's hand in a fever of gratitude.

"Tell me all about it," I said, "and how you came to think of me."

"There is nothing to tell," replied Fred, seating himself on the corner of the table and swinging his legs backwards and forwards lazily. "This morning I got a letter from an old fellow in the country, reminding me—as if I could remember it—that he and my father had been friends thirty years ago, and asking me down to his place for a few days shooting, with permission to bring a friend if I liked."

"And his niece that you told me of—the heiress?" said I.

"Oh, of course he did not mention her," said Fred; "and I merely tell you because if you choose to put yourself under my guidance, I may be the means of helping you to a good thing. You know," he added more deliberately, "how disinterested my assistance can be after the little confidences we exchanged last night."

"True," said I, charmed with the recollection, "your pretty cousin—the secret engagement—"

"Yes," interrupted Fred; "you know all about it; and we know more about each other than most fellows; so it was natural I should think of you as a companion for my holiday, and I'm right glad you're inclined for the trip."

So saying, and silencing my renewed protestations of pleasure, Fred left me, appointing a rendezvous at the first train leaving for our destination, some two or three hours later.

Fred Clayton and I had been school-fellows in our early days, and many of his vacations were spent in my father's house. Of late years, however, he had lived exclusively in London; like me, a young aspirant to the uncertain honors of the bar, but, unlike me, possessing a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and never without a superabundance of invitations to dinners, balls and concerts; for Fred was said to be very popular, especially in ladies' society.

Except in the mere fact we were both younger sons without any expectations there was but little resemblance between Fred Clayton and Jack Harris. My residence in London only dated back a few months, and already the great city possessed no charm for me; I pined for the country, for freedom, and for the active life of home. I might, indeed, with the assistance of Clayton, or through letters of introduction from members of my own family, have procured fashionable invitations, and received partial toleration in society; but the prospect of a crush, heated rooms and strange faces, was a thought of terror to my timid nature, especially with the underlying chance of presentation to a young lady, and the unhappy knowledge that my deficiencies in the art of small talk would make such a chance a prospective martyrdom. No; I confessed in my own heart that society was not my forte; other talents I certainly had—deeper, more intrinsic merits than those that passed for genuine in a ball-room—but they were merits to develop in an atmosphere of peacefulness and repose; qualities to expand in the quiet of a domestic hearth. And a thrill of joy shot through me as, cramming every available article of clothing into a small portmanteau, I took leave of my comfortable chambers, and allowed my fancy to dwell on a brilliant possibility that Clayton's words had evoked. An heiress and a beauty—a country beauty, of course; blushes and simplicity, and rich—how rich? Rich enough to live on a grand estate; to keep a large stud; to dispense princely hospitality? I must ask Fred. This, however, was secondary. I would not, of course, acknowledge myself to be mercenary. Love must come first; love, independent of fortune—

"Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought."

So I assured myself; but then, in all candor, I did not anticipate any very great difficulty on this score, for I had ever been painfully susceptible of the tender passion. Finally, for success, I must trust somewhat to my own individual attractions (and here a nervous tremor seized me), and not a little to the co-operation of my friend, for whose pre-engagement I was more gratified than I liked to acknowledge to myself.

II.

"Fifty thousand pounds," said Clayton, in answer to my inquiries, when we had secured a *coupe* to ourselves, and were preparing it for the comfort of all future travelers by lighting our cigars; "fifty thousand, my boy, and the estate, if you consent to take her name."

"Her name? What is her name?" I asked.

"Effing—Miss Effing," he replied. "And now, if you think the attempt worth making, I will let you know how the land lies, and give you a sketch of your campaign. The time is short, and of course I cannot insure you a second invitation if all is not concluded during our present trip. Now then, old fellow, *pro* or *con?*"

My reply was given with a fervor quite warranted by the occasion.

Fred Clayton threw himself back in his seat, and after arriving, by much perseverance, at a sufficiently comfortable position, he began his instructions, interrupted only by an occasional puff at his cigar, which momentary pause rendered his words all the more impressive—at least I fancied so.

"Our great difficulty," said he, "is the uncle, Mr. Merrick—his name is Merrick. I told you before he was eccentric; but that is not the word—'exacting' describes him better. He is awfully exacting, and possesses immense influence over his niece; an influence so great that his choice would be hers, even were she not still under age, which I believe she is. My dear fellow, all depends upon the impression you make in that quarter. I cannot exaggerate the importance of devoting yourself from the very first to Merrick—studying his tastes, sharing his pleasures, and attaching him firmly to your interests. The old fellow is so selfish in insisting on these attentions that I don't think, were I even free, I could stand enough of his society to insure success. But there's no knowing, the prize is well worth winning, and perfectly attainable through him, and through him alone."

"And about Miss Effing?" I inquired.

"Miss Effing is a charming girl," said Fred, "quite young, and ready to believe anything bad of a lover her uncle condemns. Being an heiress and a beauty, she has already received several proposals, but all have been rejected in consequence of the suitors having had the egregious folly to pay more attention to the niece than to the uncle."

So then the uncle was the only real difficulty—not a very grave one, I thought. At all events, forewarned was forearmed, and I inwardly vowed to tax my patience to the utmost for so great a stake. At the moment it did not occur to me how remarkably well-informed Clayton appeared on all that concerned our future host. I was only too glad to find him so well able to advise me, and perhaps a little relieved that the great result did not involve much courtship or attendance on a young lady.

We were not long in arriving at the station, where a dog-cart was in waiting to receive us, and after a rather cold drive of a couple of miles we reached our destination.

Mr. Merrick's, or Miss Effing's house—for I did not know to whom it actually belonged—was a large, handsome building, situated in a fine park, with undulating lawn and well-planted trees—so much I was able to perceive in the growing darkness.

Our arrival had been heralded by a handsome pointer that we found reposing on the terrace; and, on alighting, we were met by Mr. Merrick, who treated me to a long and most unequivocal stare, and after greetings and introductions, hurried us off to our several apartments to prepare for dinner.

I shall never forget that dressing. I had heard so much of first impressions, I believed in them so implicitly, that my desire to produce the proper effect almost amounted to frenzy, and I could have strangled Fred Clayton for his coolness and equanimity, when he good-naturedly came into my room to accompany me down through the ordeal of a first appearance in a drawing-room.

Miss Effing was there; and the moment I saw her I understood the failure of all former suitors; I realized the almost superhuman effort that would be necessary voluntarily to resign such companionship for that of the superannuated uncle, and resolved to steel myself by the constant recollection of my predecessors' fates. Graceful, witty and lively to a degree, no wonder the old man dreaded to lose the sunlight of her presence, and the affectionate charm of her manner towards himself.

With exemplary fortitude I dashed at my task, and before the evening was over found myself, to my great surprise, established as the chosen companion of Mr. Merrick. I listened with admirably-got-up interest to long, dreary anecdotes of his past experiences, comprising minute details of the dates and even hours at which people, long since dead, had been born—the memories of these old people are always prodigious!—and submitted to an account of his present devotion to the collecting of minerals, which now occupied all his time, except during the shooting season, for the old gentleman was very proud of still being able to carry a gun.

Of course I immediately professed myself an enthusiast on the subject of mineralogy, and was forthwith carried off in triumph to a large cavernous den, to admire what he called his specimens.

The examination of these hideous little bits of tin and stone lasted, it appeared to me, about two hours; and when, ultimately, we returned to the drawing-room, human nature asserted its rights, and unconsciously I stole over to the piano, where Miss Effing's fairy fingers wandered listlessly over the keys, while Fred Clayton stood before her looking through some music. Immediately a warning glance from Fred recalled to me a sense of danger, and turning in the direction of Mr. Merrick I perceived an unmistakable scowl upon his face, as he watched the party. Hastening to his side, I succeeded partially in removing it, by the proposal of a game of chess, which absorbed all his faculties, and agonized all mine, till the general move was made for retiring.

As I approached Miss Effing to wish her good night, I overheard the old tyrant remark, condescendingly, to Fred, "Your friend is an intelligent fellow; we sympathize, and I like him; rather superficial in mineralogy, but we must try and remedy that by making the most of our time, as your stay will not extend beyond a few days. In fact, the young man quite interests me; I wish you had his tastes, Frederick."

So virtue was rewarded, and I had made a good impression.

III.

The next morning we started early, intent on the wholesale slaughter of partridges; and on this occasion Fred hurt his hand so severely as to incapacitate him from joining our future expeditions; in fact, every possible combination of circumstances favorable to my advancement in the good graces of Mr. Merrick seemed to surround me. To say what an effort it required to submit cheerfully to his perpetual presence would be impossible. He appeared, after a little, to regard my continual companionship as a matter of course; and so well had I acted my part that the man actually believed I enjoyed his society. Presuming, therefore, on my established popularity, I ventured casually, on an occasion that appeared favorable, to introduce the subject of his niece into one of our conversations.

"Ah!" said he, and his face grew hard instantly, "Bella requires to be watched closely. She is so honest and noble-minded herself that she cannot understand the mercenary designs of the butterflies that flutter about her. But I never lose sight of her; I am always there to ward off artful attentions, and keep would-be suitors at bay. I am always there, and I shall be always there; but," he added, changing his tone, which had been growing excited, "it is well we are free from such intruders at present. I have never seen so little of my niece as during your visit. You have made me forget myself and her; but then it is only once in a lifetime that one may meet so congenial a spirit as yours; and, as for Frederick, Bella knows—and he would not dare *now*. He stopped with a growl.

Mr. Merrick was then aware of Clayton's secret engagement. This accounted for what had already somewhat puzzled me—his apparent indifference to the young and fascinating lawyer's constant *tete-a-tete* with his niece; but his marked emphasis on the word *now* solved the incongruity, and also betrayed what would have been his tactics, had he not felt secure; and yet such knowledge argued a more intimate association with Fred's affairs than I should have expected from a man whose present hospitality was founded on a thirty-years-ago acquaintanceship with his father; but, on reflection, I detected in it an act of generosity on the part of my friend, who had evidently taken the old man into his confidence, to set his mind at ease, and leave him perfectly free to be won over by me.

So time wore on, and, as the day fixed for our departure approached I began to feel a trifle qualmish, in spite of the undeniable favor shown me by Mr. Merrick. It was all very well to have secured the uncle—it I had secured him; but was I certain of securing the niece? I had scarcely exchanged half a dozen words with her. Old Merrick had remorselessly absorbed every second of my time—the covers all day, mineralogy and chess all the evening, till the very sight of a chess-board generated a nausea that I have never since got rid of; and the suspicion that the lady had been too much overlooked in our calculations, suddenly struck me with an uncomfortable sensation of doubt.

I determined to speak to Fred, and seized the opportunity that evening, when Miss Effing had retired, to propose a cigar on the terrace—a proposition to which Fred readily consented. The case was speedily represented, and Fred's answer, as usual, concise.

"You have done admirably," he asserted, "and deserve, I must admit, immense credit for so fully carrying out our plans; and I feel that I cannot congratulate myself or you too heartily. Now, perceive the result: the old fellow swears by you, and I have drawn Miss Effing's attention to the high opinion entertained of you by her uncle. Of course, to alter your line of conduct now, would be to destroy everything. You would be accused of a *ruse*, suspected of intentions, and summarily ejected. Consistency, my dear fellow, believe me, unvarying consistency, is your only course—unremitting devotion to the ogre; delicate diffidence towards the niece; and on the morning of our departure, when the near prospect of losing his congenial spirit, as he calls you, has unnerved our friend, a solemn interview in the library, a formal proposal, and you return to town an engaged man! Is it not as clear as daylight?—straightford and inevitable in every point, because so simple. You retain your pedestal, remain consistent, and the result comes about quite naturally, through and in consequence of that very consistency."

I looked at Fred with admiration; everything appeared so feasible when detailed by him in a few simple words, his very tones of semi-indifference had a wondrous power of conviction; and, moreover, my own common sense responded to the assertion that a change of manner would be fatal. I saw my way straight before me, plain and easy as an ordinary transaction of life, and the horizon grew bright with hope.

Warmly thanking my friend for the invaluable benefit of his shrewd sense and convincing advice, I withdrew to my room, mind filled with the most sanguine projects, more tangible hopes, than I had yet indulged in, since the beginning of my adventure.

IV.

At length the momentous morning dawned. We had prolonged our few day's stay to a week, and our host had evidently determined not to renew his invitation, spite of the manifest pleasure my company gave him; so, almost before I could realize it, the eventful day arrived.

I passed a sleepless and disturbed night, several times starting from a confused, dreamy rehearsal of the interview I intended demanding in the morning, to fancy I heard whispering voices and confused sounds about the house, quite impossible at that late hour. Visions floated before me of the already approaching future; the events of the last few days seemed to spread back over hal my life, so great was the importance attached to their issue; and now the culminating point was reached, I felt already the foreshadowing of my victory; for had I not fulfilled every condition?—had I not accomplished the task in which every other competitor had failed? And the question of the young lady's possible opposition was merely doubtful enough to give excitement to the *denouement*. Did not all young ladies first oppose and ultimately yield, with very little persuasion, to all parents and guardians? How much more so then in the present case, where the circumstances were so exceptionally strong in my favor!

I had not been long awake, and was debating in my own mind whether or not to start on an early walk, and by a dose of fresh air to brace up my shattered nerves and stimulate them for the coming scene, when I was startled from my cogitation by a tap at the door, and almost immediately Mr. Merrick's valet stood before me. This was a most unprecedented occurrence; hitherto a servant had never entered my room without being summoned, and this man seldom even then.

A vague presentiment of evil seized me, and I turned uneasily to look at him. One glance sufficed; he was ghastly pale, and seemed half insane with alarm. Utterly unable to conjecture the cause, but certain that something terrible must have happened, I gasped, "What is it?"

"O, sir! don't you know?" said he—"are you sure you don't know? They're gone, sir—bolted—Mr. Fred and Miss Bella—the two of them, and the new maid—off in a post chaise three good hours ago. And who's to tell the governor I don't know; I daren't."

The man might have gone on speaking forever—in fact he did go on; but beyond those first few words, not a syllable was intelligible to me. My first impulse was to bound up and strangle him then and there, but the effort was a miserable failure, and I fell back powerless, paralyzed.

No suspicion of a possible mistake, no crumb of comfort in a momentary feeling of incredulity sustained me; the man's manner bore the stamp of truth; his terror was too real, his statement too concise to leave room for a doubt. It was by no process of reasoning, by no mental review, by no recapitulation of events that the light broke in on me, but suddenly, in an instant, with the violence of a galvanic shock, I realized how completely I had been sold, utilized, taken in!

At last, a movement on the part of the servant attracted my attention; he was handing me a letter, and had probably been describing how it came into his possession, but of this I had not heard a word. My sensations can neither be imagined or described when, on looking at it, I recognized the writing of my traitorous friend. Had the viper left his sting there? I hesitated to touch the dishonored paper. At that moment a violent ringing of the bells announced Mr. Merrick's *levee*; and throwing the note on the table, the distracted valet rushed from the room, muttering. "I cannot tell it—I cannot: Thomas must go to him."

Alone with my enemy, I screwed up my courage and broke the seal. The note was short and ran as follows:

"Dear Jack:—Pray accept my best thanks. But for your efficient aid we could never have successfully hoodwinked old Argus. You are an apt pupil, and I sincerely wish you equal success in all your future undertakings.

"Yours, by all the bonds of gratitude,
Fred Clayton."

P. S.—Bella insists on apologising; so I enclose."

There was then another epistle! I looked about; it had fallen on the floor. I opened it mechanically, and read:

"Dear Mr. Harris:—I hope you will forgive Fred. What he did was for my happiness. We have long been attached, and secretly engaged; but my uncle was so obdurate and so vigilant, that an elopement was our only refuge, and but for your assistance, could not have been effected. Trusting soon to receive from your own lips pardon for a harmless stratagem, believe me yours, (by the time you receive this),

"Bella 'Clayton' Effing."

"Please, sir, Mr. Merrick wishes to speak with you."

The door of my room was wide open, and on its threshold stood the old butler, grave and severe of aspect. I followed him silently, too full of bitterness for words, but solacing myself with the reflection that in my host I should find a thorough sympathizer in my overwhelming anger and indignation.

I was ushered into a small sitting-room, where Mr. Merrick, in a flaming red dressing gown, and absolutely purple with fury, was pacing up and down like a wild beast in a cage. Before I could open my lips, he turned sharply round on me, roared out,—"So, sir, do you know I have sent for the police? Do you know you can be taken up for this conspiracy? I see it all now,—the infamous plot, and the part you were brought here to play. Fool that I was!" "But Mr. Merrick," I began.

"Silence!" he exclaimed. "Do you dare to taunt me? Have I not forbidden Frederick Clayton this house scores of times? and, in letting Bella ask him here for a few days, could I refuse her first request on coming of age? Could I turn a guest, though uninvited, out of a house that was not my own? A guest, indeed! a swindler, a blackguard, probably paid to amuse the uncle, and keep him off the scent."

His voice rose higher and higher as he proceeded; at the end he actually shrieked. But this was unbearable. My own temper had been severely tried, and endure more I could not.

"Mr. Merrick," I said, hotly, "such language, even under the circumstances—"

"Can't you leave off acting even now?" he burst in. "Confound your gaping look of innocence! Do you see this?" he cried, exhibiting a crushed letter which he kept clenched in his hand. "They are married by this time, and your villany has thus far succeeded; but the triumph shall not last long. I will hunt the scoundrel and his contemptible accomplice—yes, you—through every law court in Europe; I will publish his infamy in every newspaper, and proclaim it throughout the civilized world! You shall not escape me,—you shall not!"

The madman shook his fist in my face, and glared at me like a tiger; but, staggered as I was by such revelations and accusations, I nevertheless made one more attempt at a protest. "Your nephew—" I began.

"My nephew!" he yelled, "do you think that reptile is my nephew? No, my fine keeper, I am no longer your dupe; I can see now your shallow shamming, and I order you to leave my house. Do you hear? leave it instantly or I will order my servant to kick you out," he cried, pointing to the door as he spoke.

I hesitated; Fate seemed too cruel. I felt that the smallest justification or explanation would lessen my misery; but before a sound could pass my lips, he had raised his hand with a savage menace,—"One word more and I give the order."

There was nothing for me but to retreat; and retreat I accordingly did from the room and from the house, leaving instructions with the servants to send my belongings to the railway station,—that station form which I had driven only a few days before with such pleasurable emotions and ambitious hopes.

Mr. Merrick's unexpected reading of the case had indeed brought my wrongs to a climax. It was not enough to have been the tool, the dupe, the catspaw of one I believed my best friend; I was also to be stigmatized as the confederate, the paid agent of a plot of which I was the principal victim. Truly I had reached the summit of human wretchedness.

The whole of the scheme which Miss or (Mrs.) Bella so obligingly called a "harmless stratagem," unfolded itself by degrees to my mind's eye; and, struggle as I would, I could not banish the thought of how the designing pair must have chuckled over my credulity, and watched with malicious amusement my unremitting devotion to the avuncular conquest. The last drop of bitterness had been poured into my cup; a lifetime of experience had been crowded into the space of a few days, and swallowing my humiliation as best I could, I returned to London,—a wiser, if not a better man.

It is scarcely necessary to add that long before the return of the bride and bridegroom, Mr. Merrick had resigned himself to submit peaceably to the inevitable; and nothing more was heard of the terrible vengeance destined to overtake Fred. Clayton and his guilty accomplice.

A RAILROAD CHASE.

BY S. M. CARPENTER.

From the New York Herald.

I have been a railroad engineer many years, and reading a short time ago of a singular railroad adventure in England, has prompted me to give an account of an incident in my own experience. I was running on the Southern road, in Chili, South America—a line of about eighty miles, extending from Santiago to San Fernando. The Northern road starts out from the same depot at Santiago and runs to Valparaiso, one hundred and twenty miles. It was my day off, when, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the superintendent sent for me, and said he wished me to make up the Northern night train at seven o'clock, as the yard engine had broke down and all the others were out on the line except the "Maipu," which was to take the train through, and he did not like to put that work on her engineer, as the night was a stormy one and he would have it hard enough at his regular post. The train was to go out at half-past seven, and consisted of freight cars, with a few passenger coaches attached to the rear. I had made up the train and was backing into the yard again with two cars of the Southern road, in order to get them under shelter, when my attention was attracted by the locomotive Valparaiso suddenly starting out and rushing down the road. Almost at the same moment the superintendent came running from the office, breathlessly sprang on my engine, shouted to a couple of men to get into the cars, and told me to run out on the Northern road at the highest speed. The superintendent was terribly excited, and as I moved ahead out of the station he said, "Henry is in one of his fits again to-night, and has gone on with the Maipu. He will push her through till he smashes into the up-train. I have telegraphed to Llaillai and Quillota to clear the stations and keep the line open for two specials; and to Limache to switch the Maipu off the track into the mud if she don't stop. We can catch him, I think; hook on and stop him. For God's sake, drive her fast!" The situation flashed through my mind in a moment. Henry, the superintendent's son, had been an engineer, and was injured on the line some months before, since which time he had not been allowed to run in consequence of occasional attacks of insanity. At such periods he imagined that he was to run a special, and could with difficulty be restrained from violence when opposed. One of his fits was now on him, and cunningly eluding the watchfulness of his father, he had taken the Maipu in the absence of the engineer, got control of the fireman by some means, was tearing along the road, already four or five miles ahead. Henry had been like a brother to me, and as I settled down upon my seat at the window, I determined to make it a run for success or death. Although the Maipu was a long ways ahead, there were several things in my favor. She was an English engine, and could run through to Valparaiso if well handled, without stopping for wood or water; but her drivers were too small for very great speed. I had the Firefly, an American locomotive, with immense drivers, and believed that I could drive her steadily at sixty miles an hour on a proper road. Besides, I had two American passenger cars to balance me, and I felt pretty sure that if I could get hold of the Maipu my brakes would hold her.

From Santiago the road stretches for thirty miles in a straight line up the level valley, then turns to the left, ascending a steep and tortuous ravine to the summit of the mountain, from which it descends at another very steep grade for twelve miles down to Llaillai, through three tunnels, along frightful precipices and across dark ravines that make one dizzy to look into. From Llaillai there is another long straight run up a valley, through the city of Quillota and past numerous stations till, ninety miles from Santiago, we strike the heavy grade and tunnel of Limache. The tunnel is 1,800 feet long, and three miles beyond is the village where the Maipu was to be stopped. There were but two trains coming up, one which left Valparaiso at 4 P. M. and would be stopped by the telegram at Llaillai; and the regular night train, which the Maipu would probably meet if unchecked, just beyond Limacha. I felt certain that Henry would not stop at any of the stations, nor regard the dangerous parts of the road, but would dash recklessly on at a rate of speed which I dared not maintain on some of the curves and bridges. Besides, my two cars, while they would assist on the levels and beyond the summit, would retard me on the up grades, and I knew that I had to bring into use not only the utmost capacity of my engine, but all my faculties and experience.

In a few minutes after leaving the depot at Santiago I had plenty of steam, and opening the throttle a little the Firefly seemed to settle down to her work like a racehorse. I pushed aside the window and leaned out to listen to the machinery. Everything played as steadily as a clock. The smooth rails scarcely clanked as we swept along, and as the speed increased the hum of the drivers and quiver of the engine thrilled me like electricity. Once I saw the glare of the Maipu far ahead in the darkness, as her fireman opened the furnace doors, but I could not tell whether I was gaining on her or not; and in a short time the curves of the mountain pass hid her from me altogether. We rushed on past Colina, Tiltil and Montenegro without slacking up, climbed the grade to the summit, and, shutting off steam, swept like a meteor down the rocky mountain side. The night was one of the wildest of the season. A fierce wind, laden with sleet beat heavily against the window of my cab, and as my headlight flashed along the thorn bushes by the side of the road, writhing and twisting in the storm, seemed like the flitting spectres of some horrid dream. Now the light would illuminate some chasm, into which the engine appeared to be plunging; but the wheels clung surely to the shining rails, and gliding along the curve the Firefly would dash into a tunnel and round the rocky bluffs as if imbued with demoniac life. From the foot of the mountain I could see the lights of the station at Llaillai gleaming faintly through the rain, and the great fiery eye of the up-train's engine; but the signal-lanterns answered my whistle "all right," and we rushed through the long station, crowded with excited people, at almost a mile a minute. Beyond Llaillai I again got a glimpse of the Maipu's light, and knew I was gaining on her; but half the allotted distance was already run. As we struck each straight section of the line, and now and then saw the bright gleam of the Maipu's furnace reflected in her steam, the superintendent would become more excited, but he never spoke to me; and the minutes slipped away, with nothing to break the monotony of our anxiety.

I had ran nearly eighty miles, and still had plenty of coal and water. My only fear was for the journals of the passenger cars, but they had not yet given any trouble; and passing through the long street of Quillota, as I emerged from the town and saw the Maipu but a mile ahead, I put my engine to her utmost speed. It appeared sometimes as if the Firefly leaped clear of the rails; and in spite of the two cars behind, she swayed to and fro so violently that I had to stand up and steady myself with one hand on the throttle and the other on the reversing bar. Petty soon my headlight began to shine on the Maipu's tender, then her number came out in bright, gilded letters, and in a few moments her cab became so lighted up as to reveal Henry and the fireman distinctly. Henry had discovered me several minutes before, and, evidently suspecting my intention, had crowded on speed, but his drivers were no match for mine, and we entered the tunnel near Limache almost together. Limache is three miles beyond the tunnel, but there the road turns in a sharp curve and runs up the other side of the little valley in a direction parallel to that followed by the line at the tunnel, and distant only about a mile and a half. As we shot out of the tunnel I looked to the right, and away through the darkness could see the up train on the same rails and with only about eight miles of track between us. In an instant I caught the fireman, shouted in his ear to take the thottle and to whistle "down brakes—hard" when I signalled, and then rushed out along the engine to the front. Henry saw me and seemed hesitating whether to leave his post and beat me back from his tender, but I quickly stepped down on the cowcatcher, and was hidden from view. As I stood on the narrow frame, with the earth glistening away so swiftly under me, and waiting for the short space between me and the Maipu's to close up, all sense of my perilous foothold was lost in the overwhelming realization of the danger a head. A collision with the passenger train or a plunge down the embankment from the open switch was certain unless I could couple in time to stop the Maipu. There were not over five minutes left. Should I risk the loss of the Firefly and the lives of all on board, in trying to accomplish an apparent impossibility or should I check the awful speed we were making, save ourselves, and let the Maipu rush on alone to destruction.

I have a faint recollection of frantically straining at the connecting rod to force down the coupling bolt, a sudden jerk as I went past the smokestack, and a paralyzing chill of terror, but the rest is all a blank. I awoke out of what seemed to have been a long nightmare, and found myself in a darkened room, with not a sound except the low rustle of a dress where some one sat rocking in an easy chair beyond the curtains. Careful nursing brought me out in a few weeks, but not before I learned that I was thrown from the engine when the fireman reversed, and that the Maipu was saved. The Firefly and my strong brakes had stopped her within a few feet of the open rails, when the difference of a second would have dashed her to peices. Harry was sent to an asylum, and I believe has since recovered, but is not permitted to have anything to do with railroading. The fireman whom he overpowered and bent to his will also gotten over his scare, and runs with me on the Firefly.

——Three brothers, bearing a remarkable resemblance to each other, are in the habit of shaving at the same barber shop. Not long ago one of the brothers entered the shop early in the morning, and was duly shaved by a German who had been at work in the shop for a day or two. About noon another brother came in and underwent a similar operation at the hands of the same barber. In the evening the third brother made his appearance, when the man dropped his razor in astonishment, and exclaimed, "Vell, mein Gott! dat man has the fashtest beard I never saw. I shaves him dis mornin,' I shaves him at dinner-times, and he comes now back mit his beard so long as it never vash!"

——What most resembles a pretty girl bathing? A diving bell (e).

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK.

General News.

Mrs. Jeff. Davis and child sailed for Charleston on the 13th.

The report that the Government proposes to purchase the Sandwich Islands is stated to be untrue.

The Reconstruction Bill, as agreed upon by both Houses of Congress, was sent to the President on the 13th.

The U. S. Senate has passed a bill giving men who had a good record, and left their regiments after the 19th of April, discharges, but not to receive any pay thereby forfeited.

A dreadful accident recently occurred on a railroad near Warrington, England. Five passengers were killed and thirty or forty seriously injured.

The President has sent to the Senate the nominations of Henry J. Raymond as Minister to Berlin, and George Bancroft as Minister to Austria. Bancroft was confirmed by the Senate on the 15th, while Raymond has just sailed for Europe.

The Fenians of America have succeeded in settling the difficulties which existed among themselves, and to-day the organization stands united under the leadership of President Roberts. What the Brotherhood propose doing is enveloped in deep mystery.

The New York *Express* notes some excitement on Broadway on the 15th, in consequence of George Jones, of the *Times*, pulling Cyrus W. Field's nose for having neglected to apologize for calling Jones a liar at the cable dinner to the press last week. The *Post* says Mr. Jones did not pull Mr. Field's nose nor touch him in any way, but was pushed aside by Mr. Field's umbrella.

General Grant has no hesitation in pronouncing our Indian War as one got up in the interest of the various classes of speculators on the border. As a specimen of the exaggerated reports of the Indian fights circulated in the country, the official report received by General Grant of the fight, in which it was reported that Roman Nose commanded and was killed after killed, after killing thirteen whites, shows that only two whites were wounded, and the horse of Roman Nose was shot and not the rider.

Secretary Seward in reply to the application of Dr. Naphegy for the intervention of the Government for the release of Santa Anna (who was not shot, after all), states that at the time of the capture, the Virginia was not engaged in her regular business as a merchant and passenger vessel, but was chartered by Santa Anna to carry himself and his suite to Mexico on an illegal and beligerent expedition. He also quotes from the letter of Santa Anna to Gen. Peraza to show that he landed voluntarily. Under this state of facts, and inasmuch as Santa Anna went to Mexico falsely pretending that he acted under the authority of United States, Mr. Seward thinks the Government should await more definite information before proceeding in the matter.

Foreign Intelligence.

The corner stone of the new Protestant church in Paris, was laid on Saturday.

The Russian Government has sold the St. Petersburgh & Moscow Railroad to Baring Bros & Holinkger.

During the recent prevalence of the cholera in Buenos Ayres, sixteen thousand persons died of the disease. It has now disappeared.

The British Reform bill passed the House of Commons, and has gone to the House of Lords, where it has been ordered to a second reading.

A St. Petersburg dispatch states that the note on the condition of Ireland, purporting to have been sent by the Russian Government, is a fabrication.

The interruptions to travel upon the Chicago and Great Eastern railroad, by the strikers at Logansport, Ind., have been stopped by an amicable adjustment of the difficulties.

A prospectus has been issued in England for the Anglo-Italian Telegraph Company, with an extension hereafter to China, Japan and Australia, capital one million pounds sterling.

Dublin reports from the county of Mayo and the adjoining district of Connemara, represent the destitution and suffering of the inhabitants as becoming extreme, in consequence of the famine in Ireland.

The Papal Government is much alarmed by the menacing attitude of the Garibaldians, and the batteries around Rome are to be put in effective condition. The Pope has asked aid of France to protect the city of Rome, and Napoleon has consented to give it.

A man claiming to be a citizen of the United States, has been arrested in Paris, at the request of the Portugese Government, and sent to Lisbon. Our Minister has made a demand on the Government of Portugal for his release and return to Paris.

The Austrian Government has despatched Admiral Tegethon, of the navy, to Mexico, for the body of Maximilian. The Admiral goes *via* New York. The reported sending of a fleet for this purpose was untrue.

Nearly the whole town of Bassetterne, Island of St. Kitts, West Indies, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 3d inst. Five lives were lost. The destitute inhabitants were abundantly supplied with provisions by the Peoria and the Governor of Antigua, to which island she carried the news.

Since the capture of the City of Mexico by the Liberal forces nothing has been heard by the French Government of Maltonez Dano, its Minister in that city. Napoleon has announced his intention of sending a strong fleet to Vera Cruz to retake Mr. Dano, should he have been made prisoner, and resent any indignity offered him by the Juarez Government.

Thh report that negotiations are pending for the settlement of the Alabama claims on the basis of the purchase by the United States of British Columbia, lying between Washington Territory and the Northwestern possessions recently acquired from Russia, is again revived, with the intimation that there is good reason reasons for believing that they will result in a treaty.

The *Observador*, of Matamoras, states that when Maximilian learned the sentence passed upon him, he offered a million dollars to General Ribandeira, the keeper of the prisoners, to be allowed a chance of escape. Ribandeira requested a written promise from the Archduke, and when he obtained it, showed the document to General Escobedo. General Escobedo gave orders at once that, in case he attempted to escape, any of the guards might shoot him on his (Escobedo's) responsibility.

As a result of the recent uniform coinage convention at Paris, it is said that the value of the American gold dollar will be reduced to that of the French five-franc piece, which was adopted as the standard. The French Government will coin a piece of twenty-five francs, and the English Government will reduce the sovereign to the same standard, both of which will be identical in value with the American half-eagle. The American dollar, thus changed, will become the unit of gold coins.

The West.

On the 13th, the Theatre Comique, of St. Louis, was destroyed by fire. Loss, $110,000.

The night express on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, going west on the 10th, met with an accident near Green River Station. Tho sleeping car and coach forward of it were thrown down an embankment twelve feet high. Both coaches turned over twice, and were badly smashed. There was one child killed, and about fifteen persons injured, most of them seriously.

A collision occurred on the night of the 11th, near Gardner, a station on the Chicago and St. Louis Railroad, between a passenger and a freight train, the latter being off its time. Frank Wilkins, English Consul at Chicago, and a brakeman, were instantly killed, and some eight or ten more badly hurt, two of whom have since died. The baggage and express cars were consumed by fire, and the United States Express Company has since paid to the First National Bank of Springfield $20,000, in payment for funds destroyed.

The South.

Jacob Barker the broken banker, was recently beaten in the street in New Orleans with a brickbat in the hands of an Irishwoman who had her money deposited in his bank.

A party of one hundred filibusters, among them some half a dozen deserters from the United States army, have left New Orleans within a day or two, destined for Mexico.

The army worm is reported to be devastating the cotton fields in Mississippi, and threatens the entire destruction of the crop on lands that were overflowed during the spring freshets.

A directory recently published in Richmond gives in its local history of the city the singular and significant fact that 368 houses in the city are owned by negroes, all of which were acquired while slavery existed; and no instance has occurred since the termination of the war of any negro purchasing or acquiring ownership of a house.

The Richmond newspapers are constantly dying out. Too many papers were published there for so small a city. A short time ago the Richmond *Times* was merged into the *Enquirer*, and now the *Enquirer* is merged into the *Examiner*. This new paper, with the *Whig* and the *Dispatch*—three dailies—are now all that are left of seven or eight papers published in Richmond not long ago.

Death of Maximilian.

New York, July 10.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 19th the troops of Escobedo formed a short distance from the city for the execution of Maximilian and his Generals, the people of Queretaro flocking by thousands to see the closing scenes.

At seven the bell's toll and announce that the prisoners have left their prisons for the last time, and are on their way to their execution.

After a few moments they appear, drawn in carriages, and a large guard around them, the Emperor first, Miramon next, and Mejia last. The carriages stop, and the prisoners get out among the conclave. One can hardly see a dry eye, and tokens of dissatisfaction are manifested.

MAXIMILIAN'S SPEECH.

Maximilian, on alighting, is saluted by the people; in an easy and graceful manner, and with an elastic step, he marched to the fatal spot. In taking his position the Emperor spoke in a clear, firm manner, and with nothing of bravado. He seemed to feel his situation, and said when he was first waited upon at home by the deputation from Mexico, who came with credentials offering him the Government of the country, he refused. At a subsequent meeting, the proposition was again presented, and he replied that if convinced that the majority thought that it was to their interest to place him at the head of the Government, he might consent. Another deputation waited upon him and brought additional testimonials. Upon advice from the powers of Europe, who told him there was no other course to pursue, he accepted the call. He denied that the court that tried him had a right to do so. His was a case of good faith. The nations of the world had pledged their faith to him. He never would have done the act had it not been for the good of Mexico. In conclusion, he hoped his blood would stop the effusion of blood in Mexico.

MIRAMON'S SPEECH.

Miramon spoke from a paper. He told them that he was no traitor, but had always opposed liberal principles, and always been against the disorder of the country. The fame of his acts would live, and posterity would judge whether he was right or wrong. He closed with the words: "*Viva La Empire.*" "*Viva La Mexico.*"

MEJIA.

Mejia made no address. He went to Escobedo and said he would die poor, that he had never made an effort to make money. His only wealth consisted in 40 cattle in the mountains. He asked that the merchants of Matamoras, to whom he owed considerable, would not press his wife to pay his debts when they came into possession of the money left them by the kindness of the Emperor.

A Madman in a Railway Train.

The *Saint Public* describes a fearful scene which took place a short time since between the stations of Blaisy and Dijon, in a third-class carriage of a train on its way from Paris to Lyons. Among the passengers were three foreigners, supposed to be natives of Flanders, who had been conversing in their own language during the earlier part of the journey. About 11 o'clock at night the majority of the passengers were dozing, when suddenly the silence was broken by one of the strangers, who, waking up in a state of raving madness, broke into the most horrible cries, and, falling upon his fellow-passengers, commenced striking and biting them right and left. A panic ensued, in which the travelers climbed over the partition into the adjoining compartment, followed by the madman, still striking and biting those he could reach. Some persons, in their terror, opened the door and took refuge on the ledge outside, although the train was going at full speed. At length a Zouave closed with the lunatic, and succeeded in pushing him out of the door.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS.

Personal and Literary.

Tom Thumb lisps. He considers himself Thumb pumkinth.

Gerritt Smith writes that his generosity has left him no longer a rich man.

Hartford is making an effort to raise a monument in memory of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

A Pacific Railroad agent is now in the East to engage five thousand colored laborers for that national highway.

Lucy Larcom is not a *nom de plume*, but the proper name of a pretty and amiable poet, who resides in Beverly, Mass.

"Willy Wisp," the great rebus maker for *Boys and Girls, Young Folks*, etc., is C. B. Jossyln, of Malden, Mass., formerly a Unitarian clergyman.

Mr. Greeley is a great talker in the Constitutional Convention, and the *World* makes the point that he has no seat in that body, as he is on his legs all the time.

Queen Victoria was expected in Paris and has probably arrived there already. Her visit is to be strictly *in cog*, so the papers and authorities will refrain from taking any notice of her.

The well known French financier, M. Emile Pereire, is President of twelve or fifteen joint stock companies, the aggregate capital of which is $748,000,000. His influence in Paris may be imagined.

Cora James, alias Samantha Proctor the notorious astrologistess, has sued a leading grain warehouseman of Chicago for $100,000 as breach-of-promise damages. It is a palpable case of black mail.

Samuel Gilbert died recently at Boston, nearly ninety years of age. He was formerly a pinter and publisher. He established the first public news room in Boston, and subsequently became a broker.

M. Dumas has hard work to allay the notoriety he has caused by having his picture taken with the Menken. There is greater demand for them than ever in Paris, and Brady has reproduced the picture in New York.

A gentleman asked Mr. Beecher the other day what he intended to do with the characters of his novel now running in the *Ledger*. He said he was bothered to know, but "felt tempted to get up a grand railroad accident and kill them all off at once."

George Cruikshank, the artist-humorist, has been granted a pension of $475 per year by the British Government in acknowledgement of his genius. He is seventy-five years old, and, whether needing it or not, the acknowledgment comes late, and is not large.

The New York *Citizen* learns that "Brother Ben" (Wood) got hit with a red hot poker about ten days ago—"a draw poker" in fact to the tune of $15,000—the winner being a prominent member of the Common Council. It was a hand of three aces against three queens that commenced the heavy business.

Pope Pius IX. is a strong man physically, if not spiritually. According to the New York *Herald's* special cable telegram the old gentleman complacently "lifted the silver model of the Henrietta from its case with its cargo of 50,000 gold dollars." It was a magnificent present but its total weight at the least calculation, must have been 700 pounds.

Brigham Young was 66 years old on the first of June. Miss Eliza R. Snow, the Mormon poetess, improved the occasion as follows:

O God, bless Brigham Young;
Bless him, and all that bless him:
Waste them away, O God, we pray,
Who, rising to oppose him,
Contend with Thee.

O God, bless Brigham Young;
Preserve his health and vigor:
We pray Thee, give him power to live
Until the resurrection
Gives back our dead.

Domestic Paragraphs.

—There is to be a musquito show in New York.

—Salmon can be bought at Sitka for two cents a pound.

—The Pittsburghers complain that their ice has a strong taste of petroleum.

—The entire cost of the Nicolson paving given out or proposed in Memphis, is $1,600,000.

—A Lincoln monument, one hundred and forty-five feet high, is to be erected at Atlanta, Ga.

—The great secret of success in business is to get "the ring of the true metal."—*Printer's Zinc.*

—The Indians of Montana are said to have 25,000 warriors in the field, and have an idea that they can exterminate the whites.

—Corry, it is said, is increasing so rapidly in population that it now ranks next to Erie among the cities of Northwestern Pennsylvania.

—Toledo has been sued by Nicholson the pavement patentee, for a royalty of sixteen cents per yard on its wooden pavements, amounting to $10,000.

—The Wyandotte (Kansas) *Pioneer* publishes three marriage notices, and appends the following apt, terse and expressive comment to each of them: "No cake."

—Many of the handsome bridal presents exhibited at a so called fashionable wedding receptions in New York are hired of a dealer who makes quite a living out of it.

—California papers say that San Francisco sends away forty tons of silver and six tons of gold every month, and that the State exports 10,000 tons of copper annually.

—At a quarry in Massillon, Ohio, a few days ago, a stone was taken out by machinery weighing 117 tons. It was sixty feet long, seven feet wide and four feet thick.

—The Salt Lake *Vedette* says there are eighteen militiamen on guard at San Pete, who compel the settlers to pay for the security at the rate of $3 per day for each one of the eighteen.

—A match is on the tapis between the celebrated running horse Kentucky, and the renowned trotter, Dexter, for $10,000, the former to run four miles while the latter trots three miles under saddle.

—The city of New York has to raise for the current year the pleasant little sum of $24,009,655, or about five million dollars more than last year and considerably more than double the sum required in 1863.

—The New York street cars are resorted to after midnight by drunken men, who sit or lie and ride back and forth till morning or the drunk is worn out, and pay the driver an extra fee for the privilege.

—The wood consumed in one year by the New York Central Railroad amounts to over 160,000 cords—which, at 40 cords per acre, would require at least 4,000 acres of heavily timbered land to furnish this supply.

—Rochester, N. Y., has an organization of widowers. One of them made up his mind to get married again, and the rest of them to the number of eighteen, met to present them with a silver tea set and their well wishes.

—Wells, Fargo & Co., send regularly three coaches every other day from Julesburg to Denver, one hundred and eighty-two miles. These have military protection, as it is necessary to insure their safety.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Stevens, of Hoboken, N. J., gave a strawberry festival last week, at which 2,000 children were present. Five thousand baskets of strawberries, 5,000 cakes, and 120 gallons of ice cream were consumed.

—It is reported that one of the largest railroads in the country has adopted the custom of paying its laborers the price of a barrel of flour per week, as the most just and satisfactory mode of measuring the value of labor.

—While Robert H. Barton, of Somerville, Massachusetts, was being shaved in a barber's shop at Boston, last week he suddenly jumped from the chair to secure his horse, which was moving, when the razor completely severed his nose from his face.

—The Pennsylvania oil wells are at their lowest ebb, the whole State yielding less than 6,000 barrels per day. At Philadelphia lately, 2,000 shares of stock, which once brought a large premium and represented an aggregate of $50,000, were sold for $10.

—Cutler Evans, the leading Shaker at Lebanon, N. Y., says that he foresaw trouble a few weeks before Mr. Lincoln's death, and wrote to him to come and stay among the Shakers a few weeks. The letter is now on file in the State Department.

—A New York court has decided that the printed statement on a railroad ticket coupon "not good if detached," is legal, and that if the passenger detaches it he forfeits the privileges to which the coupon, if left upon the ticket, would entitle him.

—The great elms of Boston Common—the pride of the New England metropolis—are being devastated by worms. A few years ago a Mayor placed a colony of squirrels in it, which have driven away the birds, and the park is now abandoned to the worms.

—The Observatory at Cincinnati, built by the energy and influence of the late Professor Mitchell, has fallen into a state of decay, and its splendid instrument which was once the pride of the country, serves now only to amuse idle spectators, who want to look at the man in the moon.

—In some of the towns in Western Massachusetts a thriving business is carried on in the sale of cabbage plant. The customers are said to call at a very early hour in the morning. The most curious part in the transaction is that the customers bring jugs and bottles to get their cabbage plants in!

—Julesburg, the new western terminus for traffic on the Union Pacific Railroad is 380 miles west of Omaha, and will be the distributing depot for all points on the plains until the track arrives at the east base of the mountains. Denver can now be reached from this point, by stage in two days.

—The city of Philadelphia has within a few days ordered the Nicholson pavement laid through one entire street, two miles in length, by the request of the owners of property on the street. The whole expense is $280,000, and is believed that it will add nearly half a million to the value of real estate on the street.

—It seems that End-of-the-World Dr. Cummings made a trifling error is his calculations concerning the total destruction to take place in 1867. In revising his work he found that he had overlooked figures, which add something like a quintillion of years to the race which this mundane sphere has to run. We feel relieved.

—Mr. Macaulay, manager of the Athenæum at Detroit, together with several other parties in Detroit, has purchased the old Railroad Hotel property, on Campus Martius, for $50,000, and proposes to put up an opera house there, to cost $100,000, capable of seating 2,500 people, the building to be completed next year.

—The all-important question at least to stockholders, whether the Atlantic cable would pay, has been satisfactorily answered by Capt. Sherard Osborn, who, in a communication to the London *Times*, states that the estimated receipts for the first year will reach £450,000, or within £150,000 of the original cost of the last laid cable.

—Silas C. Herring, the great safe man, offers a wager of $10,000 to the other safe exhibitors at the Paris Exposition, that he will make an international bonfire of their safes, in which his salamander shall remain perfectly fireproof, and the same amount that his will stand burglars better than any safe now at the Exposition.

—There are now in operation in the world 95,727.2 miles of railroad, of which the United States has 36,893.3; Great Britian and Ireland, 13,286; France, 8,982.5; Prussia, 5,794.8; Austria, 2,830; and all of Europe, 50,117.5; North America, 39,414.1; Asia, 3,660.3; South America, 1,041.9; Africa, 375; Australasia, 607.9 West Indies, 410.3.

—The Boston *Journal* says that a few mornings since a merchant was seen walking down Milk street, apparently in great haste to reach his store. A neighbor shouted at him as he passed, inquiring if he expected to find a customer waiting for him. "Oh," no replied the merchant, "havn't seen one for a week; but you know there are three partners in our concern, and as there are only two chairs in the counting-room I want to be on hand to secure one."

—They have a swimming school in Philadelphia. It is described as a large hall and a vast bath-tub. One young girl is said to have learned in six lessons enough of the art to be able to swim around the reservoir unaided. There are dressing-rooms and retiring-rooms, and various simple gymnastic contrivances, which are employed in order to bring about the reaction that is so important after bathing. The hours are so arranged that young and old, male and female, novices and experts, may indulge in bathing and swimming, and all without the infraction of the rules of delicacy and propriety.

—A visit to the famous oil regions of Pennsylvania reveals a sad scene of waste and wreck. The reaction from the activity, and excitement, and speculation of two or three years is complete. The wells have been generally abandoned. The "companies," not caring to save such small affairs as steam engines and tools in the wreck of so great hopes, these are left lying about loose. It is reckoned that of engines alone, two are stolen every day, shipped and sold. Farms are sold at every tax sale for some trifling matter of tax—farms for which thousands, and even hundreds of thousands, were paid two or three years ago. Some of the farmers of the region failed to profit by the fever that raged all over the country. Near Pit Hole there is a farm, the owner of which refused $250,000 for it, while to-day the same farm, farm-house and all could not bring $2,000.

Incidents and Accidents.

—A young wife in Indiana, aged sixteen, has just presented her husband, aged eighteen, with three bouncing boys.

—Lightning struck the Court House of Orange county, Va., last week, setting it on fire and destroying it and five other buildings.

—At Kingston, C. W., a Miss Mooney was burned by the explosion of a coal oil lamp, and died on the 9th. Five others were severely burned.

—At Laconia, Indiana, recently, two brothers, named Kingsley, fought each other with knives, and other weapons, until both were fatally injured.

—The principal attraction at Union Park, Allegheny City, Pa., on Saturday, was the ærial wedding and bridal excursion. Over a thousand persons were present.

—A little son of P. Bell, of Adamson Grove, Iowa, recently approached unnoticed so near a man mowing that the point of the scythe entered his heart, killing him instantly.

—Daniel Moore, a citizen of Danville, (Ill.) seventy years of age, while walking in his sleep, fell down stairs on the night of the 2d, and was so bruised that he died on the 3d instant.

—A young German, in Terra Haute, Ind., committed suicide on Thursday, the 4th, by hanging. On his person were found $2,000 and a letter explaining that an unhappy marriage was the cause of his death.

—Richard Dammem, bookkeeper for Nichaws, Krite & Co., St. Louis, committed suicide on Wednesday, the 10th, in consequence of the discovery of a series of embezzlements, amounting to $2,500 or $3,000.

—A boy at Providence, R. I., nineteen years old, swam a distance of three quarters of a mile the other day, and towed by a rope from his wrist a boat twelve feet long, containing six men, in less than three-quarters of an hour.

—A lady in East Brooklyn, N. Y., lost some nice Valenciennes lace, and looked with suspicion upon a servant girl. Shortly afterwards she found a neat bird's nest in her garden, fabricated principally of her lost Valenciennes lace.

—Charles L. Cutler, a native of Baltimore, aged 45 years, committed suicide at San Francisco, June 17, by taking strychnine, in consequence of inability to obtain work to support his family; he leaves a wife and six children wholly unprovided for.

—A barrel of new beer in a cellar at Lockport burst a few days since, hoisting the keeper, an Irish woman to the ceiling, demolishing everything within range. The lady picked herself up and mildly remarked, "Och, bedad—bad luck to the man that put the torpedy in the barrel."

—Ida and Ella Snow, twin daughters of Harvey Snow, of Mattapoisett, Mass., nearly four years old, were poisoned to death last week by eating friction matches. When it was discovered that they had swallowed the poison, the mistake was made of trying to expel it by cathartic instead of emetic remedies, with a fatal result.

—A man at Nahant has obtained ten dollars damages against the Eastern Railroad on the ground of inconvenience caused by a change in the timetable of the road. It was claimed that sufficient notice of the change was not given, although hand-bills declaring the fact had been posted two days previous according to custom.

—An act of barbarity to a dumb animal was very near causing the destruction of the whole town of Trenton, in Texas, a fortnight ago. Some heartless wretch saturated a dog in turpentine and then set in on fire. The poor animal ran howling under a newly-built house, and rolling among the shavings ignited them. The house took fire in two places, and had it not been for timely exertions, every building in the town would probably have been destroyed.

—The Albany *Argus* doubts the death of Rev. S. M. Merrill, by drowning. The reverend gentleman fell into the river at Plattsburgh, N. Y., where the water was shallow, refused all assistance and swam away from the boat. His body has not been recovered, and it is said he planned a similar exploit some years ago, but it failed. Scandal pursues Merrill very closely, and involves a young lady at North Adams also.

—The New Orleans *Picayune* says: "During the rain storm on Tuesday afternoon, a young German woman, while riding in a Dryades street car, was suddenly seized with the premonitory pains of labor. The car was hastily cleared and a fine boy was the result." Inasmuch as it is customary, when a child is born at sea, to give it the name of the craft, or as near like it as circumstances will permit, it is respectfully suggested that the boy be called 'Oscar.

—A terrible accident occurred in Ballston, New York, last Wednesday. A lad named Miller went into the field to catch a horse, and while returning his arm became entrapped with the halter, when the horse started and dragged the little fellow round the field next to the rail fence. The father was in sight and rushed to the rescue, but when he reached the scene, his boy's brains were dashed out, the left side of his face was broken in, and both arms and legs were broken.

—Sunday afternoon, a man stepped into a street-car in Buffalo, but the moment his eye rested on a policeman he jumped from the car and ran. The officer followed and arrested him. He begged to be released, and offered a large pecuniary inducement. The officer took the man before the Superintendent, where he again attempted bribery, offering as high as one thousand dollars. All this time no one but himself was aware that he was a criminal, or would have suspected him, if his own conscience had not tortured him into exposure. He said his name was Lamar C. Scott, of New York, and, in response to a telegraph, it was ascertained that he was a forger who had disappeared from that city.

—About a fortnight ago two telegraph wires on the New York Central Railroad began to act very unreasonably. At ten o'clock in the morning they would "strike work," and resume at four in the afternoon. A careful examination of the line produced no result. The superintendent himself looked into the matter, and saw nothing. It was a complete puzzle. An old Albany operator, however, was more successful. About sixty miles west of that city he found a point where the wires passed over the roof of a building, almost touching it. As the sun rose the wires fell, and at twelve o'clock they lay snugly together on the tin roof. As the sun fell, they cooled and rose and by four o'clock they were in their proper positions. Of course, the trouble was no sooner explained than rectified.

—On the evening of July 4, at Niagara Falls, Mr. Benjamin Tyrell, sleeping-car conductor on the Central railroad, discharged a gun from the front of his residence, and a ball, supposed to be from his gun, entered the breast of a child 11 months old, which was being held in the arms of its mother, at a distance of three hundred yards or more, killing it instantly. The ball passed through the fleshy part of the mother's arm, causing a severe wound. It is also stated that it made a flesh wound in her body. Mr. Tyrell gave himself up to the authorities, but was not held in custody. This gun, it appears, was one left at his house some time since by a man named Christy, who is now in Chicago.

Religious Items.

—There is a gentleman living in Taunton who has heard five thousand six hundred and seven sermons, and has kept a record of every text thereof.

—The late John Clark, of Baltimore, left the greater part of his estate of $730,000 to St. John's Methodist Church of that city, to be expended in charity.

—Articles of association have been filed for a Free Will Baptist College, to be located in Randolph county, Indiana, with a capital of $30,000, to be free to all sexes and races.

—The believers in the approaching millennium are now at Warehouse Point, Ct., anxiously waiting to go up. The understanding is that unless the present attempt is successful, there will not be another opportunity for two thousand years.

—A Boston clergyman recommends putting pictures into churches, asking the rich to adorn them as they do their own dwellings, and then open them to all. The best music in town should be the church music—a part of the debt the rich owe to the poor and bless themselves doubly in paying.

—Judge Edmunds of New York, claims that there are now in this country about 4,000,000 Spiritualists. To supply their religious wants they have sixteen churches—three in Connecticut, three in Maine, four in Massachusetts, two in Rhode Island, and in New Hampshire, Ohio, New Jersey, and Vermont, one each.

—The Appletons have issued "Christianity and its Conflicts, Ancient and Modern," by G. E. Marcy. He estimates that one-third of the United States deny the divinity of Christ, and classes them as follows: Spiritualists, 6,333,000; Unitarians, 543,000; Universalists, 1,000,000; Jews, 500,000; Infidels and skeptics, 2,000,000; Total, 10,376,000. He supposes there are eight millions of the same classes in Europe.

Foreign Gossip.

—Gas works are to be established in Yokohama, Japan, by an enterprising Yankee.

—It is reported that Krupp has offered his monster cannon as a present to the King of Prussia. It is valued at about £20,000.

—It is expected that in less than eighteen months through railroad communication will be established between Calcutta and Bombay.

—If Greece and Rome are represented at the French exhibition, might not their productions be appropriately arranged in "class six?" asks poor old *Punch*.

—Salmon in Sitka brings only $2.25 per hundred pounds. It costs less than the wood used in cooking it. Old Isaac Walton would have reveled in Walrussia.

—The circulation of *Le Petite Journal*, Paris, is said to be 240,000 daily. It is published in the evening, and is devoted chiefly to local news, a novelette, and French sensation.

—In Sweden and Norway there seems to be almost a mania on the subject of emigration. All who can gather together a sufficient sum to pay their passage to America make a start.

—Queen Victoria is going to appoint her son-in-law, Prince Christian, as Ranger of Windsor Forest. This was one of the sinecures held by Prince Albert, and carries a handsome salary, and has no work.

—A London wag remarks: "It is untrue that Her Majesty the Queen declines to meet the Sultan of Turkey on the occasion of his approaching visit to England, on the ground that he is a "harem-scarum fellow."

—At Newmarket, England, after a race, a Marchioness, who is as devoted to betting as her husband, danced in the evening with the jockey who rode the winning horse, allowing him to clasp her waist and waltz at the top of his speed!

—Among the many odes to the "Dominion of Canada" is one having the following rythmical chorus:

"Then let us raise, as subjects loyal,
Our voices upward to the sky,
Forgetting trouble, labor, toil,
On this the First of July."

—At the Paris Exposition a balloon in the form of a perfect sphere and about 210 feet in circumference, is held by a cable and makes hourly trips upward, in the same manner as worked in a model at the last exhibition by the American Institute, and as operated on a large scale at the New York Central Park. The balloon is filled with hydrogen, the most buoyant of the gases, which is made by decomposing steam by means of red-hot charcoal. By this process, it is said, hydrogen gas can be furnished at about $2.75 per 1,000 cubic feet.

—The artesian wells in Algeria, long attempted without success, now number probably about one hundred, delivering five or six million litres of water per hour, and converting deserts into fine gardens wherever they have been bored. The work is going on, defrayed by tax upon the benefitted population, and is destined to reclaim incalculable wastes. In a single district (Ouled Rir) stretching far south into the desert, and now containing thirty-five wells, 2,000 new gardens have been formed and 150,000 date trees planted. Four military boring brigades, well provided with implements, and with growing skill and experience, are steadily pushing on the conquest of the desert, and with almost unerring success in every attempt.

—The Tunisian Palace, at the Paris Exposition, is a beautiful Moorish building; but a palace only in its exterior aspect. Within, though lofty and beautiful, it is occupied by a party of Arabs engaged in the rudest native industries. Two men, squatted on the ground, are weaving in the Arab style, a mat of rushes. Another is working on leather. A jeweler is fabricating with the rudest instruments some rough but showy ornaments. An old fellow in turban and immense breeches is lying on the ground turning ivory. He has no lathe, but he has fastened his bit of ivory between two pieces of wood so that it will revolve; then with one hand he turns it by means of a sort of fiddle bow drawn across it, while he shapes it neatly enough with a rough looking tool held in the other. The contrast between these rude and primitive methods and the wonderful machinery and manufactures in the palace, is a lesson which covers the whole progress of civilization.

Sentiment.

—A Unitarian clergyman of Middlesex county, says: "It is doubtful whether, with our modern tendency, God can send upon society a greater combination of curses than a truly eloquent preacher, a ten thousand dollar organ, and a superb opera choir.

—Women often fancy themselves in love when they are not. The love of being loved, fondness of flattery, the pleasure of giving pain to a rival, passion for novelty and excitement, are frequently mistaken for something far better and holier, till marriage disenchants the fair self-deceiver and leaves her astonished at her own indifference and the evaporation of her romantic fancies.

—To-morrow may never come to us. We cannot find it in any of our title-deeds. The man who owns whole blocks of real estate, and great ships on the sea, does not own a single minute of to-morrow. To-morrow! It is a mysterious possibility, not yet born. It lies under the seal of midnight,—behind the veil of glistening constellations.—*Chapin.*

—Popular errors: That editors keep public reading rooms. That they have plenty of time to talk to everybody. That they are delighted to get anything to fill up the paper with. That they are always pleased to have assistance in selecting copy for the paper. That every man's own private ax is a "matter of public interest." That it doesn't make much difference whether copy be written on both sides. That editors return rejected manuscripts.

—*Live for others.* God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks the flower upon its stem, upon the rain drops that swell the mighty river, upon the dewdrop that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its channel, upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in its light,—upon all has he written, "None of us liveth to himself."

Art and Science.

—Pipes made of tobacco are the latest notion.

—Rubber tips for chair legs are the latest, and a very good novelty.

—Rust is rmoved from metals by plunging the article for twenty-four hours in a bath of muriatic acid diluted with twice its quantity of water. When taken out the metal is to be rubbed well with a scrubbing brush when the oxide will come off like dirt under the action of soap. If any rust still remains, the process needs repeating. When the substance presents throughout the appearance of dull lead, it must be thoroughly washed in plain water and well dried before a fire; the polish may then be restored by a little rubbing with oil and fine emery powder. It is best to prepare the metal by washing with a hot solution of soda before submitting it to the action of the acid, for the purpose of removing any oil or grease. If any trace of acid is allowed to dry on, the metal will absorb oxygen from the atmosphere; hence the necessity of its being well washed in pure water.

—There is a common sort of friction-match composition that is a little more explosive than gunpowder. It burns quicker and when confined it gives a sharper and louder report. The matches to which we allude ignite with a flash and with a slight crackling sound; most of the matches, called parlor matches, are of this sort. The readiest way of making a match explode is to lay it on the floor and press it with the heel of your boot. The report in sharpness and loudness is about the same as that of a precussion cap. Another way of making the experiment is to wrap the match closely in stout paper and give the composition end a light blow with a hammer. The explosion will be as loud as before and the paper will be torn to shreds. There is without doubt enough explosive force in a box of matches to burst the stoutest musket. Children should never try the experiment of exploding matches. It is dangerous. The melancholy fate of the Austrian princess, betrothed to the son of Victor Emmanuel, and burned to death but the other day in consequence of treading on a lucifer match, is a warning in point. The greatest care should be taken of these too plentiful and perilous little articles.

—A mechanical curiosity has recently been constructed in London. It is a watch belonging to a member of Parliament, and and made expressly for him by James Ferguson Cole, the celebrated London watchmaker. This unique pocket chronometer has a silver dial, on which are nine hands, indicating respectively the hours, minutes and seconds, the days of the week, the days of the month and the months of the year. It corrects itself for unequal months—that is to say, changes when they have thirty and when thirty-one days, and also corrects itself for leap year. It is so constructed that any slight agitation of the watch, such as the ordinary exercise of walking winds it up. Thus it may be worn and will go perfectly for years without requiring to be opened, although it can also be wound by a key in the usual manner. The dial is arranged in five circles, and within the largest (the hour circle) there is a semicircle showing the moon's age and phases by means of gold on a ground of blue steel. At the back of the watch is a gold indicator for ascertaining the time in the dark by touch The complication of the mechanism may be imagined, and yet the watch is of ordinary dimensions, and may be conveniently worn in any gentleman's pocket. It cost the sum of 300 guineas."

Items Comique.

——Somebody says the ladies' pet animals are West Pointers.

——A "great brute of a husband" advertises in the morning papers for a stout, able-bodied men to hold his wife's tongue.

——A writer in one of our local papers speaks of a friend of his that has always been accustomed to the pen. Is the friend an author or a goose—or a sheep?

——Why are radishes like telegraphic dispatches? The most natural reply is, because they are re(a)d. The real answer, however, is because both must be taken *cum grano salis*.

——"What is the difference twixt a watch and a fedder bed, Sam?" "Dunno—gin it up." "Because de tickin of de watch is on the inside, and the tickin of the bed is on the outside."

——Jones and Brown met at the post-office. Jones complains of a bad smell about the office, and asks Brown what it can be. Brown doesn't know, unless it may be the large number of *dead letters*.

——An afflicted editor, who is troubled with hand organs under his window, longs for the "evil days" mentioned in Ecclesiastics, when the "grinders shall cease because they are few," and the "sound of the grinding" shall be "low."

——"I believe that mine will be the fate of Abel," said a wife to her husband one day. "Why so?" inquired the husband. "Because Abel was killed by a club, and your club will kill me if you continue to go to it every night."

——A horrible crime is reported from the east side of town. In the calm of the evening—with nothing to provoke or extenuate such a crime—a ballet-girl retired to her own room and executed her *grand pas!* The coroner has not been notified.

——A countryman going to market with a load of pork, was met by a young girl who very genteelly made him a low courtesy, when he exclaimed:

"What! do you make a courtesy to dead hogs?"

"No, sir," answered the girl, "to a live one."

——At a council of Generals, early in the war, one remarked that Major —— was wounded, and would not be able to perform a duty that was assigned him. "Wounded!" said Stonewall Jackson; "if it really is so, I think it must have been by the accidental discharge of his duty."

——(Jones has been telling Robinson one of his splitting stories.) *Robinson*—"Ya-as, it's very funny!" *Jones*—Then, why the deuce don't you laugh?" *Robinson*—"My dear fellah, I would with pleasure, but I daren't display any emotion—these trousers are so tremendous tight!"

——Two old friends met, not long since, after a separation of thirty-five years. "Well, Tom," said one, "how has the world gone with you, old boy? Married yet?" "Yes, and I've got a family you can't match—seven boys and one girl." "I can match it exactly," was the reply, "for I have seven girls and one boy."

——John Reeve was accosted on the Kensington road by an old woman with a bottle of whisky in her hand.

"Pray sir, I beg your pardon—is this the way to the workhouse?"

John gave her a look of clerical dignity, and then pointing to the bottle gravely said:

"No, madam, but that is."

——A lover who was slighted by the females, very modestly asked a young lady if she would let him spend the evening with her.

"No," she angrily replied; "that's what I won't."

"Why," replied he, "you needn't be so fussy; I didn't mean this evening, but some stormy one when I can't go anywhere else."

——In a school recently a teacher took occasion to relate an anecdote of the little girl who tried to "overcome evil with good," by giving a new Testament to a boy who had ill-treated her. The story was appreciated, for a few minutes afterwards one boy struck another, and being asked the reason, said he was "trying to get a Testament." This was a practical bearing altogether unexpected.

—— A Brooklyn Presbyterian, who has great faith in Catechism, and teaches it with a pertinacity that would challenge the admiration of a Luther or Calvin, was putting the youngest of four through a course one day, when the question came up, "Who tempted Eve?" The little fellow, after a few moments' thought, with an air of confidence exclaimed, "It's the gentleman who lives in hell; I've forgotten his name."

—— Hon. Thomas F. Foster, a member of Congress from Georgia, once begged an honorable member, who had persisted in a long, prosy speech, to desist.

"I shall not desist," he replied, "I am not speaking for the benefit of the honorable gentleman from Georgia. I am not speaking for this House. I am speaking, sir, for posterity."

"Yes," replied Foster, petulantly, "and if you keep on a little longer, posterity will hear you."

——A party of travelers sat down in a country tavern to a scanty luncheon. Their hunger was great; the prospect of appeasing it small. The wag of the company proposed to work a miracle, and taking up a plate of little dried up buns, began to shake them to make them hop about. The landlady, observing the performance, asked what was wanted.

"Keep still!" cried the wag; "there is a famine here; and I do this is order that we may have *a-bun-dance!*"

The miracle was wrought, the landlady hastening to bring on her good things.

—A Methodist clergyman in the vicinity of Boston was invited to a public demonstration of some kind, where an expensive supper was served, and on the table were bottles of intoxicating drinks. On being requested to ask the Divine blessing upon the repast, he arose and said, "I can cheerfully ask God to bless the food, but I never yet dared to ask his blessing on a bottle of rum." The bottles were instantly removed, and the blessing was then invoked.

Home, Farm and Garden.

Prolific.—Mr. Jerry Debell, of Fleming county, Kentucky, has on his farm a brood mare twenty-five years old, that is now suckling her twenty-sixth colt.

Strawberries Stewed for Tarts.—Make a syrup of one pound of sugar and a tea-cup of water; add a little white of eggs; let it boil, and skim it until only a foam arises, then put in a quart of berries free from stems and hulls; let them boil till they look clear and the syrup is quite thick. Finish with fine puff paste.

To Remove Rust from Iron.—Pound glass to a fine powder; having nailed some strong woolen cloth upon a board, lay upon it a strong coat of gum water, and sift thereon some of the powdered glass; let it dry; repeat this operation three times, and when the last covering of powdered glass is dry, you may easily rub off the rust from the iron, with the cloth thus prepared.

Saving Seed Peas.—Peas for seed should always be picked as soon as they attain full size, before the pods begin to turn. Put them away in the pod to dry. Peas dried in this manner will bring peas the next season from ten days to two weeks earlier than it allowed to ripen on the stalk, and the same rule applies to beans, corn, and almost all garden vegetables, as I have proved by actual experience.—*Cor. Rural American.*

Fevers and Fruits.—Let's have a little talk about orchards and gardens as life-preservers. Many a farmer thinks he "can't fuss about a garden" with vegetables and small fruits in ample variety, hardly about an orchard especially beyond apple trees. So he goes on to weightier matters of grain or stock or dairy, and eats potatoes, wheat bread, pork and salt beef all summer long; no fine variety of vegetables, no grateful berries, no luscious peaches or juicy cherries. By October fever comes, or bowel complaints of some kind, or some congestive troubles, most likely. He is laid up, work stops a month, the doctor comes, and he "drags round" all winter, and the doctor's bill drags too. The poor wife, meanwhile, gets dyspeptic, constipated, has fever, too, perhaps, and she "just crawls round." What's the matter! They don't know, poor souls! Would they build a hot fire in July and shut the doors? Of course not—in their rooms; but they have done just that in their poor stomachs. How so? They have been eating, all summer, the heat-producing food, fit for a cold season, but not for a warm one. A Greenlander can eat candles and whale fat, because they create heat. In January we are up toward Greenland—in climate.

A Hindoo lives on rice, juicy fruits and tropic vegetables, cooling and opening to the system. In July we move towards Hindostan, in a heat almost tropical. Diet must change too.

Have apples, pears, cherries, etc., from the orchard every day, of early and late kinds. Let there be plenty of good vegetables, raspberries, strawberries, etc. It takes a little time and trouble, but it's the cheapest way to pay the doctor's bills. And bless your dear souls, these things taste good.

You study what feed is good for pigs and cattle. All right; but wife and children are of higher consequence; and it's a shame if, with all our great gifts of intellect and intuition, we do not obey the Divine laws in our own physical being as well that the doctor shall visit the house less than the horse doctor goes to the barn. Don't fail of vegetables, berries and fruits Try it, and you'll say we haven't told half the truth.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Josh Billings on the Goose.

The goose is a grass animal, but don't chaw her cud.

They are good livers; about one aker to a goose iz enuff, altho thare iz sum folks who thinks one goose tew 175 akers is nearer right.

These two calclations are so fur apart, it iz difficult to tell now which will finally win.

But i don't think if i had a farm ov 175 akers, awl paid for, that i would sell it for half what it was worth, just bekase it didn't hav but one goose on it. Gees stay well, sum ov our best biographers sez 70 years, and grow tuff tew the last.

Tha la one eg at once, about the size ov a goose eg, in which the goslens lies hidd.

The goslen is the goos's baby.

The goose don't suckle hiz young, but turns him out tew grass on sumboddy's vakant lot.

Tha seem to lack wisdom, but ar genrally considered sound on the goos.

Tha ar good eating, but not good chawin; the rezon ov this remains a profound sekret tew the present da.

When the femail goos iz at work hatchen, she iz a hard burd to pleze, she riles clear up from the bottom in a minet, and will fite a yoke ov oxen if tha sho her the least bit ov sass. The goos iz excellent for feathers, which she sheds every year by the handful.

Tha ar also amfibiouss, besides several other kind ov cuss.

But tha ar mostly curius about one thing, tha kan haul one leg up into their boddy, and stand on tuther, awl day, and not tuch ennything with their hands.

I take notis, thair ain't but fue men kan dew this.

—When a pen has been used until it appears to be spoiled, place it over a flame, a gas light for instance, for, say a quarter of a minute, and then dip in into water, and it will be again fit for use. A new pen, which is found too hard to write with, will become softer by being thus heated.

THE MARKETS.

New York, July 19, 1867.		
FLOUR—Trade Brands	$11.40	@ $13.10
WHEAT—New Amber Georgia	2.75	@ 2.80
RYE—Western	1.45	@ 1.47
BARLEY—Western	1.30	@ 1.35
CORN—Sound Western Mixed	1.03	@ 1.07
OATS—New Western	.83	@ .84
PORK—Western Mess	22.75	@ 23.00
BEEF CATTLE—Fair Western Steers	16.00	@ 17.00
GOLD—1.40.		
Chicago, July 19, 1867.		
BEEVES—Medium to Fair	5.75	@ 6.75
BUTTER—Good Tub	.16	@ .17
FLOUR—Winter White	14.00	@ 16.00
Spring Extra	9.75	@ 11.25
GRAIN—Corn No. 1	.83	@ .84
Oats—Nos. 2	.57	@ .58
Rye No. 1	1.13	@ 1.18
Wheat No. 1 Red	2.35	@ 2.40
Wheat—Spring No. 2	1.73	@ 1.81
HOGS—Live Medium	6.00	@ 6.40
HOPS—Western	.50	@ .55
LARD—No. 1	.11	@ .11½
PORK—New Mess	22.50	@ 22.75
Cincinnati, July 19, 1867.		
FLOUR—Family	12.50	@ 13.00
WHEAT—New Red	2.37	@ 2.40
CORN—Shelled	.75	@ .77
OATS—Nos. 1&2	.78	@ .81
RYE—No. 1	1.18	@ 1.20
BACON—Shoulders and Sides	.11½	@ .13
PORK—Regular Mess	22.75	@ 23.00
LARD	.12½	@ —

A Cure for all Kinds of Sick Headache.—Take half a drachm of aromatic spirits of ammonia, in a little water; at the same time apply cloths wet in solution of muriate of ammonia (one ounce of muriate ammonia in nine ounces of water and one ounce of alcohol) to the forehead.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS.

Personal and Literary.

Tom Thumb lisps. He considers himself Thumb pumkinth.

Gerritt Smith writes that his generosity has left him no longer a rich man.

Hartford is making an effort to raise a monument in memory of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

A Pacific Railroad agent is now in the East to engage five thousand colored laborers for that national highway.

Lucy Larcom is not a *nom de plume*, but the proper name of a pretty and amiable poet, who resides in Beverly, Mass.

"Willy Wisp," the great rebus maker for *Boys and Girls*, *Young Folks*, etc., is C. B. Jossyln, of Malden, Mass., formerly a Unitarian clergyman.

Mr. Greeley is a great talker in the Constitutional Convention, and the *World* makes the point that he has no seat in that body, as he is on his legs all the time.

Queen Victoria was expected in Paris and has probably arrived there already. Her visit is to be strictly *in cog*, so the papers and authorities will refrain from taking any notice of her.

The well known French financier, M. Emile Pereire, is President of twelve or fifteen joint stock companies, the aggregate capital of which is $748,000,000. His influence in Paris may be imagined.

Cora James, alias Samantha Proctor the notorious astrologistess, has sued a leading grain warehouseman of Chicago for $100 000 as breach-of-promise damages. It is a palpable case of black mail.

Samuel Gilbert died recently at Boston, nearly ninety years of age. He was formerly a pinter and publisher. He established the first public news room in Boston, and subsequently became a broker.

M. Dumas has hard work to allay the notoriety he has caused by having his picture taken with the Menken. There is greater demand for them than ever in Paris, and Brady has reproduced the picture in New York.

A gentleman asked Mr. Beecher the other day what he intended to do with the characters of his novel now running in the *Ledger*. He said he was bothered to know, but "felt tempted to get up a grand railroad accident and kill them all off at once."

George Cruikshank, the artist-humorist, has been granted a pension of $475 per year by the British Government in acknowledgement of his genius. He is seventy-five years old, and, whether needing it or not, the acknowledgment comes late, and is not large.

The New York *Citizen* learns that "Brother Ben" (Wood) got hit with a red hot poker about ten days ago—"a draw poker" in fact to the tune of $15,000—the winner being a prominent member of the Common Council. It was a hand of three aces against three queens that commenced the heavy business.

Pope Pius IX. is a strong man physically, if not spiritually. According to the New York *Herald's* special cable telegram the old gentleman complacently "lifted the silver model of the Henrietta from its case with its cargo of 50,000 gold dollars." It was a magnificent present but its total weight at the least calculation, must have been 700 pounds.

Brigham Young was 66 years old on the first of June. Miss Eliza R. Snow, the Mormon poetess, improved the occasion as follows:

O God, bless Brigham Young;
Bless him, and all that bless him:
Waste them away, O God, we pray,
Who, rising to oppose him,
Contend with Thee.

O God, bless Brigham Young;
Preserve his health and vigor:
We pray Thee, give him power to live
Until the resurrection
Gives back our dead.]

Domestic Paragraphs.

—There is to be a musquito show in New York.

—Salmon can be bought at Sitka for two cents a pound.

—The Pittsburghers complain that their ice has a strong taste of petroleum.

—The entire cost of the Nicolson paving given out or proposed in Memphis, is $1,600,000.

—A Lincoln monument, one hundred and forty five feet high, is to be erected at Atlanta, Ga.

—The great secret of success in business is to get "the ring of the true metal."—*Printer's Zinc.*

—The Indians of Montana are said to have 25,000 warriors in the field, and have an idea that they can exterminate the whites.

—Corry, it is said, is increasing so rapidly in population that it now ranks next to Erie among the cities of Northwestern Pennsylvania.

—Toledo has been sued by Nicholson the pavement patentee, for a royalty of sixteen cents per yard on its wooden pavements, amounting to $10,000.

—The Wyandotte (Kansas) *Pioneer* publishes three marriage notices, and appends the following apt, terse and expressive comment to each of them: "No cake."

—Many of the handsome bridal presents exhibited at a so called fashionable wedding receptions in New York are hired of a dealer who makes quite a living out of it.

—California papers say that San Francisco sends away forty tons of silver and six tons of gold every month, and that the State exports 10,000 tons of copper annually.

—At a quarry in Massillon, Ohio, a few days ago, a stone was taken out by machinery weighing 117 tons. It was sixty feet long, seven feet wide and four feet thick.

—The Salt Lake *Vedette* says there are eighteen militiamen on guard at San Pete, who compel the settlers to pay for the security at the rate of $3 per day for each one of the eighteen.

—A match is on the tapis between the celebrated running horse Kentucky, and the renowned trotter, Dexter, for $10,000, the former to run four miles while the latter trots three miles under saddle.

—The city of New York has to raise for the current year the pleasant little sum of $24,009,655, or about five million dollars more than last year and considerably more than double the sum required in 1863.

—The New York street cars are resorted to after midnight by drunken men, who sit or lie and ride back and forth till morning or the drunk is worn out, and pay the driver an extra fee for the privilege.

—The wood consumed in one year by the New York Central Railroad amounts to over 160,000 cords—which, at 40 cords per acre, would require at least 4,000 acres of heavily timbered land to furnish this supply.

—Rochester, N. Y., has an organization of widowers. One of them made up his mind to get married again, and the rest of them to the number of eighteen, met to present them with a silver tea set and their well wishes.

—Wells, Fargo & Co., send regularly three coaches every other day from Julesburg to Denver, one hundred and eighty-two miles. These have military protection, as it is necessary to insure their safety.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Stevens, of Hoboken, N. J., gave a strawberry festival last week, at which 2,000 children were present. Five thousand baskets of strawberries, 5,000 cakes, and 120 gallons of ice cream were consumed.

—It is reported that one of the largest railroads in the country has adopted the custom of paying its laborers the price of a barrel of flour per week, as the most just and satisfactory mode of measuring the value of labor.

—While Robert H. Barton, of Somerville, Massachusetts, was being shaved in a barber's shop at Boston, last week he suddenly jumped from the chair to secure his horse, which was moving, when the razor completely severed his nose from his face.

—The Pennsylvania oil wells are at their lowest ebb, the whole State yielding less than 6,000 barrels per day. At Philadelphia lately, 2,000 shares of stock, which once brought a large premium and represented an aggregate of $50,000, were sold for $10.

—Cutler Evans, the leading Shaker at Lebanon, N. Y., says that he foresaw trouble a few weeks before Mr. Lincoln's death, and wrote to him to come and stay among the Shakers a few weeks. The letter is now on file in the State Department.

—A New York court has decided that the printed statement on a railroad ticket coupon "not good if detached," is legal, and that if the passenger detaches it he forfeits the privileges to which the coupon, if left upon the ticket, would entitle him.

—The great elms of Boston Common—the pride of the New England metropolis—are being devastated by worms. A few years ago a Mayor placed a colony of squirrels in it, which have driven away the birds, and the park is now abandoned to the worms.

—The Observatory at Cincinnati, built by the energy and influence of the late Professor Mitchell, has fallen into a state of decay, and its splendid instrument which was once the pride of the country, serves now only to amuse idle spectators, who want to look at the man in the moon.

—In some of the towns in Western Massachusetts a thriving business is carried on in the sale of cabbage plant. The customers are said to call at a very early hour in the morning. The most curious part in the transaction is that the customers bring jugs and bottles to get their cabbage plants in!

—Julesburg, the new western terminus for traffic on the Union Pacific Railroad is 380 miles west of Omaha, and will be the distributing depot for all points on the plains until the track arrives at the east base of the mountains. Denver can now be reached from this point, by stage in two days.

—The city of Philadelphia has within a few days ordered the Nicholson pavement laid through one entire street, two miles in length, by the request of the owners of property on the street. The whole expense is $280,000, and is believed that it will add nearly half a million to the value of real estate on the street.

—It seems that End-of-the-World Dr. Cummings made a trifling error is his calculations concerning the total destruction to take place in 1867. In revising his work he found that he had overlooked figures, which add something like a quintillion of years to the race which this mundane sphere has to run. We feel relieved.

—Mr. Macaulay, manager of the Athenæum at Detroit, together with several other parties in Detroit, has purchased the old Railroad Hotel property, on Campus Martius, for $50,000, and proposes to put up an opera house there, to cost $100,000, capable of seating 2,500 people, the building to be completed next year.

—The all-important question at least to stockholders, whether the Atlantic cable would pay, has been satisfactorily answered by Capt. Sherard Osborn, who, in a communication to the London *Times*, states that the estimated receipts for the first year will reach £450,000, or within £150,000 of the original cost of the last laid cable.

—Silas C. Herring, the great safe man, offers a wager of $10,000 to the other safe exhibitors at the Paris Exposition, that he will make an international bonfire of their safes, in which his salamander shall remain perfectly fireproof, and the same amount that his will stand burglars better than any safe now at the Exposition.

—There are now in operation in the world 95,727.2 miles of railroad, of which the United States has 36,893.3; Great Britian and Ireland, 13,286; France, 8,982.5; Prussia, 5,794.8; Austria, 2,830; and all of Europe, 50,117.5; North America, 39,414.1; Asia, 3,660.3; South America, 1,041.9; Africa, 375; Australasia, 607.9 West Indies, 410.3.

—The Boston *Journal* says that a few mornings since a merchant was seen walking down Milk street, apparently in great haste to reach his store. A neighbor shouted at him as he passed, inquiring if he expected to find a customer waiting for him. "Oh," no replied the merchant, "havn't seen one for a week; but you know there are three partners in our concern, and as there are only two chairs in the counting-room I want to be on hand to secure one."

—They have a swimming school in Philadelphia. It is described as a large hall and a vast bath-tub. One young girl is said to have learned in six lessons enough of the art to be able to swim around the reservoir unaided. There are dressing-rooms and retiring-rooms, and various simple gymnastic contrivances, which are employed in order to bring about the reaction that is so important after bathing. The hours are so arranged that young and old, male and female, novices and experts, may indulge in bathing and swimming, and all without the infraction of the rules of delicacy and propriety.

—A visit to the famous oil regions of Pennsylvania reveals a sad scene of waste and wreck. The reaction from the activity, and excitement, and speculation of two or three years is complete. The wells have been generally abandoned. The "companies," not caring to save such small affairs as steam engines and tools in the wreck of so great hopes, these are left lying about loose. It is reckoned that of engines alone, two are stolen every day, shipped and sold. Farms are sold at every tax sale for some trifling matter of tax—farms for which thousands, and even hundreds of thousands, were paid two or three years ago. Some of the farmers of the region failed to profit by the fever that raged all over the country. Near Pit Hole there is a farm, the owner of which refused $250,000 for it, while to-day the same farm, farm-house and all could not bring $2,000.

Incidents and Accidents.

—A young wife in Indiana, aged sixteen, has just presented her husband, aged eighteen, with three bouncing boys.

—Lightning struck the Court House of Orange county, Va., last week, setting it on fire and destroying it and five other buildings.

—At Kingston, C. W., a Miss Mooney was burned by the explosion of a coal oil lamp, and died on the 9th. Five others were severely burned.

—At Laconia, Indiana, recently, two brothers, named Kingsley, fought each other with knives, and other weapons, until both were fatally injured.

—The principal attraction at Union Park, Allegheny City, Pa., on Saturday, was the ærial wedding and bridal excursion. Over a thousand persons were present.

—A little son of P. Bell, of Adamson Grove, Iowa, recently approached unnoticed so near a man mowing that the point of the scythe entered his heart, killing him instantly.

—Daniel Moore, a citizen of Danville, (Ill.) seventy years of age, while walking in his sleep, fell down stairs on the night of the 2d, and was so bruised that he died on the 3d instant.

—A young German, in Terra Haute, Ind., committed suicide on Thursday, the 4th, by hanging. On his person were found $2,000 and a letter explaining that an unhappy marriage was the cause of his death.

—Richard Dammem, bookkeeper for Nichaws, Krite & Co., St. Louis, committed suicide on Wednesday, the 10th, in consequence of the discovery of a series of embezzlements, amounting to $2,500 or $3,000.

—A boy at Providence, R. I., nineteen years old, swam a distance of three quarters of a mile the other day, and towed by a rope from his wrist a boat twelve feet long, containing six men, in less than three-quarters of an hour.

—A lady in East Brooklyn, N. Y., lost some nice Valenciennes lace, and looked with suspicion upon a servant girl. Shortly afterwards she found a neat bird's nest in her garden, fabricated principally of her lost Valenciennes lace.

—Charles L. Cutler, a native of Baltimore, aged 45 years, committed suicide at San Francisco, June 17, by taking strychnine, in consequence of inability to obtain work to support his family; he leaves a wife and six children wholly unprovided for.

—A barrel of new beer in a cellar at Lockport burst a few days since, hoisting the keeper, an Irish woman to the ceiling, demolishing everything within range. The lady picked herself up and mildly remarked, "Och, bedad—bad luck to the man that put the torpedy in the barrel."

—Ida and Ella Snow, twin daughters of Harvey Snow, of Mattapoisett, Mass., nearly four years old, were poisoned to death last week by eating friction matches. When it was discovered that they had swallowed the poison, the mistake was made of trying to expel it by cathartic instead of emetic remedies, with a fatal result.

—A man at Nahant has obtained ten dollars damages against the Eastern Railroad on the ground of inconvenience caused by a change in the timetable of the road. It was claimed that sufficient notice of the change was not given, although hand-bills declaring the fact had been posted two days previous according to custom.

—An act of barbarity to a dumb animal was very near causing the destruction of the whole town of Trenton, in Texas, a fortnight ago. Some heartless wretch saturated a dog in turpentine and then set in on fire. The poor animal ran howling under a newly-built house, and rolling among the shavings ignited them. The house took fire in two places, and had it not been for timely exertions, every building in the town would probably have been destroyed.

—The Albany *Argus* doubts the death of Rev. S. M. Merrill, by drowning. The reverend gentleman fell into the river at Plattsburgh, N. Y., where the water was shallow, refused all assistance and swam away from the boat. His body has not been recovered, and it is said he planned a similar exploit some years ago, but it failed. Scandal pursues Merrill very closely, and involves a young lady at North Adams also.

—The New Orleans *Picayune* says: "During the rain storm on Tuesday afternoon, a young German woman, while riding in a Dryades street car, was suddenly seized with the premonitory pains of labor. The car was hastily cleared and a fine boy was the result." Inasmuch as it is customary, when a child is born at sea, to give it the name of the craft, or as near like it as circumstances will permit, it is respectfully suggested that the boy be called 'Oscar.

—A terrible accident occurred in Ballston, New York, last Wednesday. A lad named Miller went into the field to catch a horse, and while returning his arm became entrapped with the halter, when the horse started and dragged the little fellow round the field next to the rail fence. The father was in sight and rushed to the rescue, but when he reached the scene, his boy's brains were dashed out, the left side of his face was broken in, and both arms and legs were broken.

—Sunday afternoon, a man stepped into a street-car in Buffalo, but the moment his eye rested on a policeman he jumped from the car and ran. The officer followed and arrested him. He begged to be released, and offered a large pecuniary inducement. The officer took the man before the Superintendent, where he again attempted bribery, offering as high as one thousand dollars. All this time no one but himself was aware that he was a criminal, or would have suspected him, if his own conscience had not tortured him into exposure. He said his name was Lamar C. Scott, of New York, and, in response to a telegraph, it was ascertained that he was a forger who had disappeared from that city.

—About a fortnight ago two telegraph wires on the New York Central Railroad began to act very unreasonably. At ten o'clock in the morning they would "strike work," and resume at four in the afternoon. A careful examination of the line produced no result. The superintendent himself looked into the matter, and saw nothing. It was a complete puzzle. An old Albany operator, however, was more successful. About sixty miles west of that city he found a point where the wires passed over the roof of a building, almost touching it. As the sun rose the wires fell, and at twelve o'clock they lay snugly together on the tin roof. As the sun fell, they cooled and rose and by four o'clock they were in their proper positions. Of course, the trouble was no sooner explained than rectified.

—On the evening of July 4, at Niagara Falls, Mr. Benjamin Tyrell, sleeping-car conductor on the Central railroad, discharged a gun from the front of his residence, and a ball, supposed to be from his gun, entered the breast of a child 11 months old, which was being held in the arms of its mother, at a distance of three hundred yards or more, killing it instantly. The ball passed through the fleshy part of the mother's arm, causing a severe wound. It is also stated that it made a flesh wound in her body. Mr. Tyrell gave himself up to the authorities, but was not held in custody. This gun, it appears, was one left at his house some time since by a man named Christy, who is now in Chicago.

Religious Items.

—There is a gentleman living in Taunton who has heard five thousand six hundred and seven sermons, and has kept a record of every text thereof.

—The late John Clark, of Baltimore, left the greater part of his estate of $730,000 to St. John's Methodist Church of that city, to be expended in charity.

—Articles of association have been filed for a Free Will Captist College, to be located in Randolph county, Indiana, with a capital of $30,000, to be free to all sexes and races.

—The believers in the approaching millennium are now at Warehouse Point, Ct., anxiously waiting to go up. The understanding is that unless the present attempt is successful, there will not be another opportunity for two thousand years.

—A Boston clergyman recommends putting pictures into churches, asking the rich to adorn them as they do their own dwellings, and then open them to all. The best music in town should be the church music—a part of the debt the rich owe to the poor and bless themselves doubly in paying.

—Judge Edmunds of New York, claims that there are now in this country about 4,000,000 Spiritualists. To supply their religious wants they have sixteen churches—three in Connecticut, three in Maine, four in Massachusetts, two in Rhode Island, and in New Hampshire, Ohio, New Jersey, and Vermont, one each.

—The Appletons have issued "Christianity and its Conflicts, Ancient and Modern," by G. E. Marcy. He estimates that one-third of the United States deny the divinity of Christ, and classes them as follows: Spiritualists, 6,333,000; Unitarians, 543,000; Universalists, 1,000,000; Jews, 500,000; Infidels and skeptics, 2,000,000; Total, 10,376,000. He supposes there are eight millions of the same classes in Europe.

Foreign Gossip.

—Gas works are to be established in Yokohama, Japan, by an enterprising Yankee.

—It is reported that Krupp has offered his monster cannon as a present to the King of Prussia. It is valued at about £20,000.

—It is expected that in less than eighteen months through railroad communication will be established between Calcutta and Bombay.

—If Greece and Rome are represented at the French exhibition, might not their productions be appropriately arranged in "class six?" asks poor old *Punch.*

—Salmon in Sitka brings only $2.25 per hundred pounds. It costs less than the wood used in cooking it. Old Isaac Walton would have reveled in Walrussia.

—The circulation of *Le Petite Journal*, Paris, is said to be 240,000 daily. It is published in the evening, and is devoted chiefly to local news, a novelette, and French sensation.

—In Sweden and Norway there seems to be almost a mania on the subject of emigration. All who can gather together a sufficient sum to pay their passage to America make a start.

—Queen Victoria is going to appoint her son-in-law, Prince Christian, as Ranger of Windsor Forest. This was one of the sinecures held by Prince Albert, and carries a handsome salary, and has no work.

—A London wag remarks: "It is untrue that Her Majesty the Queen declines to meet the Sultan of Turkey on the occasion of his approaching visit to England, on the ground that he is a "harem-scarum fellow."

—At Newmarket, England, after a race, a Marchioness, who is as devoted to betting as her husband, danced in the evening with the jockey who rode the winning horse, allowing him to clasp her waist and waltz at the top of his speed!

—Among the many odes to the "Dominion of Canada" is one having the following rythmical chorus:

"Then let us raise, as subjects loyal,
Our voices upward to the sky,
Forgetting trouble, labor, toil,
On this the First of July."

—At the Paris Exposition a balloon in the form of a perfect sphere and about 210 feet in circumference, is held by a cable and makes hourly trips upward, in the same manner as worked in a model at the last exhibition by the American Institute, and as operated on a large scale at the New York Central Park. The balloon is filled with hydrogen, the most buoyant of the gases, which is made by decomposing steam by means of red-hot charcoal. By this process, it is said, hydrogen gas can be furnished at about $2.75 per 1,000 cubic feet.

—The artesian wells in Algeria, long attempted without success, now number probably about one hundred, delivering five or six million litres of water per hour, and converting deserts into fine gardens wherever they have been bored. The work is going on, defrayed by tax upon the benefitted population, and is destined to reclaim incalculable wastes. In a single district (Ouled Rir) stretching far south into the desert, and now containing thirty-five wells, 2,000 new gardens have been formed and 150,000 date trees planted. Four military boring brigades, well provided with implements, and with growing skill and experience, are steadily pushing on the conquest of the desert, and with almost unerring success in every attempt.

—The Tunisian Palace, at the Paris Exposition, is a beautiful Moorish building; but a palace only in its exterior aspect. Within, though lofty and beautiful, it is occupied by a party of Arabs engaged in the rudest native industries. Two men, squatted on the ground, are weaving in the Arab style, a mat of rushes. Another is working on leather. A jeweler is fabricating with the rudest instruments some rough but showy ornaments. An old fellow in turban and immense breeches is lying on the ground turning ivory. He has no lathe, but he has fastened his bit of ivory between two pieces of wood so that it will revolve; then with one hand he turns it by means of a sort of fiddle bow drawn across it, while he shapes it neatly enough with a rough looking tool held in the other. The contrast between these rude and primitive methods and the wonderful machinery and manufactures in the palace, is a lesson which covers the whole progress of civilization.

Sentiment.

—A Unitarian clergyman of Middlesex county, says: "It is doubtful whether, with our modern tendency, God can send upon society a greater combination of curses than a truly eloquent preacher, a ten thousand dollar organ, and a superb opera choir.

—Women often fancy themselves in love when they are not. The love of being loved, fondness of flattery, the pleasure of giving pain to a rival, passion for novelty and excitement, are frequently mistaken for something far better and holier, till marriage disenchants the fair self-deceiver and leaves her astonished at her own indifference and the evaporation of her romantic fancies.

—To-morrow may never come to us. We cannot find it in any of our title-deeds. The man who owns whole blocks of real estate, and great ships on the sea, does not own a single minute of to-morrow. To-morrow! It is a mysterious possibility, not yet born. It lies under the seal of midnight,—behind the veil of glistening constellations.—*Chapin.*

—Popular errors: That editors keep public reading rooms. That they have plenty of time to talk to everybody. That they are delighted to get anything to fill up the paper with. That they are always pleased to have assistance in selecting copy for the paper. That every man's own private ax is a "matter of public interest." That it doesn't make much difference whether copy be written on both sides. That editors return rejected manuscripts.

—*Live for others.* God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks the flower upon its stem, upon the rain drops that swell the mighty river, upon the dewdrop that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its channel, upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in its light,—upon all has he written, "None of us liveth to himself."

Art and Science.

—Pipes made of tobacco are the latest notion.

—Rubber tips for chair legs are the latest, and a very good novelty.

—Rust is rmoved from metals by plunging the article for twenty-four hours in a bath of muriatic acid diluted with twice its quantity of water. When taken out the metal is to be rubbed well with a scrubbing brush when the oxide will come off like dirt under the action of soap. If any rust still remains, the process needs repeating. When the substance presents throughout the appearance of dull lead, it must be thoroughly washed in plain water and well dried before a fire; the polish may then be restored by a little rubbing with oil and fine emery powder. It is best to prepare the metal by washing with a hot solution of soda before submitting it to the action of the acid, for the purpose of removing any oil or grease. If any trace of acid is allowed to dry on, the metal will absorb oxygen from the atmosphere; hence the necessity of its being well washed in pure water.

—There is a common sort of friction-match composition that is a little more explosive than gunpowder. It burns quicker and when confined it gives a sharper and louder report. The matches to which we allude ignite with a flash and with a slight crackling sound; most of the matches, called parlor matches, are of this sort. The readiest way of making a match explode is to lay it on the floor and press it with the heel of your boot. The report in sharpness and loudness is about the same as that of a precussion cap. Another way of making the experiment is to wrap the match closely in stout paper and give the composition end a light blow with a hammer. The explosion will be as loud as before and the paper will be torn to shreds. There is without doubt enough explosive force in a box of matches to burst the stoutest musket. Children should never try the experiment of exploding matches. It is dangerous. The melancholy fate of the Austrian princess, betrothed to the son of Victor Emmanuel, and burned to death but the other day in consequence of treading on a lucifer match, is a warning in point. The greatest care should be taken of these too plentiful and perilous little articles.

—A mechanical curiosity has recently been constructed in London. It is a watch belonging to a member of Parliament, and and made expressly for him by James Ferguson Cole, the celebrated London watchmaker. This unique pocket chronometer has a silver dial, on which are nine hands, indicating respectively the hours, minutes and seconds, the days of the week, the days of the month and the months of the year. It corrects itself for unequal months—that is to say, changes when they have thirty and when thirty-one days, and also corrects itself for leap year. It is so constructed that any slight agitation of the watch, such as the ordinary exercise of walking winds it up. Thus it may be worn and will go perfectly for years without requiring to be opened, although it can also be wound by a key in the usual manner. The dial is arranged in five circles, and within the largest (the hour circle) there is a semicircle showing the moon's age and phases by means of gold on a ground of blue steel. At the back of the watch is a gold indicator for ascertaining the time in the dark by touch The complication of the mechanism may be imagined, and yet the watch is of ordinary dimensions, and may be conveniently worn in any gentleman's pocket. It cost the sum of 300 guineas."

Items Comique.

——Somebody says the ladies' pet animals are West Pointers.

——A "great brute of a husband" advertises in the morning papers for a stout, able-bodied men to hold his wife's tongue.

——A writer in one of our local papers speaks of a friend of his that has always been accustomed to the pen. Is the friend an author or a goose—ora sheep?

——Why are radishes like telegraphic dispatches? The most natural reply is, because they are re(a)d. The real answer, however, is because both must be taken *cum grano salis.*

——"What is the difference twixt a watch and a fedder bed, Sam?" "Dunno—gin it up." "Because de tickin of de watch is on the inside, and the tickin of the bed is on the outside."

——Jones and Brown met at the post-office. Jones complains of a bad smell about the office, and asks Brown what it can be. Brown doesn't know, unless it may be the large number of *dead letters.*

——An afflicted editor, who is troubled with hand organs under his window, longs for the "evil days" mentioned in Ecclesiastics, when the "grinders shall cease because they are few," and the "sound of the grinding" shall be "low."

——"I believe that mine will be the fate of Abel," said a wife to her husband one day. "Why so?" inquired the husband. "Because Abel was killed by a club, and your club will kill me if you continue to go to it every night."

——A horrible crime is reported from the east side of town. In the calm of the evening—with nothing to provoke or extenuate such a crime—a ballet-girl retired to her own room and executed her *grand pas!* The coroner has not been notified.

——A countryman going to market with a load of pork, was met by a young girl who very genteelly made him a low courtesy, when he exclaimed:

"What! do you make a courtesy to dead hogs?"
"No, sir," answered the girl, "to a live one."

——At a council of Generals, early in the war, one remarked that Major —— was wounded, and would not be able to perform a duty that was assigned him. "Wounded!" said Stonewall Jackson; "if it really is so, I think it must have been by the accidental discharge of his duty."

——(Jones has been telling Robinson one of his splitting stories.) *Robinson*—"Ya-as, it's very funny!" *Jones*—Then, why the deuce don't you laugh?" *Robinson*—"My dear fellah, I would with pleasure, but I daren't display any emotion—these trousers are so tremendous tight!"

——Two old friends met, not long since, after a separation of thirty-five years. "Well, Tom," said one, "how has the world gone with you, old boy? Married yet?" "Yes, and I've got a family you can't match—seven boys and one girl." "I can match it exactly," was the reply, "for I have seven girls and one boy."

——John Reeve was accosted on the Kensington road by an old woman with a bottle of whisky in her hand.

"Pray sir, I beg your pardon—is this the way to the workhouse?"

John gave her a look of clerical dignity, and then pointing to the bottle gravely said:

"No, madam, but that is."

——A lover who was slighted by the females, very modestly asked a young lady if she would let him spend the evening with her.

"No," she angrily replied; "that's what I won't."

"Why," replied he, "you needn't be so fussy; I didn't mean this evening, but some stormy one when I can't go anywhere else."

——In a school recently a teacher took occasion to relate an anecdote of the little girl who tried to "overcome evil with good," by giving a new Testament to a boy who had ill-treated her. The story was appreciated, for a few minutes afterwards one boy struck another, and being asked the reason, said he was "trying to get a Testament." This was a practical bearing altogether unexpected.

——A Brooklyn Presbyterian, who has great faith in Catechism, and teaches it with a pertinacity that would challenge the admiration of a Luther or Calvin, was putting the youngest of four through a course one day, when the question came up, "Who tempted Eve?" The little fellow, after a few moments' thought, with an air of confidence exclaimed, "It's the gentleman who lives in hell; I've forgotten his name."

——Hon. Thomas F. Foster, a member of Congress from Georgia, once begged an honorable member, who had persisted in a long, prosy speech, to desist.

"I shall not desist," he replied, "I am not speaking for the benefit of the honorable gentleman from Georgia. I am not speaking for this House. I am speaking, sir, for posterity."

"Yes," replied Foster, petulantly, "and if you keep on a little longer, posterity will hear you."

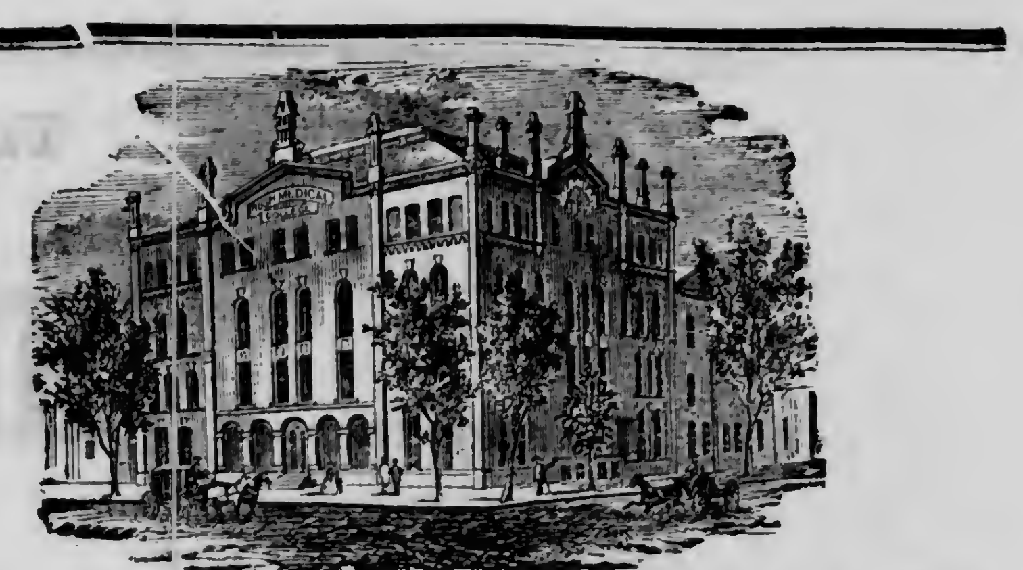
——A party of travelers sat down in a country tavern to a scanty luncheon. Their hunger was great; the prospect of appeasing it small. The wag of the company proposed to work a miracle, and taking up a plate of little dried up buns, began to shake them to make them hop about. The landlady, observing the performance, asked what was wanted.

"Keep still!" cried the wag; "there is a famine here; and I do this is order that we may have *a-bun-dance!*"

The miracle was wrought, the landlady hastening to bring on her good things.

* * *

—A Methodist clergyman in the vicinity of Boston was invited to a public demonstration of some kind, where an expensive supper was served, and on the table were bottles of intoxicating drinks. On being requested to ask the Divine blessing upon the repast, he arose and said, "I can cheerfully ask God to bless the food, but I never yet dared to ask his blessing on a bottle of rum." The bottles were instantly removed, and the blessing was then invoked.



Home, Farm and Garden.

Prolific.—Mr. Jerry Debell, of Fleming county, Kentucky, has on his farm a brood mare twenty-five years old, that is now suckling her twenty-sixth colt.

Strawberries Stewed for Tarts.—Make a syrup of one pound of sugar and a tea-cup of water; add a little white of eggs; let it boil, and skim it until only a foam arises, then put in a quart of berries free from stems and hulls; let them boil till they look clear and the syrup is quite thick. Finish with fine puff paste.

To Remove Rust from Iron.—Pound glass to a fine powder; having nailed some strong woolen cloth upon a board, lay upon it a strong coat of gum water, and sift thereon some of the powdered glass; let it dry; repeat this operation three times, and when the last covering of powdered glass is dry, you may easily rub off the rust from the iron, with the cloth thus prepared.

Saving Seed Peas.—Peas for seed should always be picked as soon as they attain full size, before the pods begin to turn. Put them away in the pod to dry. Peas dried in this manner will bring peas the next season from ten days to two weeks earlier than if allowed to ripen on the stalk, and the same rule applies to beans, corn, and almost all garden vegetables, as I have proved by actual experience.—*Cor. Rural American.*

Fevers and Fruits.—Let's have a little talk about orchards and gardens as life-preservers. Many a farmer thinks he "can't fuss about a garden" with vegetables and small fruits in ample variety, hardly about an orchard especially beyond apple trees. So he goes on to weightier matters of grain or stock or dairy, and eats potatoes, wheat bread, pork and salt beef all summer long; no fine variety of vegetables, no grateful berries, no luscious peaches or juicy cherries. By October fever comes, or bowel complaints of some kind, or some congestive troubles, most likely. He is laid up, work stops a month, the doctor comes, and he "drags round" all winter, and the doctor's bill drags too. The poor wife, meanwhile, gets dyspeptic, constipated, has fever, too, perhaps, and she "just crawls round." What's the matter! They don't know, poor souls! Would they build a hot fire in July and shut the doors? Of course not—in their rooms; but they have done just that in their poor stomachs. How so? They have been eating, all summer, the heat-producing food, fit for a cold season, but not for a warm one. A Greenlander can eat candles and whale fat, because they create heat. In January we are up toward Greenland—in climate.

A Hindoo lives on rice, juicy fruits and tropic vegetables, cooling and opening to the system. In July we move towards Hindostan, in a heat almost tropical. Diet must change too.

Have apples, pears, cherries, etc., from the orchard every day, of early and late kinds. Let there be plenty of good vegetables, raspberries, strawberries, etc. It takes a little time and trouble, but it's the cheapest way to pay the doctor's bills. And bless your dear souls, these things taste good.

You study what feed is good for pigs and cattle. All right; but wife and children are of higher consequence; and it's a shame if, with all our great gifts of intellect and intuition, we do not obey the Divine laws in our own physical being as well that the doctor shall visit the house less than the horse doctor goes to the barn. Don't fail of vegetables, berries and fruits Try it, and you'll say we haven't told half the truth.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Josh Billings on the Goose.

The goose is a grass animal, but don't chaw her cud.

They are good livers; about one aker to a goose iz enuff, altho thare iz sum folks who thinks one goose tew 175 akers is nearer right.

These two calclations are so fur apart, it iz difficult to tell now which will finally win.

But i don't think if i had a farm ov 175 akers, awl paid for, that i would sell it for half what it was worth, just bekase it didn't hav but one goose on it. Gees stay well, sum ov our best biographers sez 70 years, and grow tuff tew the last.

Tha la one eg at once, about the size ov a goose eg, in which the goslens lies hidd. The goslen is the goos's baby.

The goose don't suckle hiz young, but turns him out tew grass on sumboddy's vakant lot.

Tha seem to lack wisdom, but ar genrally considered sound on the goos.

Tha ar good eating, but not good chawin; the rezon ov this remains a profound sekret tew the present da.

When the femail goos iz at work hatchen, she iz a hard burd to pleze, she riles clear up from the bottom in a minet, and will fite a yoke ov oxen if tha sho her the least bit ov sass. The goos iz excellent for feathers, which she sheds every year by the handful.

Tha ar also amfibiouss, besides several other kind ov cuss.

But tha ar mostly curius about one thing, tha kan haul one leg up into their boddy, and stand ou tuther, awl day, and not tuch ennything with their hands.

I take notis, thair ain't but fue men kan dew this.

* * *

—When a pen has been used until it appears to be spoiled, place it over a flame, a gas light for instance, for, say a quarter of a minute, and then dip in into water, and it will be again fit for use. A new pen, which is found too hard to write with, will become softer by being thus heated.

THE MARKETS.

New York, July 19, 1867.

FLOUR—Trade Brands	$11.40	@	$13.10
WHEAT—New Amber Georgia	2.75	@	2.80
RYE—Western	1.45	@	1.47
BARLEY—Western	1.30	@	1.35
CORN—Sound Western Mixed	1.05	@	1.07
OATS—New Western	.83	@	.84
PORK—Western Mess	22.75	@	23.00
BEEF CATTLE—Fair Western Steers	16.00	@	17.50
GOLD—1.40.			

Chicago, July 19, 1867.

BEEVES—Medium to Fair	5.75	@	6.75
BUTTER—Good Tub	.16	@	.17
FLOUR—Winter White	14.00	@	16.00
Spring Extra	9.75	@	11.25
GRAIN—Corn No. 1	.83	@	.84
Oats—Nos. 2	.57	@	.58
Rye No. 1	1.13	@	1.18
Wheat No. 1 Red	2.35	@	2.40
WHEAT—Spring No. 2	1.73	@	1.81
HOGS—Live Medium	6.00	@	6.40
HOPS—Western	.50	@	.55
LARD—No. 1	.11	@	.11½
PORK—New Mess	22.50	@	22.75

Cincinnati, July 19, 1867.

FLOUR—Family	12.50	@	13.00
WHEAT—New Red	2.37	@	2.40
CORN—Shelled	.75	@	.77
OATS—Nos. 1&2	.78	@	.81
RYE—No. 1	1.18	@	1.20
BACON—Shoulders and Sides	.11¾	@	.13
PORK—Regular Mess	22.75	@	23.00
LARD	.12½	@	—

A Cure for all Kinds of Sick Headache.—Take half a drachm of aromatic spirits of ammonia, in a little water; at the same time apply cloths wet in solution of muriate of ammonia (one ounce of muriate ammonia in nine ounces of water and one ounce of alcohol) to the forehead.

M. H. ILTIS, & BRO.

Dealer in

HARDWARE

STOVES

AND

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT

TIN WARE

A Good Assortment

OF

Knives, Axes, Saws, Files, Lock Jolners Tools, Shovels, Picks, Fork &c, &c.

ALSO

MANUFACTURERS

AND

Dealers in Sheet Iron and Tin Ware, Stoves, Hollow Ware and House Furnishing Goods.

☞ All job work done in the best style, and warranted.

At the New Store, opposite Henry Young's, 3d Street.

Chaska Minn.

FABER & CO.

Dealers in

GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS

DRY GOODS

CLOTHING

Hats, Caps, Boots & Shoes.

HARDWARE.

Highest Cash price paid for farmers produce.

Old Stand, Brick Store corner of Walnut & Second street

CHASKA, MINN J1stlyr

NEW GOODS,

Just received a large and very fine stock of new and seasonable

DRESS GOODS

Which will be sold at lower prices than for the past four years.

ALSO

Standard Sheetings,

Shirtings, Denims, Stripes, Ticking, Drilling, and a good assortment of cloths for men's summer wear

GROCERIES

at prices that cannot fail to give perfect satisfaction.

C. A. WARNER & CO.

Chaska, May 6th.

PELOUBET ORGANS

AND MELODEONS,

Unanimously awarded the First Prize, A Gold Medal,

"As the Best Cabinet Organs,"

American Institute, New York, Oct. 1865.

Being pronounced superior in quality, Power, and variety of Tone, and in number of combinations.

"As the best instruments of America were there contending, whichever won the battle would have nothing left to conquer."—American Art Journal, (edited by a well-known musical critic.)

They have also taken the first premium wherever exhibited this season.

Pedal Organs, one, two, and three banks of keys—six sizes—$250 to $1,500. Without pedals, single and double bank, in great variety, $65 to $450. These Organs, with their smooth pipe-like quality of tone, beautiful solo stops, strength of chorus, unequalled pedals, and general organ-like effects, are superior for Churches, Halls, Palors, and Schools. They are put up in cases of solid Walnut, fancy veneered Walnut (new and unique styles,) and elegant Rosewood, of splendid designs and finish, and of the best workmanship!—in being intended that each instrument shall be a model of its class. All instruments, down to a fine octavo portable Melodeon, have the beautiful Tremolante stop, without extra charge.

A large assortment constantly on hand at our General Wholesale and Retail Warerooms, 841 Broadway.

Our Illustrated Circular and Price Lists, with our new styles, are now ready. Send for a circular.

PELOUBET, PELTON & Co.,

Manufacturers, No. 841 Broadway, N. Y. City.

S. L. VAWTER. A. H. ROSE. ALEX ETTER.

Vawter, Rose, & Etter.

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS

AND DEALERS IN

Paints, Oils, Glass-Ware, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Perfumeries, &c, &c.

NO. 111 THIRD STREET, [UNION- BLOCK,]

Between Jackson and Robert Streets,

Saint Paul, Minnesota.

AVOID THE QUACKS.

A gentleman who was a victim to the Indiscretion common to Youth, which resulted in Seminal Weakness, Nightlo Emission, Nervousness and Physicial Incapacity, and came near ending his days in hopeless misery, but who is now fully restored to health, will send free of charge, the simple prescription that cured him after the failure of many other remedies. Address.

EDGAR TREMAINE, Station D, New York.

"The Cheap Cash Store."

HENRY YOUNG,

DEALER IN

GROCERIES,

PROVISION,

CLOTHING.

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes & Furs,

AND

Yankee Notions, China & Crock'y-ware

Cash paid for Produce.

WE SELL GOODS CHEAPER

than any other house in the city. Come and satisfy yourselves of this fact. Our stock is extensive and complete.

2nd street CHASKA, MINN.

PHOTOGRAPHS

FOR THE MILLION ! !

I will send, post-paid, 50 Photographs of the most celebrated Actors for 50 cents; 50 Actresses for 50 cents; 50 Union Generals for 50 cts; 50 Rebel Generals for 50 cents; 50 Statesmen for 50 cents; 50 beautiful young Ladies for 50 cents; 50 fine-looking young Gentlemen for 50 cents; 6 large Photographs of French Dancing Girls, in costume, beautifully colored, exactly as they appear, for 50 cents; or for 50 cents, 6 of the most Beautiful Ladies of the Parisian Ballet Troupe, as they appear in the play of the Black Crook, at Niblo's Garden, New York.

Send all orders to P. O, Box 177, Troy, N Y.

may 25 1y.

FUN FOR ALL !

Full instructions by which any person, male or female, can master the great art of Ventriloquism by a few hours' practice, making a world of fun, and after becoming experts themselves, can teach others, thereby making it a source of income. Full instructions sent by mail for 50 cents. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Address P. O. Drawer 21, Troy, N. Y.

may 25 1y

Sweet Breath For All !

Dr. Fontaine's

BALM OF MYRRH !

Is a sure remedy for the cure of bad breath, no matter from what source the disease may arise. What young lady or gent will not make an effort to remove this disagreeable evil when it can be done for One Dollar, sent to your address post paid, by mail, and a speedy cure guaranteed, or money refunded. All orders must be addressed to H. DORR, Albany, N. Y., sole Agent for the United States,

may 25 1y

FALSE WHISKER

AND

MOUSTACHE.

A Beautiful Pair of False Moustaches and Whiskers, of French Manufacture, so perfect they cannot be detected from the genuine, will be sent post paie by mail to any address. Great attention is paid in the manufacture of these articles by one of the best artists in Paris, M. L. FOUCHE, who is the best manufacturer in Europe. Moustaches, $1.00; Side Whiskers, $3,00; Full Beard, $5.00 Address,

H. DORR.

Albany, N. Y.

m25 1y sole Agent for the United States.

GREAT

WATCH SALE !

2000 Watches, Patent Lever Movements, full jewelled, Hunting Cases, Sterling Silver, Beautifully Engraved and in every respect first class Timers. To be sold at six dollars each, being less than three-fourths the cost of manufacturing. These watches are retailed by Jewellers at from $15 to $18, the actual cost to the manufacturer being $9 each. This stock of watches was purchased at a Bankrupt Sale in London, and are now offered at such extremely low figures, that all may possess a correct Time-keeper at a merely nominal sum. Every watch warranted for 2 years. Parties ordering them sent by mail must enclose 36 cents extra to prepay postage. Money enclosed in a well sealed letter may be sent at my risk. Address all orders to

MARTIN CONNOR

may 25 1y Albany, N. Y.

ONE DOLLAR A PIECE !

A Good Gold Pen And Ebony Holder

For ONE DOLLAR.

Manufactured by the American Gold Pen Company. These pens are now being used extensively throughout the Eastern States and are warranted in each and every case. Parties purchasing who are not satisfied can return them and receive their money back. All orders must be accompanied with the cash as we send no goods C. O. D.

Address all orders to

E. M. CONNOR,

Agent American Gold Pen Company,

may 25 1y Troy, N. Y.

PETER ILTIS,

DEALER IN

Groceries & Provisions,

Farmers Produce,

Sugar, Teas, Coffee, &c.

WALNUT STREET, CHASKA, MIN

(Near the Post Office.)

JAS. J. HILL,

Freight & Ticket Agent

—FOR THE—

N. W. PACKET CMPANY

Milwaukee & Pr. du Chien

—AND—

ILL. CENT. RAILWAYS.

FORWARDING & COMMISSION

GENERAL

Transportation Agent.

OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE—The NEWTRANSFER HOUSE of the St. Paul & Pacific railroad and Simpson's Block, Lower Levee.

J. DELAMATER.

U. S. ASSISTANT ASSESSOR.

AGENT

of the following Insurance Co's,

ÆTNA

Hartford, Con,—Assets 4,067.455.80

UNDERWRITER'S AGENCY

New York City,—Assets 3,000,000,00

CHARTER OAK LIFE INS.

OF

Hartford, Conn.—Assets 1,501,867,24

Policies of Insurance issued against loss or damage by fire and perils of Inland transportation.

Losses Adjusted and Paid promptly at the place where the *Policy is Issued.*

Will attend promptly, to Collections, Paying of Taxes, &c.

OFFICE, IN THE COURT HOUSE.

CHASKA MINNESOTA.

HO ! HO ! ! HO ! ! !

JUST RECEIVED

BY

G. RUDOLPH,

A Fine and Large Stock of

FURNITURE,

FOR THE

Parlor, Dinging Room, and Chamber

Consisting o

Rockers, Chairs, Tables, bureaus, Stands, Beadsteads, Lounges, Looking Glasses, Picture Frames and Mouldings furnished, &c. &c.

He manufactures and repairs all kinds of work skillfully, and can therefore offer better inducements to patrons than those being obliged to sell second-handed.

Give him a visit. Nov 8 1y.

TO LADIES.

If you require a reliable remedy to restore you, and remove Irregularities or Obstructions, why not use the best? Thirty years experience has proved that

Dr. Harvey's Female Pills

have no equal for Removing Obstructions and Irregularities, No matter from what cause they arise. They are safe and sure in every case. Price, One-Dollar, per box.

Dr. Harvey's Golden Pills

Is a remedy four degrees stronger than the above, and intended for special cases of long standing. Price, Five Dollars per Box.

A Ladies' Private Circular, with Engravings, sent free on application.

If you cannot get the Pills of your druggist, send the money to Dr. J. Bryan, 819 Broadway, New York, and they will be sent free from observation by return of mail.

MARVIN & SON.

CROCKERY HOUSE

To the Merchants Hotel Keepers and Residents

OF THE

MINNESOTA VALLEY.

MARVIN is selling CROCKERY and GLASS WARE at

ST, LOUIS PRICES For Cash,

With the largest stock of Goods ever kept in the State he is able to supply every demand in his line of business.

Importing his goods direct from **Europe**, and personally selecting them he is able and willing to sell CHEAP No necessity exists for Merchants to go further, as there is not a larger nor better selected stock in the North-west.

THIRD STREET, SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA.

LEGAL NOTICES.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage bearing date the 22d day of April A. D, 1864 made and executed by Heinrich Wellens and Judith Wellens his wife of Carver County State of Minnesota to Caroline Schaefer of said County, and State, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for said County on the 23d day of April A. D. 1864 at 11 o'clock A. M. in Book "O" of mortgages on pages 428, 429 and 430,

Whereas there is claimed to be due and is due at the date of this notice on said mortgage and note secured thereby the sum of one hundred and ninety one dollars and seventy five cents besides the sum of twenty dollars as Attorneys fees, which have become due by reason of the default in the payment of the moneys secured by the said mortgage and therein stipulated to be paid in case of the foreclosure of the same. and no proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the same on any part thereof.

Now therefore notice is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale in said mortgage contained, and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, said mortgage will be forclosed and the lands therein described, to-wit: The east half (½) of the north east quarter (¼) of the north east quarter (¼) of section eleven (11) Township one hundred and fifteen (115) of Range twenty four (24) also the east half (½) of the south east quarter (¼) of the south east quarter [¼] and the west half (½) of the east half [½] of the west half (½) of the south east quarter of section No. [2] Township one hundred and fifteen of Range twenty four [24] containing sixty acres of land more or less which said land is situated in the County of Carver Minnesota, That the Sheriff of Carver County will sell said above described premises at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash at the front door of the Court House at Chaska in said County on the 2d day of September A. D, 1867 at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day to satisfy the amount which will then be due upon said mortgage, together with twenty dollars as attorneys fees and costs and disbursements allowed by law.

Dated July 20th 1867.

CAROLINE SCHAEFER, Mortgagee.

FRANK WARNER, Att'y for Mortgagee.

State of Minnesota } S. S.
County of Carver }
In Probate Court. }

At a Probate Court held in and for the County of Carver State of Minnesota, on the 8th day of July A, D. 1867.—Present J. A. Sargent Judge.

In the matter of the estate of Christian Nieuhaus late of said County deceased.

The State of Minnesota, To the creditors and heirs of Christian Nieuhaus late of said County deceased.

You and each of you are hereby cited and required to be and appear before this Court at the Court House in Chaska in said County of Carver on the 10th day of August A. D. 1867 at 10 o'clock A. M. then and there to attend the settlement of the final account of Joseph Weinmann Esq. as the administrator of the estate of said Christian Nieuhaus deceased.

In testimony whereof we have caused the seal of said court to be hereunto annexed.—Witness J. A. Sargent Judge of Probate of Carver County State of Minnesota this 8th day of July 1867.

Dated Chaska the 17th day of July 1867.

J. A. SARGENT, Judge of Probate.

Administrators Sale.

In the matter of the estate of Timothy Corcoran deceased.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a license from the Probate Court of Carver County Minnesota, the undersigned administrator of the estate of said deceased, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the 5th day of August A. D. 1867 at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, to pay the debts of said deceased, the following described piece of land situated in said County of Carver, and being the real estate owned by the said Timothy Corcoran at the time of his death. to-wit: The north half of north west quarter section thirty, Township one hundred and fourteen of Range Twenty four containing ninety seven acres more or less.

Given under my hand this 12th day of July 1867.

JOHN CORCORAN.

Administrator of the estate of Timothy Corcoran deceased.

Guardian Sale of Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Probate Court of Carver County, Minnesota, dated July 20, 1867. I will sell at auction as Guardian of the minor children of Casper H. Brinkmire deceased all the right title and interest which said minor have in and to the following described piece of land situated and lying in said county, to-wit: e½ of sw¼ of section 4 Township 114 Range 25 containing 80 acres more or less. Said sale will take place on the premises on the 24th day of August 1867 at 9 o'clock A. M. and will be sold to the highest bidder.

Dated Chaska July 20th 1867.

MICHAEL HARMANN,

Guarding of the minor children of Casper H. Brinkmire.

MINNESOTA CENTRAL RAILWAY.

1867 1867

SPRING RUNNING ARRANGEMENT.

On Friday, May 24th, 1867.

And thereafter TRAINS will move as follows:

EASTERN EXPRESS:

GOING SOUTH.

Leave Min'lis 7:10 A. M. | West St. Paul 7:15 A. M

Arrive at Owatonna 11:00 A. M.

GOING NORTH.

Leave Owatonna 11:40 A. M.

Arrive at Min'lis 3:30 P M | West St Paul 3:25 P. M.

Making direct connections at Owatonna with Trains of Winona and St. Peter Railroad for WINONA, LA CROSSE, MILWAUKEE CHICAGO, And all points East and South.

ACCOMODATIONS:

Leave Owatonna 7:25 A. M., Arrive at West St. Paul 1:10 P. M.

Arrive Minneapolis 1:35 P. M., Leave Minneapolis 9:50 A. M.

Leave West St. Paul 10:10 A. M. Arrive at Owatonna 3:35 P, M.

MINNEAPOLIS & ST. PAUL ACCOMMODATION via Minn. Central and Minn. Valley Railroads FOUR TRAINS DAILY EACH WAY.

LEAVE.	
West St Paul	10:10 a. m.
"	1:20 p. m.
"	4:00 "
"	6:30 "
Minneapolis	8:00 a. m.
"	12:20 p. m.
"	2:25 p. m.
"	5:30 p. m.
ARRIVE.	
West St. Paul	8:50 a. m.
"	1:10 p. m.
"	3 25 p. m.
"	6:20 p. m.
Minneapolis	11:05 a. m.
"	2.05 p. m.
"	4:50 p. m.
"	7:20 p. m.

Fare between West St. Paul and Minneapolis with St Paul Bridge Ticket 50 Cents, and with St. Paul Omnibus Ticket 75 Cents.

All trains of the Minnesota Valley Railroad connect at Mendota with trains of Minnesota Central Railway,

Passengers from Belle Plaine and Way Points by the morning train, reach Minneapolis at 11:05 a. m., and returning leave Minneapolis at 2:25 p. m.

Passengers taking the morning train from St. Paul and Minneapolis, get the 8 p. m. train East from La Crosse, with Sleeping Cars attached.

The train leaving Owatonna at 11:40 a. m. connects direct from the morning train west from Chicago. The magnificent side-wheel steamer "Keokuk," (Capt. Newton,) which has been spleudidly refitted and refurnished, is the railroad packet, making the ferry between LaCrosse and Winona.

Purchase tickets from Capt. I, C. George, Agent of Minnesota Central Railway, at the Union Ticket Office, near foot of Jackson street, St, Paul; also, at the Depots of the Minnesota Valley and Minnesota Central Railroads in St. Paul and Minneapolis.

D. C. SHEPARD,

Gen. Supt. Minn. Central Railway.

Marriage and Celibacy.

An Essay of Warning and instruction for young men. Also, Diseases and Abuses which prematurely Prostrate the Vital Powers, with sure means of relief. Sent free of charge, in sealed letter envelopes. Address, Dr. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, Philadelphia, Pa

---

CRISPER COMA.

Oh! she was beautiful and fair,
With starry eyes, and radiant hair,
Whose curling tendrils soft, entwined,
Enchained the very heart and mind.

CRISPER COMA,

For Curling the Hair of either Sex into Wavy and Glossy Ringlets or Heavy Massive Curls.

By using this article Ladies and Gentlemen can beautify themselves a thousand fold. It is the only article in the world that will curl straight hair, and at the same time give it a beautiful, glossy appearance. The Crisper Coma not only curls the hair, but invigorates, beautifies and cleanses it; is highly and delightfully perfumed, and is the most complete article of the kind ever offered to the American public. The Crisper Coma will be sent to any address, sealed and postpoid for $1.

Address all orders to

W. L. CLARK & CO., Chemists,

No. 3 West Fayette Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

m30 1y.

Reaparator Capilli.

Throw away your false frizzes, your swithes, your wig—
Destructive of comfort, and not worth a fig;
Come aged, come youthful, come ugly and fair,
And rejoice in your own luxurant hair.

REAPARATOR CAPILLI.

For restoring hair upon bald heads, (from whatever cause it may have fallen out) and forcing a growth of hair upon the face, it has no equal. It will force the beard to grow upon the smoothest face in from five to eight weeks or hair upon bald heads in from two to three months. A few ignorant practitioners have asserted that there is nothing that will force or hasten the growth of the hair or beard. Their assertions are false, as thousands of living, witness (from their own experience) can bear witness. But many will say, how are we to distinguish the genuine from the spurious? It certainly is difficult, as nine-tenths of the different Preparations advertised for the hair and beard are entirely worthless, and you may have already thrown away large amounts in their purchase. To such we would say, try the Reparator Cappilli; it will cost you nothing unless it fully comes up to our representations. If your Druggist does not keep it, send us one dollar and we will forward it, postpaid, together with a receipt for the money, which will be returned to you on application, providing entire satisfaction is not given.

Address,

W. L, CLARK & CO., Chemists,

No. 3 West Fayette Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

m30 1y

Wonderful but True.

MADAME REMINGTON, the world-renowned Astrologist and Somnambulistic Clairvoyant, while in a clairvyant state, delineates the very features of the person you are to marry, and by the aid of an instrument of intense power, known as the Psychomotrope, guarantees to produce a perfect and lifelike picture of the future husband or wife of the applicant with date of marriage, occupation, leading traits of character, &c. This is no imposition, as testimonials without number can assert. By stating place of birth, age, disposition, color of eyes and hair, and enclosing fifty cents, and stamped envelope addressed to yourself, you will receive the picture by return mail, together with desired information.

☞ Address in confidence, Madame Gertrude Remington, P, O. Box 297. West Troy, N Y.

m30 1y.

There cometh glad tidings of joy to all,
To young and to old, to great and to small;
The beauty which once was so precious and rare,
Is free for all, and all may be fair.

By the use of

CHASTELLAR'S

WHITE LIQUID

ENAMEL,

For Improving and Beautifying the Complexion.

The most valuable and perfect preparation in use, for giving the skin a beautiful pearl-like tint, that is only found in youth. It quickly removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Moth Patches, Sallowness. Eruptions, and all impurities of the skin, kindly healing the same leaving the skin white and clear as alabaster. Its use can not be detected by the closest scrutiny, and being a vegetable preparation is perfectly harmless. It is the only article of the kind used by the French, and is considered by the Parisian as indispensable to a perfect toilet. Upwards of 30,000 bottles were sold during the past year, a sufficient guarantee of its efficacy. Price only 75 cents. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of an order, by

BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,

m6 1y 285 River St., Troy, N. Y.

EXCELSIOR! EXCELSIOR ! !

CHASTELLAR'S Hair Exterminator ! !

For Removing Superfluous Hair.

To the ladies especially, this invaluable depilatory recommends itself as being an almost indispensible article to female beauty, is easily applied, does not burn or injure the skin, but acts directly on the roots. It is warranted to remove superfluous hair from low foreheads, or from any part of the body, completely, totally and radically extirpating the same leaving the skin soft, smooth and natural. This is the only article used by the French, and is the only real effectual depilatory in existence. Price 75 cents per package, sent post-paid, to any address on receipt of an order, by

BERGER, SHUTTS, & Co., Chemists

m6 1y 285 River St., Troy, N. Y.

Free to Everybody.

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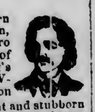

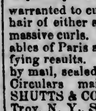

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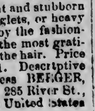

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